FRAGMENTA AVREA.

A Collection of all THE INCOMPARABLE PEECES WRITTEN By Sir JOHN SVCKLING

And publiſhed by a Friend to perpetuate his memory.

Printed by his owne Copies.

LONDON,
Printed for *Humphrey Moſeley*, and are to be ſold at his Shop at the ſigne of the *Princes Arms* in S. *Pauls* Church-yard.
1648.

SUCKLIN whose numbers could invite
Alike to wonder and delight
And with new spirit did inspire
The Thespian Scene and Delphick Lyre;
Is thus exprest in either part
Above the humble reach of art;
Drawne by the Pencill here yow find
His Forme, by his owne Pen his mind.

W. Marshall fecit.

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Th.R.
S9+2F

To The Reader.

WHile *Sucklins* name is in the forehead of this Book, these *Poems* can want no preparation: It had been a prejudice to Posterity they should have slept longer, and an injury to his own ashes. They that convers'd with him alive, & truly, (under which notion I comprehend onely knowing Gentlemen, his soule being transcendent, & incommunicable to others, but by reflection)

5+6723

UMI

will honour these posthume Idæa's of their friend: And if any have liv'd in so much darknes, as not to have knowne so great an Ornament of our age, by looking upon these Remaines with Civility and Vnderstanding, they may timely yet repent, and be forgiven.

In this age of Paper prostitutions, a man may buy the reputation of some Authors into the price of their Volume; but know, the Name that leadeth into this Elysium, is sacred to *Art* and *Honour*, and no man that is not excellent in both, is qualified a *Competent Iudge*: For when Knowledge is allowed, yet Education in the Censure of

a

a Gentleman, requires as many descents, as goes to make one; & he that is bold upon his unequal Stock, to traduce this Name, or Learning, will deserve to be condemned againe into Ignorance his Originall sinne, and dye in it.

But I keep back the Ingenuous Reader, by my unworthy Preface: The gate is open, and thy soule invited to a Garden of ravishing variety · Admire his wit, that created these for thy delight, while I withdraw into a shade, and contemplate who must follow.

POEMS,

&c.

VVritten by

Sir JOHN SVCKLING.

Printed by his owne Copy.

The Lyrick Poems were ſet in Muſick by Mr. *Henry Lawes*, Gent. of the Kings Chappell, and one of His Majeſties Private Muſick.

LONDON,

Printed by *Tho. Warren* for *Humphrey Moſeley*, and are to be ſold at his Shop at the ſigne of the *Princes Arms* in S. *Pauls* Church-yard.

1648.

UMI

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On New-years day 1640. *To the* KING.

1.

AWake (great Sir) the Sun ſhines heer,
Gives all Your Subjects a New-yeer,
Onely we ſtay till you appear,
For thus by us Your Power is underſtood,
He may make fair days, You muſt make them good.
Awake, awake,
and take
Such Preſents as poor men can make,
They can adde little unto bliſſe
who cannot wiſh.

2.

May no ill vapour cloud the skie,
Bold ſtorms invade the Soveraigntie,
But gales of joy, ſo freſh, ſo high,
That You may think Heav'n ſent to try this year,
What ſayl, or burthen, a Kings mind could bear.
Awake, awake, *&c.*

3.

May all the diſcords in your State
(Like thoſe in Muſick we create)
Be govern'd at ſo wiſe a rate,
That what would of it ſelf ſound harſh, or fright,
May be ſo temper'd that it may delight.
Awake, awake, &c.

4.

What Conquerors from battels find,
Or Lovers when their Doves are kind,
Take up henceforth our maſters mind,
Make ſuch ſtrange Rapes upon the place, 't may be
No longer joy there, but an extaſie.
Awake, awake, &c.

5.

May every pleaſure and delight
That has or does your ſence invite
Double this year, ſave thoſe o'th night:
For ſuch a marriage-bed muſt know no more
Then repetition of what was before.
Awake, awake,
and take
Such Preſents as poor men can make,
They can add little unto bliſſe
who cannot wiſh.

Loving

Loving and Beloved.

1.

THere never yet was honeſt man
That ever drove the trade of love;
It is impoſſible, nor can
Integrity our ends promove:
For Kings and Lovers are alike in this
That their chief art in reigne diſſembling is.

2.

Here we are lov'd, and there we love,
Good nature now and paſſion ſtrive
Which of the two ſhould be above,
And laws unto the other give.
So we falſe fire with art ſometime diſcover,
And the true fire with the ſame art do cover.

3.

What Rack can Fancy find ſo high?
Here we muſt Court, and here ingage,
Though in the other place we die.
Oh! 'tis torture all, and cozenage;
And which the harder is I cannot tell,
To hide true love, or make falſe love looke well.

4.

Since it is thus, God of deſire,
Give me my honeſty again,
And take thy brands back, and thy fire;
I'me weary of the State I'me in

Since (if the very beſt ſhould now befal)
Loves Triumph, muſt be Honours Funeral.

1.

IF when Don *Cupids* dart
Doth wound a heart,
we hide our grief
and ſhun relief;
The ſmart increaſeth on that ſcore;
For wounds unſearcht but rankle more.

2.

Then if we whine, look pale,
And tell our tale,
men are in pain
for us again;
So, neither ſpeaking doth become
The Lovers ſtate, nor being dumb.

3.

When this I do deſcry,
Then thus think I,
love is the ſmart
of every heart:
It pains a man when 'tis kept cloſe,
And others doth offend, when 'tis let looſe.

A Seſſions of the Poets.

A Seſſion was held the other day,
And *Apollo* himſelf was at it (they ſay)
The Laurel that had been ſo long reſerv'd,
Was now to be given to him beſt deſerv'd.

And

Therefore the wits of the Town came thither,
'Twas ſtrange to ſee how they flocked together,
Each ſtrongly confident of his own way,
That day thought to carry the Laurel away.

There was *Selden*, and he ſate cloſe by the chair;
Wainman not far off, which was very fair;
Sands with *Townſend*, for they kept no order;
Digby and *Shillingſworth* a little further:

And

There was *Lucans* Tranſlator too, and he
That makes God ſpeak ſo bigge in's Poetry;
Selwin and *Waller*, and *Bartlets* both the brothers;
Iack Vaughan and *Porter*, and divers others.

The firſt that broke ſilence was good old *Ben*,
Prepar'd before with Canary wine,
And he told them plainly he deſerv'd the Bayes,
For his were calld Works, where others were but Plaies.

And

Bid them remember how he had purg'd the Stage
Of errors that had laſted many an age,
And he hoped they did not think the *ſilent Woman*,
The *Fox*, and the *Alchymiſt* out done by no man.

Apollo ſtops him there, and bade him not go on,
'Twas merit, he ſaid, and not preſumption
Muſt carry'r; at which *Ben* turned about
And in great choler offer'd to go out;

But

Thoſe that were there thought it not fit
To diſcontent ſo antient a wit;
And therefore *Apollo* call'd him back agen,
And made him mine hoſt of his own new Inne.

Tom Carew was next, but he had a fault
That would not well ſtand with a Laureat;
His Muſe was hyde bound, and th'iſſue of's brain
Was ſeldome brought forth but with trouble and pain.

And

All that were preſent there did agree,
A Laureat Muſe ſhould be eaſie and free,
Yet ſure 'twas not that, but 'twas thought that his Grace
Conſider'd he was well he had a Cup-bearers place.

Will. Davenant aſham'd of a fooliſh miſchance
That he had got lately travelling in *France*,
Modeſtly hoped the handſomneſſe of's Muſe
Might any deformity about him excuſe.

And

Surely the Company would have been content,
If they could have found any Precedent;
But in all their Records, either in Verſe or Proſe,
There was not one Laureat without a noſe.

To *Will. Bartlet* ſure all the wits meant well,
But firſt they would ſee how his ſnow would ſell:
Will ſmil'd and ſwore in their judgements they went leſs,
That concluded of merit upon ſucceſſe.

Suddenly

Suddenly taking his place agen,
He gave way to *Selwin*, who ſtreight ſtept in;
But alas! he had been ſo lately a wit,
That *Apollo* himſelfe ſcarce knew him yet.

Toby Mathews (pox on him) what made he there?
Was whiſpering nothing in ſome bodies ear,
When he had the honour to be nam'd in Court,
But Sir, you may thank my Lady *Carleil* for't:

For had not her character furniſht you out
With ſomething of handſome, without all doubt
You and your ſorry Lady-Muſe had been
In the number of thoſe that were not let in.

In haſte from the Court two or three came in,
And they brought letters (forſooth) from the Queen,
'Twas diſcreetly done too, for if th'had come
Without them, th'had ſcarce been let into the room.

This made a diſpute; for 'twas plaine to be ſeene
Each man had a mind to gratify the Queene:
But *Apollo* himſelfe could not thinke it fit;
There was difference, he ſayd, betwixt fooling and wit.

Suckling next was call'd but did not appear,
But ſtrait one whiſperd *Apollo* i'th 'ear,
That of all men living he cared not for't,
He loved not the Muſes ſo well as his ſport;

And prized black eyes, or a lucky hit
At bowls, above all the Trophies of wit;
But *Apollo* was angry, and publiquely ſaid
Twere fit that a fine were ſet upon's head.

Wat Montague now ſtood forth to his tryal,
And did not ſo much as ſuſpect a denial;

But wise *Apollo* asked him first of all
If he understood his own Pastoral.

For if he could do it, 'twould plainly appeare
He understood more than any man there,
And did merit the Bayes above all the rest,
But the Mounsier was modest, and silence confest.

During these troubles in the Croude was hid
One that *Apollo* soon mist, little *Sid*;
And having spied him, call'd him out of the throng,
And advis'd him in his ear not to write so strong.

Then *Murrey* was summon'd but 'twas urg'd, that he
Was Chief already of another Company,
Hales set by himselfe most gravely did smile
To see them about nothing keep such a coil;
Apollo had spied him, but knowing his mind
Past by, and call'd *Falkland*, that sate just behind:
But
He was of late so gone with Divinity,
That he had almost forgot his Poetry,
Though to say the truth (and *Apollo* did know it)
He might have been both his Priest and his Poet.

At length who but an Alderman did appear,
At which *Will. Davenant* began to swear;
But wiser *Apollo* bad him draw nigher,
And when he was mounted a little higher

He openly declared, that it was the best signe
Of good store of wit, to have good store of coyn,
And without a Syllable more or lesse said,
He put the Laurel on the Aldermans head.

At this all the wits were in ſuch a maze
That, for a good while they did nothing but gaze
One upon another not a man in the place
But had diſcontent writ at large in his face.

Onely the ſmall ones chear'd up again,
Out of hope as 'twas thought of borrowing.
But ſure they were out for he for eits his Crown
When he lends to any Poet about the town.

Loves World.

IN each mans heart that doth begin
To love, there's ever fram'd within
A little world, for ſo I found,
When firſt my paſſion reaſon drown'd.

Inſtead of *Earth* unto this frame, *Earth.*
I had a faith was ſtill the ſame,
For to be right it doth behoove
It be as that, fixt and not move;

Yet as the Earth may ſometime ſhake
(For winds ſhut up will cauſe a quake)
So, often jealouſie, and fear,
Stolne into mine, cauſe tremblings there.

My *Flora* was my *Sun*, for as *Sunne.*
One *Sun* ſo but one *Flora* was:
All other faces borrowed hence
Their light and grace, as ſtars do thence.

My hopes I call my *Moon*; for they *Moon*
Inconſtant ſtill, were at no ſtay;

But

But as my Sun inclin'd to me,
Or more or leſſe were ſure to be:

Sometimes it would be full, and then
Oh! too too ſoon decreaſe agen;
Eclip'ſt ſometimes, that 'twould ſo fall
There would appeare no hope at all.

My thoughts 'cauſe infinite they be — *Starres,*
Muſt be thoſe many *Stars* we ſee;
Of which ſome wandered at their will, — *Fixed*
But moſt on her were *fixed* ſtill. — *Planets.*

My burning flame and hot deſire — *Element*
Muſt be the *Element of fire*, — *of fire.*
Which hath as yet ſo ſecret been
That it as that was never ſeen:

No Kitching fire, nor eating flame,
But innocent, hot but in name;
A fire that's ſtarv'd when fed, and gone
When too much fewel is laid on.

But as it plainly doth appear,
That fire ſubſiſts by being neer
The Moons bright Orbe, ſo I beleeve
Ours doth, for hope keeps love alive.

My fancy was the *Ayre*, moſt free — *Ayre.*
And full of mutability,
Big with Chimera's, vapours here
Innumerable hatcht as there.

The Sea's my mind, which calm would be — *Sea.*
Were it from winds (my paſſions) free;

But

But out alas! no *Sea* I find
Is troubled like a Lovers mind.

Within it Rocks and Shallows be,
Deſpair and fond credulity.

But in this World it were good reaſon
We did diſtinguiſh time and ſeaſon;
Her preſence then did make the *Day*,
And *Night* ſhall come when ſhee's away.

Long abſence in far diſtant place *VVinter*
Creates the *VVinter*, and the ſpace
She tarryed with me, well I might
Call it my *Summer* of delight. *Summer.*

Diverſity of weather came
From what ſhe did, and thence had name;
Sometimes ſh'would ſmile, that made it fair;
And when ſhe laught, the Sun ſhin'd clear.

Sometimes ſh'would frown, and ſometimes weep,
So Clouds and Rain their turns do keep;
Sometimes again ſh'would be all ice,
Extreamly cold, extreamly nice.

But ſoft my Muſe, the world is wide,
And all at once was not deſcride:
It may fall out ſome honeſt Lover
The reſt hereafter will diſcover.

Song

Song.

WHy ſo pale and wan fond Lover?
prethee why ſo pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her
looking ill prevail?
prethee why ſo pale?

Why ſo dull and mute young ſinner,
prethee why ſo mute?
Will when ſpeaking well can't win her,
ſaying nothing doe't?
prethee why ſo mute?

Quit, quit for ſhame this will not move,
this cannot take her;
If of her ſelf ſhe will not love,
nothing can make her:
the divel take her.

Sonnet. I.

1.

DO'ſt ſee how unregarded now
that piece of beauty paſſes?
There was a time when I did vow
to that alone;
but mark the fate of faces;
That red and white works now no more on me,
Than if it could not charm or I not ſee.

2.

And yet the face continues good,
and I have ſtill deſires,
Am ſtill the ſelf ſame fleſh and blood,
as apt to melt
and ſuffer from thoſe fires;
Oh! ſome kind power unriddle where it lies,
Whether my heart be faulty, or her eyes.

3.

She every day her Man does kill,
and I as often die;
Neither her power then, nor my will
can queſtion'd be,
what is the myſtery?
Sure Beauties Empires, like to greater States,
Have certain periods ſet, and hidden fates.

Sonnet. II.

1.

OF thee (kind boy) I ask no red and white
to make up my delight,
no odd becomming graces,
Black eyes, or little know-not-whats, in faces;
Make me but mad enough, give me good ſtore
Of Love, for her I Court,
I ask no more,
'Tis love in love that makes the ſport.

Ther's

2.

There's no ſuch thing as that we beauty call,
it is meer coſenage all;
for though ſome long ago
Like't certain colours mingled ſo and ſo,
That doth not tie me now from chuſing new.
If I a fancy take
To black and blue,
That fancy doth it beauty make.

3.

Tis not the meat, but 'tis the appetite
makes eating a delight,
and if I like one diſh
More than another, that a Pheaſant is;
What in our watches, that in us is found,
So to the height and nick
We up be wound,
No matter by what hand or trick.

Sonnet. III.

1.

O H! for ſome honeſt Lovers ghoſt,
Some kind unbodied poſt
Sent from the ſhades below.
I ſtrangely long to know
Whether the nobler Chaplets wear,
Thoſe that their miſtriſſe ſcorn did bear,
Or thoſe that were us'd kindly.

2.

For what-so-e're they tell us here
To make those sufferings dear,
'T will there I fear be found,
That to the being crown'd,
T'have lov'd alone will not suffice,
Unlesse we also have been wise,
And have our Loves enjoy'd.

3.

What posture can we think him in,
That here unlov'd agen
Departs, and's thither gone
Where each sits by his own?
Or how can that *Elizium* be
Where I my Mistresse still must see
Circled in others Armes?

4.

For there the Judges all are just,
And *Sophonisba* must
Be his whom she held dear;
Not his who lov'd her here:
The sweet *Philoclea* since she dy'de
Lies by her *Pirocles* his side,
Not by *Amphialus*.

5.

Some Bayes (perchance) or Myrtle bough
For difference crowns the brow
Of those kind souls that were
The noble Martyrs here;
And if that be the onely odds
(As who can tell) ye kinder Gods,
Give me the Woman here.

To his much honoured, the Lord Lepington, *upon his Tranſlation of* Malvezzi *his* Romulus *and* Tarquin.

IT is ſo rare and new a thing to ſee
Ought that belongs to young Nobility
In print (but their own clothes) that we muſt praiſe
You as we would do thoſe firſt ſhew the waies
To Arts, or to new Worlds: You have begun;
Taught travel'd youth what 'tis it ſhould have done:
For't has indeed too ſtrong a cuſtome bin
To carry out more wit then we bring in.
You have done otherwiſe, brought home (my Lord)
The choiſeſt things fam'd Countries do afford:
Malvezzi by your means is Engliſh grown,
And ſpeaks our tongue as well now as his own.
Malvezzi, he, whom 'tis as hard to praiſe
To merit, as to imitate his waies.
He does not ſhew us *Rome* great ſuddenly,
As if the Empire were a Tympany,
But gives it natural growth, tells how, and why
The little body grew ſo large and high.
Deſcribes each thing ſo lively, that we are
Concern'd our ſelves before we are aware:
And at the wars they and their neighbours wag'd,
Each man is preſent ſtill, and ſtill engag'd.
Like a good Proſpective he ſtrangely brings
Things diſtant to us: and in theſe two Kings

We

We see what made greatnesse; And what 't has been
Made that greatnesse contemptible again.
And all this not tediously deriv'd,
But like to Worlds in little Maps contriv'd.
'Tis he that doth the Roman Dame restore,
Makes *Lucrece* chaster for here being whore;
Gives her a kind Revenge for *Tarquins* sin;
For ravish't first, she ravisheth again.
She says such fine things after 't, that we must
In spite of vertue thank foul Rape and Lust,
Since 't was the cause no woman would have had,
Though she's of *Lucrece* side, *Tarquin* lesse bad.
But stay; like one that thinks to bring his friend
A mile or two, and sees the journeys end,
I straggle on too far: long graces, do
But keep good stomacks off that would fall too.

Against Fruition.

STay here fond youth and ask no more, be wise,
Knowing too much long since lost Paradise;
The vertuous joyes thou hast, thou would'st should still
Last in their pride; and would'st not take it ill
If rudely from sweet dreams (and for a toy)
Tho' wert wak't? he wakes himself that does enjoy.

Fruition adds no new wealth, but destroyes;
And while it pleaseth much the palate, cloyes;
Who thinks he shall be happyer for that,
As reasonably might hope he might grow fat

By eating to a Surfet, this once paſt,
What reliſhes? even kiſſes loſe their taſt.

Urge not 'tis neceſſary, alas! we know
The homelieſt thing which mankind does is ſo;
The World is of a vaſt extent we ſee,
And muſt be peopled; Children there muſt be;
So muſt bread too; but ſince there are enough
Born to the drudgery, what need we plough?

Women enjoy'd (what e're before 'thave been)
Are like Romances read, or fights once ſeen:
Fruition's dull, and ſpoils the Play much more
Than if one read or knew the plot before;
'Tis expectation makes a bleſſing dear,
Heaven were not heaven, if we knew what it were.

And as in Proſpects we are there pleas'd moſt
Where ſomething keeps the eye from being loſt,
And leaves us room to gueſſe; ſo here reſtraint
Holds up delight, that with exceſſe would faint.
They who know all the wealth they have, are poor,
Hee's onely rich that cannot tell his ſtore.

I.

THere never yet was woman made,
nor ſhall, but to be curſt;
And oh! that I (fond I) ſhould firſt
of any Lover
This truth at my own charge to other fools diſcover.

2.

You that have promis'd to your ſelves
propriety in love,
Know womens hearts like ſtraws do move,
and what we call
Their ſympathy, is but love to jett in general,

3.

All mankind is alike to them;
and though we ſeldome find
The Loadſtone with the Iron joyn'd,
'tis not its fault:
It is becauſe neere the Loadſtone it was never brought.

4.

If where a gentle Bee hath fall'n
and laboured to his power,
A new ſucceeds not to that Flower,
but paſſes by;
'Tis to be thought, the gallant elſe-where loads his thigh.

5.

For ſtill the flowers ready ſtand,
one buzzes round about,
One lights, and taſts, gets in, gets out,
all, all-waies uſe them,
Till all their ſweets are gone, and then again refuſe them.

Song.

1.

NO, no, fair Heretick, it needs muſt be
But an Ill love in me,
And worſe for thee;
For were it in my power,
To love thee now this hower
More then I did the laſt;
I would then ſo fall
I might not love at all;
Love that can flow, and can admit increaſe,
Admits as well an ebbe, and may grow leſſe.

2.

True Love is ſtill the ſame; the Torrid Zones,
And thoſe more frigid ones
It muſt not know;
For love grown cold or hot,
Is luſt, or friendſhip, not
The thing we have.
For that's a flame would dye
Held down, or up too high:
Then think I love more than I can expreſſe,
And would love more could I but love thee leſſe.

To my Friend Will. Davenant; *upon his Poem of* Madagascar.

WHat mighty Princes Poets are? those things
The great ones stick at, and our very Kings
Lay down, they venter on; and with great ease,
Discover, conquer, what, and where they please.
Some Flegmatick Sea-Captain, would have staid
For money now, or victuals; not have waid
Anchor without 'em; Thou (*Will*) do'st not stay
So much as for a wind, but go'st away,
Land'st, view'st the Country; fight'st, put'st all to rout,
Before another could be putting out!
And now the news in Town is, *Dav'nant's* come
From *Madagascar*, Fraught with Laurel home;
And welcome (*Will*) for the first time, but prithee
In thy next Voyage, bring the gold too with thee.

To my Friend Will. Davenant *on his other Poems.*

THou hast redeem'd us, *Will*, and future Times
Shall not account unto the Age's crimes
Dearth of pure wit: since the great Lord of it
(*Donne*) parted hence, no man has ever writ
So neer him, in's own way: I would commend
Particulars, but then, how should I end
Without a Volume? Ev'ry line of thine
Would ask (to praise it right) twenty of mine.

1.

LOve, Reaſon, Hate, did once beſpeak
Three mates to play at barley-break;
Love, Folly took; and Reaſon, Fancy;
And Hate conſorts with Pride; ſo dance they:
Love coupled laſt, and ſo it fell
That Love and Folly were in hell.

2.

They break, and Love would Reaſon meet,
But Hate was nimbler on her feet;
Fancy looks for Pride, and thither
Hyes, and they two hugge together:
Yet this new coupling ſtill doth tell
That Love and Folly were in hell.

3.

The reſt do break again, and Pride
Hath now got Reaſon on her ſide;
Hate and Fancy meet, and ſtand
Untoucht by Love in Folly's hand;
Folly was dull, but Love ran well,
So Love and Folly were in hell.

Song.

1.

I Prethee ſpare me, gentle Boy,
Preſſe me no more for that ſlight toy,
That fooliſh trifle of an heart,
I ſwear it will not do its part,
Though thou doſt thine, employ'ſt thy power and art.

2.

For through long cuſtom it has known
The little ſecrets, and is grown
Sullen and wiſe, will have its will,
And like old Hawks purſues that ſtill
That makes leaſt ſport, flies onely where 't can kill.

3.

Some youth that has not made his ſtory,
Will think perchance the pain's the glory;
And mannerly ſit out Loves Feaſt;
I ſhall be carving of the beſt,
Rudely call for the laſt courſe 'fore the reſt.

4.

And oh! when once that courſe is paſt,
How ſhort a time the Feaſt doth laſt;
Men riſe away, and ſcarce ſay grace,
Or civilly once thank the face
That did invite; but ſeek another place.

Upon

Vpon my Lady Carliles *walking in* Hampton-Court garden.

Dialogue.

T. C. *I. S.*

Thom.

Didst thou not find the place inspir'd,
And flow'rs as if they had desir'd
No other Sun, start from their beds,
And for a sight steal out their heads?
Heardst thou not musick when she talk't?
And didst not find that as she walkt
She threw rare perfumes all about
Such a bean-blossomes newly out,
Or chafed spices give? ——

I. S.

I must confesse those perfumes (*Tom*)
I did not smell; nor found that from
Her passing by, ought sprung up new,
The flow'rs had all their birth from you;
For I pass't o're the self-same walk,
And did not find one single stalk
Of any thing that was to bring
This unknown after after spring.

Thom.

Dull and insensible, could'st see
A thing so neer a Deity

Mave

Move up and down, and feel no change?

J. S.

None, and so great, were alike strange.
I had my Thoughts, but not your way,
All are not born (Sir) to the Bay;
Alas! *Tom*, I am flesh and blood,
And was consulting how I could
In spite of masks and hoods descry
The parts deni'd unto the eye;
I was undoing all she wore,
And had she walkt but one turn more,
Eve in her first state had not been
More naked, or more plainly seen.

Thom.

'T was well for thee she left the place,
There is great danger in that face;
But had'st thou view'd her leg and thigh,
And upon that discoverie
Search't after parts that are more dear
(As Fancy seldom stops so near)
No time or age had ever seen
So lost a thing as thou hadst been.

To Mr. Davenant for Absence.

WOnder not if I stay not here,
Hurt Lovers (like to wounded Deer)
Must shift the place; for standing still
Leaves too much time to know our ill:
Where there is a Traytor eye
That lets in from th'enemy

All

All that may ſupplant an heart,
'Tis time the Chief ſhould uſe ſome Art;
Who parts the object from the ſence,
Wiſely cuts off intelligence.
Oh how quickly men muſt die,
Should they ſtand all Loves Battery;
Perſindaes eyes great miſchief do,
So do we know the Canon too;
But men are ſafe at diſtance ſtill,
Where they reach not, they cannot kill,
Love is a fit, and ſoon is paſt,
Ill dyet onely makes it laſt;
Who is ſtill looking, gazing ever,
Drinks wine i'th' very height o'th' Fever.

Againſt Abſence.

MY whining Lover, what needs all
Theſe vows of life Monaſticall?
Deſpairs, retirements, jealouſies,
And ſubtile ſealing up of eyes?
Come, come, be wiſe; return again,
A finger burnt's as great a pain;
And the ſame Phyſick, ſelf-ſame art
Cures that, would cure a flaming heart:
Would'ſt thou whilſt yet the fire is in
But hold it to the fire again.
If you (Dear Sir) the plague have got,
What matter is't whether or not
They let you in the ſame houſe lie,
Or carry you abroad to die?
He whom the plague, or Love once takes,
Every Room a Peſt-Houſe makes.

Absence were good if't were but sence
That onely holds th'Intelligence:
Pure love alone no hurt would do,
But love is love, and magick too;
Brings a mistresse a thousand miles,
And the sleight of lookes beguiles,
Makes her entertain thee there,
And the same time your Rival here;
And (oh! the devil) that she should
Say finer things now then she would;
So nobly Fancy doth supply
What the dull sence lets fall and die.
Beauty like mans old enemy's known
To tempt him most when hee's alone:
The ayre of some wild o'regrown wood,
Or pathlesse Grove is the Boyes food.
Return then back, and feed thine eye,
Feed all thy sences, and feast high.
Spare dyet is the cause Love lasts,
For Surfets sooner kill than Fasts.

A Supplement of an imperfect Copy of Verses of Mr. Wil. Shakespears, By the Author.

1.

ONe of her hands, one of her cheeks lay under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawfull kisse,
Which therefore swel'd, and seem'd to part asunder,
As angry to be rob'd of such a blisse:
The one lookt pale, and for revenge did long,
While t'other blusht, cause it had done the wrong.

Out

2.

Out of the bed the other fair hand was
On a green ſattin quilt, whoſe perfect white
Lookt like a Dazie in a field of graſſe,
* And ſhew'd like unmelt ſnow unto the ſight,
There lay this pretty perdue, ſafe to keep
The reſt o'th' body that lay faſt aſleep.

* Thus far Shake-ſpear.

3.

Her eyes (and therefore it was night) cloſe laid,
Strove to impriſon beauty till the morn,
But yet the doors were of ſuch fine ſtuffe made,
That it broke through, and ſhew'd it ſelf in ſcorn.
Throwing a kind of light about the place,
Which turn'd to ſmiles ſtill as't came near her face.

4.

Her beams (which ſome dul men call'd hair) divided
Part with her cheeks, part with her lips did ſport,
But theſe, as rude, her breath put by ſtill; ſome
Wiſelyer downwards ſought, but falling ſhort,
Curl'd back in rings, and ſeem'd to turn agen
To bite the part ſo unkindly held them in.

THat none beguiled be by times quick flowing,
Lovers have in their hearts a clock ſtill going;
For though Time be nimble, his motions
are quicker
and thicker
where Love hath his notions:

Hope

Hope is the main ſpring on which moves deſire,
And theſe do the leſſe wheels, fear, joy, inſpire;
the ballance is thought, evermore
clicking,
and ſtriking,
and ne're giving ore.
Occaſions the hand which ſtill's moving round,
Till by it the Critical hour may be found,
And when that falls out, it will ſtrike
kiſſes,
ſtrange bliſſes,
and what you beſt like.

1.

'Tis now ſince I ſate down before
That fooliſh Forr, a heart;
(Time ſtrangely ſpent) a Year, and more,
And ſtill I did my part:

2

Made my approaches, from her hand
Unto her lip did riſe,
And did already underſtand
The language of her eyes.

3.

Proceeded on with no leſſe Art,
My Tongue was Enginer;
I thought to undermine the heart
By whiſpering in the ear.

When

4.

When this did nothing, I brought down
Great Canon-oaths, and shot
A thousand thousand to the Town,
And still it yeelded not.

5.

I then resolv'd to starve the place
By cutting off all kisses,
Praysing and gazing on her face,
And all such little blisses.

6.

To draw her out, and from her strength,
I drew all batteries in:
And brought my self to lie at length
As if no siege had been.

7.

When I had done what man could do,
And thought the place mine owne,
The Enemy lay quiet too,
And smil'd at all was done.

8.

I sent to know from whence, and where,
These hopes, and this relief?
A Spie inform'd, Honour was there,
And did command in chief.

9.

March, march (quoth I) the word straight give,
Lets lose no time, but leave her;
That Giant upon ayre will live,
And hold it out for ever.

To

10.

To such a place our Camp remove
As will no siege abide;
I hate a fool that starves her Love
Onely to feed her pride.

Vpon my Lords Brohalls *Wedding.*

Dialogue.

S. B.

S. IN bed dull man?
When Love and Hymens Revels are begun,
And the Church Ceremonies past and done.
B. Why who's gone mad to day?
S. Dull Heretick, thou would'st say,
He that is gone to Heaven's gone astray;
Brohall our gallant friend
Is gone to Church as Martyrs to the fire:
Who marry differ but i'th'end,
Since both to take
The hardest way to what they most desire:
Nor staid he till the formall Priest had done,
But ere that part was finisht, his begun:
Which did reveal
The hast and eagernesse men have to seal
That long to tell the money.
A sprigg of Willow in his hat he wore,
(The losers badge and liv'ry heretofore)

But now ſo ordered that it might be taken
By lookers on, forſaking as forſaken.
And now and then
A careleſs ſmile broke forth, which ſpoke his mind,
And ſeem'd to ſay ſhe might have been more kind.
When this (dear *Iack*) I ſaw
Thought I
How weak is Lovers Law?
The bonds made there (like gypſies knots) with eaſe
Are faſt and looſe, as they that hold them pleaſe.

But was the fair Nymphs praiſe or power leſſe
That lead him captive now to happineſſe?
'Cauſe ſhe did not a forreign aid deſpiſe,
But enterr'd breaches made by others eyes:
The Gods forbid,
There muſt be ſome to ſhoot and batter down,
Others to force and to take in the town.
To Hawkes (good *Iack*) and hearts
There may
Be ſev'rall waies and Arts;
One watches them perchance, and makes them tame:
Another, when they're ready, ſhews them game.

Sir,

WHether theſe lines do find you out,
Putting or clearing of a doubt;
(Whether Predeſtination,
Or reconciling three in one,
Or the unriddling how men die,
And live at once eternally,
Now take you up) know 'tis decreed
You ſtraight beſtride the Colledge Steed;

Leave

Leave *Socinus* and the Schoolmen,
(Which *Jack Bond* ſwears do but fool men)
And come to Town; 'tis fit you ſhow
Your ſelf abroad, that men may know
(What e're ſome learned men have gueſt)
That Oracles are not yet ceas't:
There you ſhall find the wit, and wine
Flowing alike, and both divine:
Diſhes, with names not known in books,
And leſſe amongſt the Colledge-Cooks,
With ſauce ſo pregnant that you need
Not ſtay till hunger bids you feed.
The ſweat of learned *Johnſons* brain,
And gentle *Shakeſpear's* eas'er ſtrain,
A hackney-coach conveys you to,
In ſpite of all that rain can do:
And for your eighteen pence you ſit
The Lord and Judge of all freſh wit.
News in one day as much w'have here
As ſerves all Windſor for a year,
And which the Carrier brings to you,
After 't has here been found not true.
Then think what Company's deſign'd
To meet you here, men ſo refin'd,
Their very common talk at boord,
Makes wiſe, or mad a young Court-Lord,
And makes him capable to be
Umpire in's Fathers Company.
Where no diſputes nor fore't defence
Of a mans perſon for his ſence
Take up the time; all ſtrive to be
Maſters of truth, as victory:
And where you come, I'de boldly ſwear
A Synod might as eas'ly erre.

Against Fruition.

FYe upon hearts that burn with mutual fire;
I hate two minds that breath but one desire:
Were I to curse th'unhallow'd sort of men,
I'de wish them to love, and be lov'd agen.
Love's a Camelion, that lives on meer ayre;
And surfets when it comes to grosser fare:
'Tis petty Jealousies, and little fears,
Hopes joyn'd with doubts, and joyes with Aprill tears,
That crowns our Love with pleasures: these are gone
When once we come to full Fruition.
Like waking in a morning, when all night
Our fancy hath been fed with true delight.
Oh! what a stroke 'twould be! Sure I should die,
Should I but hear my mistresse once say, I.
That monster expectation feeds too high
For any Woman e're to satisfie:
And no brave Spirit ever car'd for that
Which in Down-beds with ease he could come at.
Shee's but an honest whore that yeelds, although
She be as cold as ice, as pure as snow:
He that enjoyes her hath no more to say
But keep us Fasting if you'l have us pray.
Then faireſt Mistresse, hold the power you have,
By still denying what we still do crave:
In keeping us in hopes strange things to see
That never were, nor are, nor e're shall be.

A Ballade.

Vpon a Wedding.

I Tell thee *Dick* where I have been,
Where I the rareſt things have ſeen;
Oh things beyond compare!
Such ſights again cannot be found
In any place on Engliſh ground,
Be it at Wake, or Fair.

At Charing-Croſſe, hard by the way
Where we (thou know'ſt) do ſell our Hay,
There is a houſe with ſtairs;
And there did I ſee comming down
Such folk as are not in our Town,
Vorty at leaſt, in Pairs.

Amongſt the reſt, one Peſt'lent fine,
(His beard no bigger though then thine)
Walkt on before the reſt:
Our Landlord looks like nothing to him:
The King (God bleſſe him) 'twould undo him:
Should he go ſtill ſo dreſt.

At Courſe-a-Park, without all doubt,
He ſhould have firſt been taken out
By all the Maids i'th' Town:
Though luſty *Roger* there had been,
Or little *George* upon the Green,
Or *Vincent* of the Crown.

But wot you what? the youth was going
To make an end of all his woing;
The Parſon for him ſtaid:
Yet by his leave (for all his haſte)
He did not ſo much wiſh all paſt,
(Perchance) as did the maid.

The maid (and thereby hangs a tale)
For ſuch a maid no Whitſon-ale
Could ever yet produce:
No grape that's kindly ripe, could be
So round, ſo plump, ſo ſoft as ſhe,
Nor half ſo full of Juyce.

Her finger was ſo ſmall, the Ring
Would not ſtay on which he did bring,
It was too wide a Peck:
And to ſay truth (for out it muſt)
It lookt like the great Collar (juſt)
About our young Colts neck.

Her feet beneath her Petticoat,
Like little mice ſtole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light:
But *Dick* ſhe dances ſuch a way!
No Sun upon an Eaſter day
Is half ſo fine a ſight.

He would have kiſt her once or twice,
But ſhe would not, ſhe was nice,
She would not do't in ſight,
And then ſhe lookt as who ſhould ſay
I will do what I liſt to day;
And you ſhall do't at night.

Her Cheeks ſo rare a white was on,
No Dazy makes compariſon.
(Who ſees them is undone)

For

For ſtreaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Katherne Pear,
(The ſide that's next the Sun.)

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her chin;
(Some Bee had ſtung it newly.)
But (*Dick*) her eyes ſo guard her face,
I durſt no more upon them gaze,
Than on the Sun in July.

Her mouth ſo ſmall when ſhe does ſpeak,
Thou'dſt ſwear her teeth her words did break,
That they might paſſage get,
But ſhe ſo handled ſtill the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not ſpent a whit.

If wiſhing ſhould be any ſin,
The Parſon himſelf had guilty bin,
(She lookt that day ſo purely;)
And did the youth ſo oft the feat
At night, as ſome did in conceit,
It would have ſpoil'd him, ſurely.

Paſſion oh me! how I run on!
There's that that would be thought upon,
(I trow) beſides the Bride.
The buſ'neſſe of the Kitchin's great,
For it is fit that men ſhould eat;
Nor was it there deni'd.

Juſt in the nick the Cook knockt thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His ſummons did obey,
Each ſervice-man with diſh in hand,
Marcht boldly up, like our Train'd Band,
Preſented and away.

When all the meat was on the Table,
What man of knife, or teeth, was able
To ſtay to be intreated?
And this the very reaſon was,
Before the Parſon could ſay Grace,
The company was ſeated.

Now hatts fly off, and youths carrouſe;
Healths firſt go round, and then the houſe,
The Brides came thick and thick;
And when 'twas nam'd anothers health,
Perhaps he made it hers by ſtealth.
(And who could help it? *Dick*)

O'th' ſodain up they riſe and dance;
Then ſit again and ſigh, and glance:
Then dance again and kiſſe:
Thus ſev'rall waies the time did paſſe,
Whil'ſt ev'ry Woman wiſht her place,
And ev'ry Man wiſht his.

By this time all were ſtoln aſide
To counſel and undreſſe the Bride;
But that he muſt not know:
But yet 'twas thought he gheſt her mind,
And did not mean to ſtay behind
Above an hour or ſo.

When in he came (*Dick*) there ſhe lay
Like new-faln ſnow melting away,
('T was time I trow to part)
Kiſſes were now the onely ſtay,
Which ſoon ſhe gave, as who would ſay,
God B'w'y'! with all my heart.

But juſt as heav'ns would have to croſſe it,
In came the Bride-maids with the Poſſet:
The Bridegroom eat in ſpight;

For

For had he left the Women to't
It would have coſt two hours to do't,
Which were too much that night.

At length the candles out, and now,
All that they had not done, they doe:
What that is, who can tell?
But I believe it was no more
Then thou and I have done before
With *Bridget*, and with *Nell*.

MY deareſt Rival, leſt our Love
Should with excentrique motion move,
Before it learn to go aſtray,
Wee'l teach and ſet it in a way,
And ſuch directions give unto't,
That it ſhall never wander foot.
Know firſt then, we will ſerve as true
For one poor ſmile, as we would do
If we had what our higher flame,
Or our vainer wiſh could frame.
Impoſſible ſhall be our hope;
And Love ſhall onely have his ſcope
To joyn with Fancy now and then,
And think what reaſon would condemn:
And on theſe grounds wee'l love as true,
As if they were moſt ſure t'enſue:
And chaſtly for theſe things wee'l ſtay,
As if to morrow were the day.
Mean time we two will teach our hearts
In Loves burdens bear their parts:
Thou firſt ſhalt ſigh, and ſay ſhee's fair;
And I'le ſtill anſwer, paſt compare.

Thou

Thou ſhalt ſet out each part o'th face,
While I extol each little grace;
Thou ſhalt be raviſht at her wit;
And I, that ſhe ſo governs it:
Thou ſhalt like well that hand, that eye,
That lip, that look, that majeſty;
And in good language them adore:
While I want words, and do it more.
Yea, we will ſit and ſigh a while,
And with ſoft thoughts ſome time beguile;
But ſtraight again break out, and praiſe
All we had done before, new-waies.
Thus will we do till paler death
Come with a warrant for our breath,
And then whoſe fate ſhall be to die
Firſt of us two, by Legacy
Shall all his ſtore bequeath, and give
His love to him that ſhall ſurvive;
For no one ſtock can ever ſerve
To love ſo much as ſhee'l deſerve,

Song.

Song.

1.

HOneſt Lover whoſoever,
If in all thy love there ever
Was one wav'ring thought, if thy flame
Were not ſtill even, ſtill the ſame:
Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſſe,
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.

2.

If when ſhe appears i'th' room,
Thou doſt not quake, and art ſtruck dumb,
And in ſtriving this to cover
Doſt not ſpeak thy words twice over,
Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſſe,
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.

3.

If fondly thou doſt not miſtake,
And all defects for graces take,
Perſwad'ſt thy ſelf that jeaſts are broken,
When ſhe hath little or nothing ſpoken,
Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſſe,
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.

4.

If when thou appear'ſt to be within,
Thou lett'ſt not men ask and ask agen,
And when thou anſwer'ſt, if it be
To what was askt thee properly,
Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſſe,
And to love true
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.

5.

If when thy ſtomack calls to eat,
Thou cutt'ſt not fingers 'ſteed of meat,
And with much gazing on her face
Doſt not riſe hungry from the place,
Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſſe,
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.

6.

If by this thou doſt diſcover
That thou art no perfect Lover,
And deſiring to love true,
Thou doſt begin to love anew:
Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſſe,
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.

Vpon two Sisters.

BEleev't yong Man, I can as eas'ly tell
How many yards and inches 'tis to hell;
Unriddle all predestination,
Or the nice points we now dispute upon.
Had the three Goddesses been just as fair,
~~[illegible]~~ And Beatious as these Lovely Sisters are
It had not been so easily decided,
And sure the apple must have been divided:
It must, it must; hee's impudent, dares say
Which is the handsomer till one's away.
And it was necessary it should be so;
Wise Nature did foresee it, and did know
When she had fram'd the Eldest, that each heart
Must at the first sight feel the blind god's dart:
And sure as can be, had she made but one,
No plague had been more sure destruction;
For we had lik't, lov'd, burnt to ashes too,
In half the time that we are chusing now:
Variety, and equal objects make
The busie eye still doubtfull which to take;
This lip, this hand, this foot, this eye, this face,
The others body, gesture, or her grace:
And whilst we thus dispute which of the two,
We unresolv'd go out, and nothing do.
He sure is happy'st that has hopes of either,
Next him is he that sees them both together.

To

To his Rival.

NOw we have taught our Love to know
That it muſt creep wher't cannot go,
And be for once content to live,
Since here it cannot have to thrive;
It will not be amiſſe t'enquire
What fuel ſhould maintain this fire:
For fires doe either flame too high,
Or where they cannot flame, they die.
Firſt then (my half but better heart)
Know this muſt wholly be her part;
(For thou and I, like Clocks, are wound
Up to the height, and muſt move round)
She then by ſtill denying what
We fondly crave, ſhall ſuch a rate
Set on each trifle, that a kiſſe
Shall come to be the utmoſt bliſſe.
Where ſparks and fire do meet with tinder,
Thoſe ſparks meer fire will ſtill engender:
To make this good, no debt ſhall be
From ſervice or fidelity;
For ſhe ſhall ever pay that ſcore,
By onely bidding us do more:
So (though ſhe ſtill a niggard be)
In graceing, where none's due, ſhee's free:
The favors ſhe ſhall caſt on us,
(Leſt we ſhould grow preſumptuous)
Shall not with too much love be ſhown,
Nor yet the common way ſtill done;
But ev'ry ſmile and little glance
Shall look half lent, and half by chance:

The Ribbon, Fan, or Muffe that ſhe
Would ſhould be kept by thee or me,
Should not be giv'n before too many,
But neither thrown to's when ther's any;
So that her ſelf ſhould doubtfull be
Whether 'twere fortune flung't, or ſhe.
She ſhall not like the thing we do
Sometimes, and yet ſhall like it too;
Nor any notice take at all
Of what, we gone, ſhe would extol:
Love ſhe ſhall feed, but fear to nouriſh,
For where fear is, love cannot flouriſh;
Yet live it muſt, nay muſt and ſhall,
While *Deſdemona* is at all:
But when ſhee's gone, then Love ſhall die,
And in her grave buried lie.

Farewel to Love.

1.

WEll-ſhadow'd Landskip, fare-ye-well:
How I have lov'd you, none can tell,
At leaſt ſo well
As he that now hates more
Than e're he lov'd before.

2.

But my dear nothings, take your leave,
No longer muſt you me deceive,
Since I perceive
All the deceit, and know
Whence the miſtake did grow.

3.

As he whoſe quicker eye doth trace
A falſe ſtar ſhot to a mark't place,
Do's run apace,
And thinking it to catch,
A gelly up do's ſnatch.

4.

So our dull ſouls taſting delight
Far off, by ſence, and appetite,
Think that is right
And real good; when yet
'Tis but the Counterfeit.

5.

Oh! how I glory now; that I
Have made this new diſcovery!
Each wanton eye
Enflam'd before: no more
Will I encreaſe that ſcore.

6.

If I gaze, now, 'tis but to ſee
What manner of deaths-head 'twill be,
When it is free
From that freſh upper-skin;
The gazers Joy, and ſin.

7.

The Gun and gliſtning which with art
And ſtudi'd method, in each part
Hangs down the heart,
Looks (juſt) as if, that day
Snailes there had crawl'd the Way.

8.

The Locks, that curl'd o're each eare be,
Hang like two Maſter-worms to me,
That (as we ſee)
Have taſted to the reſt
Two holes, where they lik't beſt.

9.

A quick coarſe me-thinks I ſpy
In ev'ry woman; and mine eye,
At paſſing by,
Check, and is troubled, juſt
As if it roſe from Duſt.

10.

They mortifie, not heighten me:
Theſe of my ſins the Glaſſes be:
And here I ſee
How I have lov'd before.
And ſo I love no more.

FINIS.

LETTERS

To divers Eminent

PERSONAGES

VVritten on ſeveral occaſions,

By

Sir JOHN SVCKLING.

Printed by his owne Copy.

LONDON,

Printed by *Tho. Warren* for *Humphrey Moſeley*, and are to be ſold at his Shop at the ſigne of the *Princes Arms* in S. *Pauls* Church-yard.

1648.

UMI

Ortune and Love have ever been ſo incompatible, that it is no wonder (*Madam*) if having had ſo much of the one for you, I have ever found ſo little of the other for my ſelfe; Comming to Towne (and having rid as if I had brought intelligence of a new-landed Enemy to the State) I find you gone the day before, and with you (*Madam*) all that is conſiderable upon the place; for though you have left behind you, faces whoſe beauties might well excuſe perjury in others, yet in me they cannot, ſince to the making that no ſin, Loves Caſuiſts have moſt rationally reſolv'd, that ſhe for whom we forſake, ought to be handſomer than the forſaken, which would be here impoſſible: So that now a gallerie hung with *Titians* or *Vandikes* hand, & a chamber filled with living Excellence, are the ſame things to me; and the uſe that I ſhall make of that Sex now, will be no other than that which the wiſer ſort of Catholiques do of Pictures; at the higheſt, they but ſerve to raiſe my devotion to you. Should a great Beauty now reſolve to take me in (as that is all they think belongs to it) with the Artillery of her eyes, it would be as vain, as for a

Thief to ſet upon a new robd paſſenger; You (Madam) have my heart already, nor can you uſe it unkindly but with ſome injuſtice; ſince (beſides that it left a good ſervice to wait on you) it was never known to ſtay ſo long, or ſo willingly before with any; After all, the wages will not be high; for it hath been brought up under Platonicks, and knows no other way of being paid for ſervice, than by being commanded more; which truth when you doubt, you have but to ſend to its maſter and

Your humble Servant,
I. S.

A diſſwaſion from Love.

Jack,

THough your diſeaſe be in the number of thoſe that are better cured with time than precept, yet ſince it is lawfull for every man to practiſe upon them that are forſaken and given over (which I take to be your ſtate) I will adventure to preſcribe to you; and of the innocence of the Phyſick you ſhall not need to doubt, ſince I can aſſure you I take it daily my ſelf.

To begin Methodically, I ſhould enjoyn you Travell; for Abſence doth in a kind remove the cauſe (removeing the object) and anſwers the Phyſitians firſt Recipes, vomiting and purging; but this would be too harſh, and indeed not agree-

ing

ing to my way. I therefore adviſe you to ſee her as often as you can, for (beſides that the rarity of viſits endears them) this may bring you to ſurpriſe her, and to diſcover little defects, which though they cure not abſolutely, yet they qualifie the fury of the Feaver: As neer as you can let it be unſeaſonably, when ſhe is in ſicknes, and diſorder; for that will let you know ſhe is mortall, and a Woman, and the laſt would be enough to a wiſe man: If you could draw her to diſcourſe of things ſhe underſtands not, it would not be amiſſe.

Contrive your ſelf often into the Company of the cryed up Beauties; for if you read but one book, it will be no wonder if you ſpeake or write that ſtile; variety will breed diſtraction, and that will be a kind of diverting the humour.

I would not have you deny your ſelfe the little things (for theſe Agues are eaſier cured with Surfets than abſtinence) rather (if you can) taſt all: for that (as an old Author ſaith) will let you ſee

That the thing for which we woe,
Is not worth ſo much ado.

But ſince that here would be impoſſible, you muſt be content to take it where you can get it. And this for your comfort I muſt tell you (*Jack*) that Miſtreſſe and Woman differ no otherwiſe than Frontiniack and ordinary Grapes: which though a man loves never ſo well, yet if he ſurfet of the laſt, he will care but little for the firſt.

I would have you leave that fooliſh humour

(*Jack*) of saying you are not in love with her, and pretending you care not for her; for smothered fires are dangerous, and malicious humors are best and safest vented and breathed out. Continue your affection to your Rival still, that will secure you from one way of loving, which is in spite; and preserve your friendship with her woman; for who knows but she may help you to the remedy.

A jolly glasse and right Company would much conduce to the cure; for though in the Scripture (by the way it is but *Apocrypha*) Woman is resolved stronger than Wine, yet whether it will be so or not, when wit is joyned to it, may prove a fresh question.

Marrying (as our friend the late Ambassadour hath wittily observed) would certainly cure it; but that is a kind of live Pigeons laid to the soals of the feet, a last remedy, and (to say truth) worse than the disease.

But (*Jack*) I remember I promised you a letter, not a Treaty; I now expect you should be just, and as I have shewed you how to get out of love, so you (according to our bargain) should teach me how to get into it. I know you have but one way, and will prescribe me now to look upon Mistris *Howard*; but for that I must tell you aforehand, that it is in love as in Antipathy; The Capers which will make my Lord of *Dorset* goe from the Table, another man will eat up. And (*Jack*) if you would make a visit to *Bedlam*, you shall find, that

that there are rarely two there mad for the ſame thing.

Your humble ſervant.

THough (*Madam*) I have ever hitherto beleeved play to be a thing in it ſelf as meerly indifferent as Religion to a Stateſ-man, or love made in a privie-chamber; yet hearing you have reſolved it otherwiſe for me, my faith ſhall alter without becomming more learned upon it, or once knowing why it ſhould do ſo; ſo great and juſt a Soveraignty is that your reaſon hath above all others, that mine muſt be a Rebell to it ſelfe, ſhould it not obey thus eaſily; and indeed all the infallibility of judgement we poore Proteſtants have, is at this time wholy in your hands.

The loſſe of a Miſtris (which kills men onely in Romances, and is ſtill digeſted with the firſt meat we eat after it) had yet in me raiſed up ſo much paſſion, and ſo juſt a quarrell (as I thought) to Fortune for it, that I could not but tempt her to do me right upon the firſt occaſion: yet (*Madam*) has it not made me ſo deſperate but that I can ſit down a loſer both of that time and money too, when there ſhall be the leaſt fear of loſing you.

And now, ſince I know your Ladyſhip is too wiſe to ſuppoſe to your ſelf impoſſibilities, and therefore cannot think of ſuch a thing, as of making me abſolutely good; it will not be without ſome

ſome impatience that I ſhall attend to know what ſin you will be pleaſed to aſſigne me in the room of this: ſomething that has leſſe danger about it (I conceive it would be) and therſore if you pleaſe (*Madam*) let it not be Women: for to ſay truth, it is a dyet I cannot yet reliſh, otherwiſe than men do that on which they ſurfetted laſt.

Your humbleſt Servant,
I. S.

Madam,

BEfore this inſtant I did not beleeve *Warwick-ſhire* the other world, or that *Milcot* walks had been the bleſſed ſhades. At my arrival here I am ſaluted by all as riſen from the dead, and have had joy given me as prepoſterouſly and as impertinently as they give it to men who marry where they do not love. If I ſhould now die in earneſt, my friends have nothing to pay me, for they have diſcharged the Rites of Funerall ſorrow before hand. Nor doe I take it ill, that report which made *Richard* the ſecond alive ſo often after he was dead, ſhould kill me as often when I am alive; The advantage is on my ſide: The onely quarrell I have, is that they have made uſe of the whole Book of Martyrs upon me; and without all queſtion the firſt Chriſtians under the great perſecutions ſuffered not in 500. years, ſo many ſeverall waies as I have done in ſix daies in this lewd Towne. This (*Madam*) may ſeem ſtrange unto you now,

now, who know the Company I was in; and certainly if at that time I had departed this transitory World, it had been a way they had never thought on; and this Epitaph of the Spaniards (changing the names) would better have become my Grave-ſtone, than any other my friends the Poets would have found out for me:

Epitaph.

Here lies Don Alonzo,
Slain by a wound received under
His left Pappe,
The Orifice of which was ſo
Small, no Chirurgion could
Diſcover it.
Reader,
If thou wouldſt avoid ſo ſtrange
A Death,
Look not upon Lucinda's *eyes.*

Now all this diſcourſe of dying *(Madam)* is but to let you know how dangerous a thing it is to be long from *London*, eſpecially in a place which is concluded out of the World. If you are not to be frighted hither, I hope you are to be perſwaded; and if good Sermons, or good Playes, new Braveries, or freſh Wit, Revells *(Madam)* Masks that are to be, have any Rhetorique about them, here they are I aſſure you in perfection; without asking leave of the Provinces beyond Seas, or the aſſent of——————I write not this that you ſhould thinke I value theſe pleaſures above thoſe of *Milcot*: for I muſt here proteſt, I preferre

preferre the ſingle Tabor and Pipe in the great Hall, far above them: and were there no more belonging to a journey than riding ſo many miles (would my affairs conſpire with my deſires) your Ladyſhip ſhould find there, not at the bottom of a Letter,

Madam,

Your humble Servant.

Madam,

I Thank Heaven we live in an Age in which the Widdows wear Coulers, and in a Country where the Women that loſe their Husbands may be truſted with poiſon, knives, and all the burning coals in *Europe*, notwithſtanding the preſident of *Sophonisba* and *Portia*: Conſidering the eſtate you are in now, I ſhould reaſonably imagine meaner Phyſitians then *Seneca* or *Cicero* might adminiſter comfort. It is ſo far from me to imagine this accident ſhould ſurprize you, that in my opinion it ſhould not make you wonder; it being not ſtrange at all that a man who hath lived ill all his time in a houſe, ſhould break a Window, or ſteal away in the night through an unuſuall Poſtern. You are now free, and what matter is it to a Priſoner whether the fetters be taken off the ordinary way or not? If inſteed of putting off handſomly the chain of Matrimony, he hath rudely broke it, 'tis at his owne charge, nor ſhould it coſt you a tear; Nothing (*Madam*) has worſe Mine than

than counterfet ſorrow, and you muſt have the height of Womans Art to make yours appear other, eſpecially when the ſpectators ſhall conſider all the ſtory.

The ſword that is placed betwixt a contracted Princeſſe and an Ambaſſador, was as much a Huſband, and the onely difference was, that that ſword laid in the bed, allowed one to ſupply its place; this Husband denied all, like a falſe Crow ſet up in a Garden, which keeps others from the fruit it cannot taſte it ſelf. I would not have you ſo much as enquire whether it were with his garters or his Cloak-bag ſtrings, nor engage your ſelf to freſh ſighs by hearing new relations.

The Spaniſh Princeſſe *Leonina* (whom *Balzac* delivers the Ornament of the laſt Age) was wiſe; who hearing a Poſt was ſent to tell her her Huſband was dead, and knowing the Secretary was in the way for that purpoſe, ſent to ſtay the Poſt till the arrivall of the Secretary, that ſhe might not be obliged to ſhed tears twice. Of ill things the leſſe we know, the better. Curioſity would here be as vain, as if a Cuckold ſhould enquire whether it were upon the Couch or a Bed, and whether the Cavalier puld off his Spurrs firſt or not.

I muſt confeſſe it is a juſt ſubject for our ſorrow to heare of any that does quit his ſtation without his leave that placed him there; and yet as ill a Mine as this Act has, 'twas *a-la-Romanſci*, as you may ſee by a line of Mr. *Shakeſpears*, who bringing in *Titinius* after a loſt battel, ſpeaking to his

his ſword, and bidding it find out his heart, adds

By your leave Gods, this a Romanes part.

'Tis true, I think Cloak-bag ſtrings were not then ſo much in faſhion; but to thoſe that are not Sword men, the way is not ſo deſpicable; and for my owne part, I aſſure you Chriſtianity highly governs me in the minute in which I doe not wiſh with all my heart that all the diſcontents in his Majeſties three Kingdoms would find out this very way of ſatisfying themſelves and the world.

I. S.

Sir,

SInce the ſetling of your Family would certainly much conduce to the ſetling of your mind (the care of the one being the trouble of the other) I cannot but reckon it in the number of my misfortunes, that my affairs deny me the content I ſhould take to ſerve you in it.

It would be too late now for me (I ſuppoſe) to advance or confirm you in thoſe good reſolutions I left you in, being confident your owne reaſon hath been ſo juſt to you, as long before this to have repreſented a neceſſity of redeeming time and fame, and of taking an handſome revenge upon your ſelfe for the injuries you would have done your ſelf.

Change I confeſſe (to them that thinke all at once) muſt needs be ſtrange, and to you hatefull, whom firſt your owne nature, and then cuſtome

another

another nature, have brought to delight in thoſe narrow and uncouth waies we found you in. You muſt therefore conſider that you have entred into one of thoſe neer conjunctions of which death is the onely honourable divorce; and that you have now to pleaſe another as well as your ſelfe; who though ſhe be a Woman, and by the patent ſhe hath from nature, hath liberty to doe ſimply; yet can ſhee never be ſo ſtrongly bribed againſt her ſelfe, as to betray at once all her hopes and ends, and for your ſake reſolve to live miſerably. Examples of ſuch loving folly our times afford but few; and in thoſe there are, you ſhall find the ſtock of Love to have been greater, and their ſtrengths richer to maintain it, than is to be feared yours can be.

Woman I beſides the trouble I has ever been thought a Rent-charge, and though through the vain curioſity of man it has often been incloſed, yet has it ſeldome beene brought to improve or become profitable; It faring with marryed men for the moſt part, as with thoſe that at great charges wall in grounds and plant, who cheaper might have eaten Mellons elſewhere then in their owne Gardens Cucumbers. The ruines that either time, ſickneſſe, or the melancholy you ſhall give her, ſhall bring, muſt all be made up at your coſt: for that thing a husband is but Tenant for life in what he holds, and is bound to leave the place Tenantable to the nextthat ſhall take it. To conclude, a young Woman is a Hawk upon her

her wings; and if ſhe be handſome, ſhee is the more ſubject to go out at check; Faulkners that can but ſeldome ſpring right game, ſhould ſtill have ſomething about them to take them downe with. The Lure to which all ſtoop in this world, is either garniſht with profit or pleaſure, and when you cannot throw her the one, you muſt be content to ſhew out the other. This I ſpeake not out of a deſire to increaſe your fears which are already but too many, but out of hope that when you know the worſt, you will at once leap into the River, and ſwim through handſomely, and not (weather-beaten with the divers blaſts of irreſolution) ſtand ſhivering upon the brink.

Doubts and fears are of all the ſharpeſt paſſions, and are ſtill turning diſtempers to diſeaſes; through theſe falſe Opticks 'tis, all that you ſee is like evening ſhaddows, diſproportionable to the the truth, and ſtrangely longer than the true ſubſtance: Theſe (when a handſome way of living and expence ſutable to your Fortune is repreſented to you) make you in their ſtead ſee want and beggery: thruſting upon your judgement impoſſibilities for likelyhoods, which they with eaſe may doe (ſince as *Solomon* ſaith) they betray the ſuccors that reaſon offers.

'Tis true, that all here below is but diverſified folly, and that the little things we laugh at Children for, we do but act our ſelves in great; yet is there difference of Lunacy, and of the two, I had much rather be mad with him, that (when he had nothing)

nothing) thought all the Ships that came into the Haven his; Than with you, who (when you have ſo much comming in) thinke you have nothing. This fear of loſing all, in you, is the ill iſſue of a worſe Parent, deſire of getting, in you; So that if you would not be paſſion-rent, you muſt ceaſe to be covetous. Money in your hand is like the Conjurers Devill, which, while you think you have, that has you.

The rich Talent that God hath given, or rather lent you, you have hid up in a napkin, and Man knows no difference betwixt that and Treaſures kept by ill Spirits, but that yours is the harder to come by. To the guarding of theſe golden Apples, of neceſſity muſt be kept thoſe never-ſleeping Dragons, Fear, Jealouſie, Diſtruſt, and the like; ſo that you are come to moralize *Æſop*, and his fables of beaſts are become prophecies of you; for while you have catcht at the ſhadow, uncertaine riches, you have loſt the ſubſtance, true content.

The deſire I have you ſhould be yet your ſelfe, and that your friends ſhould have occaſion to bleſſe the providence of misfortune, has made me take the boldneſſe to give you your owne Character; and to ſhew you your ſelfe out of your owne glaſſe: And though all this tells you but where you are, yet it is ſome part of a cure to have ſearcht the wound. And for this time we muſt be content to doe like Travellers, who firſt find out the place, and then the neereſt way.

My Noble Lord,

YOur humble Servant had the honour to receive from your hand a Letter, and had the grace upon the ſight of it to bluſh. I but then found my owne negligence, and but now could have the opportunity to aske pardon for it. We have ever ſince been upon a March, and the places we are come to, have afforded rather blood than Inke: and of all things, Sheers have been the hardeſt to come by, ſpecially thoſe of Paper. If theſe few lines ſhall have the happineſſe to kiſſe your hand, they can aſſure, that he that ſent them knows none to whom he owes more obligation than to your Lordſhip, and to whom he would more willingly pay it: and that it muſt be no leſſe than neceſſity it ſelf that can hinder him from often preſenting it. *Germany* hath no whit altered me, I am ſtill the humble ſervant of my Lord [ ] that I was, and when I ceaſe to be ſo, I muſt ceaſe to be *Iohn Suckling.*

SInce you can breath no one deſire that was not mine before it was yours, —— or full as ſoon, (for hearts united never knew divided wiſhes) I muſt chide you (*Dear Princeſſe*) not thank you, for your Preſent: and (if at leaſt I knew how) be angry with you for ſending him a bluſh, who needs muſt bluſh becauſe you ſent him one. If you are conſcious of much, what am I then? who guilty

guilty am of all you can pretend to, and ſomething more —— unworthineſſe. But why ſhould you at all (Heart of my heart) diſturb the happines you have ſo newly given me? or make love feed on doubts, that never yet could thrive on ſuch a diet? *If I have granted your requeſt*——Oh! —— Why will you ever ſay that you have ſtudied me, and give ſo great an inſtance to the contrary? that wretched *If* —— ſpeaks as if I would refuſe what you deſire, or could: both which are equally impoſſible. My dear Princeſſe, There needs no new Approaches where the Breach is made already; nor muſt you ever ask any where, but of your fair ſelf, for any thing that ſhall concern

Your humble Servant.

My Deareſt Princeſſe,

BUt that I know I love you more than ever any did any, and that yet I hate my ſelf becauſe I can love you no more, I ſhould now moſt unſatiſfied diſpatch away this meſſenger.

The little that I can write to what I would, makes me thinke writing a dull commerce, and then —— how can I chuſe but wiſh my ſelf with you——to ſay the reſt. My Dear Dear, think what merit, vertue, beauty, what and how far *Aglaura* with all her charmes can oblige, and ſo far and ſomething more I am

Your humble Servant.

A Letter to a Friend to dissuade him from marrying a Widow which he formerly had been in Love with, and quitted.

AT this time when no hot Planet fires the blood, and when the *Lunatickes* of *Bedlam* themselves are trusted abroad, that you should run mad, is (Sir) not so much a subject for your friends *pity*, as their *wonder*. 'Tis true, *Love* is a *natural distemper*, a kind of *Small Pocks*: Every one either hath had it, or is to expect it, and the sooner the better.

Thus far you are excused: But having been well cured of a *Fever*, to court a *Relapse*, to make *Love* the *second time* in the *same Place*, is (not to flatter you) neither better nor worse then to fall into a *Quagmire* by *chance*, and ride into it afterwards

An Answer to the Letter.

CEase to wonder, (honest *Jack*) and give me leave to *pitty thee*, who labourest to condemne that which thou confessest *naturall*, and the *sooner had*, the *better*.

Thus far there needs no *excuse*, unlesse it be on *thy* behalf, who stilest *second thoughts* (which are by all allowed the *Best*) a *Relapse*, and talkest of a *quagmire* where no man ever stuck fast, and accusest *constancy* of *mischief*, in what is *naturall*, and *advisedly undertaken*.

'Tis confest that *Love* changed often doth nothing, nay 'tis nothing; for *Love* and *change* are incompatible: but where it is kept fixt to its first object, though it *burn* not, yet it *warms* and

afterwards on *purpose*. 'Tis not *Love* (*Tom*) that doth the mischiefe, but *constancy*; for *Love* is of the nature of a *burning-glasse*, which kept still in one place, *fireth*; changed often, it doth *nothing*: a kind of *glowing-Coal*, which with shifting from hand to hand a man easily endures. But then to *marry*! (*Tom*) Why thou hadst better to live *honest*. *Love* thou knowst is *blind*, what will he doe when he hath *Fetters* on thinkest thou?

Dost thou know what *marriage* is? 'Tis *curing* of *Love* the *dearest way*, or waking a *losing Gamester* out of a *winning dream*: and after a long expectation of a strange *banquet*, a presentation of a *homely meal*. Alas! (*Tom*) *Love seeds* when it runs up to *Matrimony*, and is good for nothing. Like some and *cherisheth*, so as it needs no *transplantation*, or *change* of *soyl* to make it fruitfull: and certainly if *Love* be *naturall*, to *marry* is the best *Recipe* for living honest.

Yes, I know what *marriage* is, and know you know it not, by terming it the *dearest way* of *curing Love*: for certainly there goes more charge to the keeping of a *Stable full* of *horses*, than *one* onely *Steed*, and much of vanity is therein besides, when, be the errand what it will, this *one Steed* shall serve your turn as well as twenty more. Oh! if you could serve your *Steed* so!

Marriage turns pleasing *Dreams* to ravishing *Realities*, which out-doe what *Fancy* or *expectation* can frame unto themselves.

That *Love* doth *seed* when it runs into *Matri-*

ſome *Fruit-trees*, it muſt be tranſplanted if thou wouldſt have it active, and bring forth any thing.

Thou now perchance haſt vowed all that can bee vowed to any *one face*, and thinkſt thou haſt left nothing unſaid to it: do but make *love* to *another*, and if thou art not ſuddenly furniſht with *new language*, and *freſh oathes*, I will conclude *Cupid* hath uſed thee worſe than ever hee did any of his train.

After all this, to marry *Widow*, a kind of *chew'd meat*! What a fantaſtical ſtomack haſt thou, that canſt not eat of a diſh til another man hath cut of it? who would waſh after another, when he might have freſh water enough for asking?

Life is ſometimes a long-journey: to bee tyed *mony*, is undoubted *truth*; how elſe ſhould it *increaſe* & *multiply*, which is its greateſt *bleſſing*.

'Tis not the want of *Love*, nor *Cupids* fault, if every day afford not *new language*, and *new waies* of expreſſing affection: it rather may be cauſed through an *exceſſe* of *joy*, which oftentimes ſtrikes *dumb*?

Theſe things conſidered, I will *marry*, nay, and to prove the ſecond *Paradox* falſe, I'le marry a *Widow*, who is rather the *chewer*, then *thing chewed*. How ſtrangely fantaſticall is he who will be an hour in plucking on a *ſtrait-boot*, when he may bee forthwith furniſht with enough that will come on eaſily, and doe him as much credit, and better ſervice? *Wine* when *firſt-broacht*, drinks not half ſo well as after a while *drawing*. Would you

tyedto ride upon one beaſt ſtill, and that half tyr'd to thy hand too! Thinke upon that (*Tom.*)

Well; If thou muſt needs *marry* (as who can tell to what height thou haſt ſinned) Let it be a *Maid*, and no *Widow*: (for as a modern Author hath wittily reſolved in this caſe) 'tis better (if a man muſt be in Priſon) to lie in a private roome than in the hole.

you not thinke him a mad man who whilſt he might fair & eaſily ride on the *beaten-road-way*, ſhould trouble himſelfe with *breaking up* of *gaps*? a well wayed horſe will ſafely convay thee to the journeys end, when an *unbackt Filly* may by chance give thee a fall: 'Tis *Prince*-like to marry a *Widow*, for 'tis to have a *Taſter*.

'Tis true, *life* may prove a *long-journey*; and ſo believe me it muſt doe, A *very long one* too, before the *Beaſt* you talke of prove *tyr'd*. Think you upon that (*Jack.*)

Thus, *Jack*, thou ſeeſt my wel-tane reſolution of *marrying*, and that a *Widow*, not a *maid*; to which I am much induced out of what *Pythagoras* ſaith (in his 2*da Sect. cuniculorum*) that *it is better lying in the hole than ſitting in the Stocks.*

VVHen I receive your lines (my Deare Princesse) and find there expressions of a Passion; though reason and my own immerit tell me, it must not be for me; yet is the Cozenage so pleasing to me, that I (bribed by my owne desires) beleeve them still before the other. Then doe I glory that my Virgin-Love has staid for such an object to fixe upon, and think how good the Stars were to me that kept me from quenching those flames (Youth or wild Love furnished me withall) in common and ordinary Waters, and reserved me a Sacrifice for your eyes; —— While thought thus smiles and solaces himselfe within me, cruell Remembrance breaks in upon our retirements, and tells so sad a Story, that (trust me) I forget all that pleased Fancy said before, and turnes my thoughts to where I left you. Then I consider that stormes neither know Courtship, nor Pittie, and that those rude blasts will often make you a Prisoner this VVinter, if they doe no worse.

VVhile I here enjoy fresh diversion, you make the sufferings more, by having leisure to consider them; nor have I now any way left me to make mine equall with them, but by often considering that they are not so: for the thought that I cannot be with you to beare my share, is more intollerable to me, then if I had borne more

more ——— but I was onely born to number houres, and not enjoy them ——— yet can I never thinke my ſelfe unfortunate, while I can write my ſelfe

Aglaura

Her humble Servant.

VVHen I conſider (my Deare Princeſſe) that I have no other pretence to your favours, then that which all men have to the Originall of Beauty, Light; which wee enjoy, not that it is the inheritance of our eyes, but becauſe things moſt excellent cannot reſtraine themſelves, but are ours, as they are diffuſively good; Then doe I find the juſtneſſe of your quarrell, and cannot but bluſh to thinke what I doe owe, but much more to thinke what I doe pay, Since I have made the Principall ſo great, by ſending in ſo little Intereſt ——— VVhen you have received this humble confeſſion, you will not, I hope, conceive me one that would (though upon your bidding) enjoy my ſelfe, while there is ſuch a thing in the world, as ———

Aglaura ———

Her humble Servant.

J. S.

So

SO much (*Dear*——) was I ever yours since I had first the honour to know you, & consequently so little my selfe since I had the unhappines to part with you, that you your self (*Dear*) without what I would say, cannot but have beene so just as to have imagined the welcome of your own letters; though indeed they have but removed me from one Rack, to set me on another; from fears and doubts I had about me of your welfare, to an unquietnesse within my selfe, till I have deserv'd this intelligence.

How pleasingly troublesome thought and remembrance have been to me since I left you, I am no more able now to expresse, than another to have them so. You onely could make every place you came in worth the thinking of, and I do thinke those places worthy my thought onely, because you made them so. But I am to leave them, and I shall do't the willinger, because the Gamester still is so much in me, as that I love not to be told too often of my losses: Yet every place will be alike, since every good object will do the same. Variety of Beauty and of Faces (quicke underminers of Constancy to others) to me will be but pillars to support it; Since when they please me most, I most shall think of you.

In spite of all Philosophy, it will be hotteſt in my Climate, when my Sun is fartheſt off; and in spite of all reason, I proclaime, that I am not my self but when I am *Yours wholy.*

Though

THough desire in those that love be still like too much sail in a storm, and man cannot so easily strike, or take all in when he pleases: Yet (*Deareſt Princeſſe*) be it never so hard, when you shall thinke it dangerous, I shall not make it difficult, though —— Well; Love is love, and Aire is Aire; and (though you are a Miracle your selfe) yet do not I believe that you can work any; without it I am confident you can never make these two thus different in themselves, one and the selfe same thing; when you shall, it will be some small furtherance towards it, that you have

Your humble Servant
I. S.

Who so truly loves the fair *Aglaura*, that he will never know desire, at least not entertaine it, that brings no letters of recommendation from her, or first a fair Pasport.

My Dear Dear,

THink I have kist your Letter to nothing, and now know not what to answer. Or that now I am answering, I am kissing you to nothing, and know not how to go on! For you must pardon, I must hate all I send you here, because it expresses nothing in respect of what it leaves behind with me. And oh! Why should I write then? Why should I not come my self? Those Tyrants, busineſſe, honour, and neceſſity, what have they to do with you and I? Why should we not do Loves Com-

commands before theirs whose Soveraignty is but usurped upon us? Shal we not smell to Roses, 'cause others doe looke on? or gather them, 'cause there are prickles, and something that would hinder us? Deare —— I fain would —— and know no hinderance —— but what must come from you —— and —— why should any come? since 'tis not I, but you must be sensible how much time we lose, It being long since I was not my self, but

Yours.

Dear Princesse,

FInding the date of your Letter so young, and having an assurance from [ ] who at the same time heard from Mr. [ ] that all our Letters have beene delivered at [B] I cannot but imagine some ill mistake, and that you have not received any at all. Faith I have none in Welch, man; and though Fear and Suspition looke often so far that they oversee the right, yet when Love holds the Candle, they seldome do mistake so much. My Dearest Princesse, I shall long, next hearing you are well, to heare that they are safe: for though I can never be ashamed to be found an Idolater to such a shrine as yours, yet since the world is full of profane eyes, the best way, sure, is to keep all mysteries from them, and to let privacy be (what indeed it is) the best part of devotion. So thinks

My D. D. P.

Your humble Servant.

Since

SInce the inferiour Orbes move but by the first, without all question desires and hopes in me are to be govern'd still by you, as they by it. What mean these fears then? Dear Princesse,

Though Planets wander, yet is the Sphere that carries them the same still; and though wishes in me may be extravagant, yet hee in whom they make their motion is, you know, my dear Princesse,

Yours, and wholy to be disposed of by you.

And till we hear from you, though (according to the form of concluding a Letter) we should now rest, we cannot.

Fair Princesse,

IF parting be a sinne (as sure it is) what then to part from you? if to extenuate an ill be to increase it, what then now to excuse it by a letter? That which we would alledge to lessen it, with you perchance has added to the guilt already, which is our sodain leaving you. Abruptnesse is an eloquence in parting, when Spinning out of time, is but the weaving of new sorrow. And thus we thought, yet not being able to distinguish of our owne Acts, the feare we may have sinn'd farther then we think of, has made us send to you, to know whether it be Mortall or not.

For the Two Excellent Sisters.

THough I conceive you (*Ladies*) so much at leisure that you may read any thing, yet since

ſince the ſtories of the Towne are meerely amorous, and ſound nothing but Love, I cannot without betraying my owne judgement make them news for *Wales*. Nor can it be leſſe improper to tranſport them to you, then for the King to ſend my Lord of *C.* over Ambaſſador this winter into *Green-land*.

It would want faith in ſo cold a Countrey as *Angleſey*, to ſay that your Cozen Dutcheſſe, for the quenching of ſome fooliſh flames about her, has endured quietly the loſſe of much of the Kings favour, of many of her houſes, and of moſt of her friends.

Whether the disfigurement that Travel or ſicknes has beſtowed upon *B. W.* be thought ſo great by the Lady of the Iſle, as 'tis by others, and whether the alteration of his face has bred a change in her mind——it never troubles you——Ladies. What old Loves are decay'd, or what new ones are ſprung up in their room; Whether this Lady be too diſcreet, or that Cavalier not ſecret enough, are things that concerne the inhabitants of *Angleſey* not at all. A fair day is better welcom and more newes, then all that can be ſaid in this kind. And for all that I know now, the Devils Chimney is on fire, or his pot ſeething over, and all *North-Wales* not able to ſtay the fury of it. Perchance while I write this, a great black cloud is ſayling from Miſtris *Thomaſſes* bleak Mountains over to *Baron-hill*, there to diſgorge it ſelfe with what the Sea or worſe places fed it with before.

It

It may be the honeſt banks about you turne bankrupt too, and breake; and the Sea like an angry Creditor ſeizes upon all, and hath no pitty, becauſe he has been put off ſo long from time to time. For variety (and it is not impoſſible) ſome boyſterous wind flings up the hangings; and thinking to do as much to your cloths, finds a reſiſtance, and ſo departs, but firſt breaks all the windows about the houſe for it in revenge.

Theſe things now wee that live in *London* cannot help, and they are as great newes to men that ſit in Boxes at *Black-Fryars*, as the affairs of Love to Flannel-Weavers.

For my own part, I thinke I have made a great complement, when I have wiſht my ſelf with you, and more then I dare make good in Winter: and yet there is none would venture farther for ſuch a happines then

Your humble ſervant.

The Wine-drinkers to the Water-drinkers, greeting.

WHereas by your Ambaſſador two dayes ſince ſent unto us, we underſtand that you have lately had a plot to ſurprize (or to ſpeake more properly) to take the waters; and in it have not onely a little miſcarryed, but alſo met with ſuch difficulties, that unleſſe you bee ſpeedily relieved, you are like to ſuffer in the adventure; We as well out of pitty to you, as out of care to our State and Common-Wealth (knowing that Women have ever been held neceſſary, and that nothing

nothing reliſheth ſo well after VVine) have ſo far taken it into our conſideration, that we have neglected no means ſince we heard of it firſt, that might be for your contents, or the good of the cauſe; and therefore to that purpoſe we have had divers meetings at the *Beare* at the *Bridge*-foot, and now at length have reſolv'd to diſpatch to you one of our Cabinet-Councel, Colonel *Young*, with ſome ſlight Forces of Canary, and ſome few of Sherry, which no doubt will ſtand you in good ſtead, if they doe not mutiny and grow too head-ſtrong for their Commander; him Captain *Puſſe* of *Barton* ſhall follow with all expedition, with two or three Regiments of Claret; Monſieur de *Grandville*, commonly called Lieutenant *Strutt*, ſhall lead up the Reer of Rheniſh and VVhite. Theſe ſuccors thus timely ſent, we are confident will be ſufficient to hold the Enemy in Play; and till we hear from you again, we ſhall not think of a freſh ſupply. For the VVaters (though perchance they have driven you into ſome extremities, and divers times forc't their paſſages through ſome of your beſt guarded places) yet have they, if our intelligence fail us not, hitherto had the worſt of it ſtill, and evermore at length plainly run away from you.

Given under our hands at the Bear,
this fourth of July.

SInce Joy (the thing we all ſo Court) is but our hopes ſtript of our fears, pardon me if I be ſtill preſſing

preſſing at it, and like thoſe that are curious to know their fortunes aforehand, deſire to be ſatiſfied, though it diſpleaſes me afterward. To this Gentleman (who has as much in-ſight as the t'other wanted Ey-ſight) I have committed the particulars, which would too much ſwell a Letter: if they ſhall not pleaſe you, 'tis but freſh ſubject ſtill for Repentance; nor ever did that make me quarrell with any thing but my owne ſtarres. To ſweare new oaths from this place, were but to weaken the credit of thoſe I have ſworne in another: if heaven be to forgive you now for not beleeving of them then, (as ſure as it was a ſin) heaven forgive me now for ſwearing of them then (for that was double ſin.) More then I am I cannot be, nor liſt,

Yours, I. S.

I am not ſo ill a Proteſtant as to beleeve in merit, yet if you pleaſe to give anſwer under your own hand, ſuch as I ſhall for ever rely upon: if I have not deſerv'd it already, it is not impoſſible but I may.

To a Coſin (who ſtill loved young Girles, and when they came to be marriageable, quitted them, and fel in love with freſh) at his fathers requeſt, who deſired he might be perſwaded out of the humour, and marry.

Honeſt Charles,

WEre there not fooles enow before in the Common-Wealth of Lovers, but that

thou muſt bring up a new Seſt? Why delighted with the firſt knors of roſes, and when they come to blow (can ſatisfie the ſence, and do the end of their Creation) doſt not care for them? Is there nothing in this fooliſh tranſitory world that thou canſt find out to ſet thy heart upon, but that which has newly left off making of dirt-pyes, and is but preparing it ſelf for loame, and a green ſickneſs? Seriouſly (*Charles*) and without ceremony, 'tis very fooliſh, and to love widdows is as tolerable an humour, and as juſtifiable as thine ——for beaſts that have been ridd off their legges are as much for a mans uſe, as Colts that are unway'd, and will not go at all: —— Why the devill ſuch yong things? before theſe underſtand what thou wouldſt have, others would have granted. Thou doſt not marry them neither, nor any thing elſe. 'Sfoot it is the ſtory of the Jack-an-apes and the Partridges; thou ſtareſt after a beauty till it is loſt to thee, & then let'ſt out another, and ſtareſt after that till it is gone too; Never conſidering that it is here as in the *Thames*, and that while it runs up in the middle, it runnes down on the ſides; while thou contemplat'ſt the comming-in-tide and flow of Beauty, that it ebbes with thee, and that thy youth goes out at the ſame time: After all this too, She thou now art caſt upon will have much adoe to avoid being ugly. Pox on't, Men will ſay thou wert benighted, and wert glad of any Inne. Well! (*Charles*) there is another way if you could find it out. Women are like Melons: too green,

or

or too ripe, are worth nothing; you must try till you find a right one. Taſt all, but hark you —— (*Charles*) you ſhall not need to eat of all, for one is ſufficient for a ſurfet: *Your moſt humble ſervant.*

I ſhould have perſwaded you to marriage, but to deal ingenuouſly, I am a little out of arguments that way at this preſent: 'Tis honourable, there's no queſtion on't; but what more, in good faith I cannot readily tell.

Madam,

TO tell you that neither my misfortunes nor my ſins did draw from me ever ſo many ſighs as my departure from you has done, and that there are yet tears in mine eyes left undryed for it; or that melancholy has ſo deeply ſeized me, that colds and diſeaſes hereafter ſhall not need above halfe their force to deſtroy me, would be I know ſuperfluous and vain, ſince ſo great a goodneſſe as yours, cannot but have out-believed already what I can write.

He never knew you that will not think the loſſe of your Company, greater then the Imperialiſts can all this time the loſſe of all their Companies; and he ſhall never know you that can thinke it greater then I, who though I never had any wiſdom, nor wit enough to admire you to your worth, yet had my Judgement ever ſo much right in it, as to admire you above all. And thus he ſayes that dares ſwear he is

Your moſt devoted ſervant.

Madam,

THe diſtruſt I have had of not being able to write to you any thing which might pay the charge of reading, has perſwaded me to forbeare kiſſing your hands at this diſtance: So, like Women that grow proud, becauſe they are chaſte; I thought I might be negligent, becaule I was not troubleſome. And, were I not ſafe in your goodneſſe, I ſhould be (*Madam*) in your judgement; which is too juſt to value little obſervances, or think them neceſſary to the right honouring my Lady.

Your Ladyſhip I make no doubt, will take into conſideration, that ſuperſtition hath ever beene fuller of Ceremony than the true worſhip. When it ſhall concern any part of your reall ſervice, and I not throw by all reſpects whatſoever to manifeſt my devotion, take what revenge you pleaſe. Undo me *Madam*: Reſume my beſt place and Title; and let me be no longer.

Your humble ſervant.

Madam,

BY the ſame reaſon the Ancients made no ſacrifice to death, ſhould your Ladyſhip ſend me no Letters; ſince there has beene no return on my ſide. But the truth is, the place affords nothing: all our dayes are (as the Women here) alike; and the difference of *Fair*, does rarely ſhew it ſelfe; Such great State doe Beauty and the Sun keep in

theſe

theſe parts. I keep company with my own Horſes (*Madam*) to avoid that of the men; and by this you may gueſſe how great an enemy to my living contentedly my Lady is, whoſe converſation has brought me to ſo fine a diet, that whereſoever I go, I muſt ſtarve: all daies are tedious, companies troubleſom, and Books themſelves (Feaſts heretofore) no reliſh in them. Finding you to be the cauſe of all this, Excuſe me (*Madam*) if I reſent: and continue peremptory in the reſolution I have taken to be

Madam during life,
Your humbleſt ſervant.

Madam,

BUt that I know your goodnes is not mercinary, and that you receive thanks, either with as much trouble as men ill news, or with as much wonder as Virgins unexpected Love, this Letter ſhould be full of them. A ſtrange proud returne you may think I make you (*Madam*) when I tell you, it is not from every body I would be thus obliged; and that if I thought you did me not theſe favours becauſe you love me, I ſhould not love you becauſe you doe me theſe favours. This is not language for one in Affliction, I confeſſe, and upon whom it may be at this preſent a cloud is breaking; but finding not within my ſelf I have deſerv'd that ſtorm; I will not make it greater by apprehending it.

After all, leſt (*Madam*) you ſhould think I take your favours as Tribute; to my great grief, I here

declare, that the ſervices I ſhall be able to render you, will be no longer Preſents, but payments of Debts; ſince I can doe nothing for you hereafter, which I was not obliged to do before.

Madam,

Your moſt humble and faithfull ſervant.

My Noble Friend,

THat you have overcome the danger of the Land and of the Sea, is news moſt welcom to us, and with no leſſe joy receiv'd amongſt us than if the King of *Sweden* had the ſecond time overcome *Tilley*, & again paſt the *Meine* and the *Rhine*. Nor do we in this look more upon our ſelves and private intereſts, then on the publike, ſince in your ſafety both were compriſed. And though you had not had about you the affairs and ſecrets of State, yet to have left your own perſon upon the way, had been half to undoe our poor Iland, and the loſſe muſt have beene lamented with the teares of a whole Kingdome.

But you are now beyond all our fears, and have nothing to take heed on your ſelf, but fair Ladies. A pretty point of ſecurity; and ſuch a one as all *Germany* cannot afford. We here converſe with Northerne Beauties, that had never heat enough to kindle a ſparke in any mans breaſt, where heaven had been firſt ſo mercifull as to put in a reaſonable ſoul.

There is nothing either fair or good in this part of the world; and I cannot name the thing can give

give me any content, but the thought that you enjoy enough other where: I having ever been since I had the first honour to know you,

Yours, more then his owne.

My Lord,

TO perswade one that has newly ship-wrackt upon a Coast to imbarque sodainly for the same place againe, or your Lordship to seeke that content you now enjoy in the innocence of a solitude, among the disorders and troubles of a Court, were I think a thing the King himself and Majesty is no ill Orator) would find some difficulty to doe. And yet when I consider that great soul of yours, like a Spider, working all inwards, and sending forth nothing, but like the Cloister'd Schoolmens Divinity, threads fine and unprofitable: if I thought you would not suspect my being serious all this while, for what I should now say, I would tell you that I cannot but be as bold with you as your Ague is, and for a little time, whether you will or not entertain you scurvily.

When I consider you looke (to me) like —— I cannot but thinke it as odd a thing, as if I should see *Van Dike* with all his fine colours and Pensills about him, his Frame, and right Light, and every thing in order, and yet his hands tyed behind him: and your Lordship must excuse me if upon it I be as bold.

The wisest men, and greatest States, have made no scruple to make use of brave men whom they

had laid by with some disgrace: nor have those brave men so laid by, made scruple, or thought it a disgrace to serve againe, when they were called to it afterwards.

These generall motives of the State and Common good, I will not so much as once offer up to your Lordships consideration, though (as 'tis fit) they have still the upper end: yet, like great *Oleoes*, they rather make a shew then provoke Appetite. There are two things which I shall not be ashamed to propound to you, as ends; since the greater part of the wise men of the world have not been ashamed to make them theirs: and if any has been found to contemn them, it hath been strongly to be suspected that either they could not easily attain to them, or else that the readiest way to attain to them was to contemn them. These two are *Honour* and *Wealth*: and though you stand possest of both of them, yet is the first in your hands like a sword, which, if not through negligence, by mischance hath taken rust, and needs a little clearing; and it would be much handsomer a present to posterity, if you your self in your life time wipe it off.

For your *Estate* (which it may be had been more had it not been too much) though it is true that it is so far from being contemptible, that it is Nobly competent, yet must it be content to undergoe the same fate greater States (Common-wealths themselves) have been & are subject to: which is, when it comes to be divided in it self, not to be considerable.

table. Both *Honour* and *Eſtate* are too fair and ſweet *Flowers* to be without *Prickles*, or to be gathered without ſome ſcratches.

And now (my Lord) I know you have nothing to urge but a kind of incapability in your ſelfe to the ſervice of this State; when indeed you have made the onely bar you have, by imagining you have one.

I confeſſe (though) had *vice* ſo large an Empire in the Court, as heretofore it has had, or were the times ſo dangerous that to the living well there, wiſe *conduct* were more neceſſary than *vertue* it ſelfe; Your Lordſhip would have reaſon (with *Æſops* countrey-mouſe) to undervalue all change of condition; ſince a quiet mediocrity is ſtill to be preferred before a troubled ſuperfluity: but theſe things are now no more: and if at any time they have threatned that Horizon, like great clouds, either they are fallen of themſelves to the ground, or elſe, upon the appearing of the Sunne (ſuch a Prince as ours is) they have vaniſhed, and left behind them clear and fair daies. To deſcend to parts, envie is ſo leſſen'd, that it is almoſt loſt into vertuous emulation, every man truſting the Kings judgement ſo far, that he knows no better meaſure of his own merit, than his reward. The little word behind the back, and undoing whiſper, which, like pulling of a ſheat-rope at Sea, ſlackens the ſail, and makes the gallanteſt ſhip ſtand ſtill; that that heretofore made the faulty and the innocent alike guilty, is a thing, I beleeve, now ſo

forgot,

forgot, or at leaſt ſo unpractiz'd, that thoſe that are the worſt, have leiſure to grow good, before any will take notice they have been otherwiſe, or at leaſt divulge it.

'Tis true, *Faction* there is, but 'tis as true, that it is as winds are, to cleare, and keep places free from corruption; the oppoſitions being as harmleſſe, as that of the meeting-rides under the bridge, whoſe encounter makes it but more eaſie for him that is to paſſe. To be a little pleaſant in my inſtances; The very women have ſuffered reformation, and wear through the whole Court their faces as little diſguiſed now, as an honeſt mans actions ſhould be, and if there be any have ſuffer'd themſelves to be gained by their ſervants, their ignorance of what they granted may well excuſe them from the ſhame of what they did. So that it is more then poſſible to be great and good: and we may ſafely conclude, if there be ſome that are not ſo exact, as much as they fall ſhort of it, juſt ſo much they have gone from the great Original, God; and from the beſt Copies of him on earth, the King and the Queen.

To conclude, If thoſe accidents or diſaſters which make men grow leſſe in the world (as ſome ſuch, my Lord, have happened to you) were inevitable as death, or, when they were once entered upon us, there were no cure for them; examples of others would ſatisfie me for yours; but ſince there have been that have delivered themſelves from their ills, either by their good *Fortune*, or

or *Vertue*, 'twould trouble me that my friends ſhould not be found in that number, as much as if one ſhould bring me a Catalogue of thoſe that truly honoured my Lord of —— and I ſhould not find among the firſt,

Your humble ſervant.

To Mr. Henry German, *in the beginning of* PARLIAMENT, 1640.

Sir,

THat it is fit for the King to do ſomething extraordinary at this preſent, is not onely the opinion of the wiſe, but the expectation. Men obſerve him more now then at other times: for Majeſtie in an Eclipſe, like the Sun, draws eyes that would not ſo much as have looked towards it, if it had ſhined out, and appeared like it ſelfe. To lie ſtill now, would, at the beſt, ſhew but a calmneſſe of mind, not a magnanimity; ſince in matter of government, to think well (at any time, much leſſe in a very active) is little better then to dream well. Nor muſt he ſtay to act till his people deſire, becauſe 'tis thought nothing reliſhes elſe: for therefore hath nothing reliſht with them, becauſe the King hath for the moſt part ſtayed till they have deſired; done nothing but what they have or were petitioning for. But, that the King ſhould do, will not be ſo much the queſtion, as what he ſhould do. And certainly, for a King to have right counſell given him, is at all times ſtrange, and at this preſent

preſent impoſſible. His party for the moſt part (I would that were modeſtly ſaid, and it were not all) have ſo much to do for their own preſervation, that they cannot (without breaking a law in nature) intend anothers. Thoſe that have courage have not perchance innocence, and ſo dare not ſhew themſelves in the Kings buſines; and if they have innocence, they want parts to make themſelves conſiderable; ſo conſequently the things they undertake. Then, in Court, they give much counſell, as they beleeve the King inclin'd, determine his good by his deſires: which is a kind of ſetting the Sun by the Diall; Intereſt which cannot erre, by paſſions which may.

In going about to ſhew the King a Cure, now a man ſhould firſt plainly ſhew him the diſeaſe. But to Kings, as to ſome kind of Patients, it is not alwaies proper to tell how ill they be: and it is too like a Countrey clownn, ot to ſhew the way, unles he know from whence, and diſcourſe of things before.

Kings may be miſtaken, and Councellors corrupted; but true intereſt alone (ſaith *Monſieur de Rohan*) cannot erre. It were not amiſſe then to find out the Intereſt: for ſetting down right principles before concluſions, is weighing the ſcales before we deal out the commodity.

Certainly the great intereſt of the King is, *A union with his People*, and whoſoever hath told him otherwiſe (as the Scripture ſaith of the devil) *was a ſeducer from the firſt*. If there ever had been any one

one Prince in the whole world that made a felicity in this life, and left fair Fame after death, without the love of his Subjects, there were ſome colour to deſpiſe it.

There was not among all our Princes a greater Courtier of the People then *Richard* the third, not ſo much out of fear, as out of wiſedom. And, ſhall the worſt of our Kings have ſtriven for that? and ſhall not the beſt? (it being an Angelicall thing to gain love.)

There are 2. things in which the people expect to be ſatisfied; *Religion*, and *Juſtice*: nor can this be done by any little acts, but by Royall and Kingly reſolutions.

If any ſhall think that by dividing the factions (a good rule at other times) he ſhall maſter the reſt now, he will be ſtrangely deceived: for in the beginning of things That would doe much, but not when whole Kingdoms are reſolv'd. Of thoſe now that lead theſe parties, if you could take off the major number, the leſſer would governe, and doe the ſame things ſtill: nay, if you could take off all, they would ſet up one, and follow him.

And of how great conſequence it is for the King to reſume this right, and be the author himſelfe, let any body judge: ſince as *Cumneus* ſaid, Thoſe that have the art to pleaſe the People, have commonly the power to raiſe them.

To do things ſo that there ſhall remain no jealouſie, is very neceſſary, and is no more then really

ly reforming, that is, pleasing them. For to doe things that shall grieve hereafter, and yet pretend love (amongst lovers themselves, where there is easiest faith) will not be accepted. It will not be enough for the King to do what they desire, but he must do somthing more: I mean (by doing more) doing somthing of his owne, as throwing away things they call not for, or giving things they expected not. And when they see the King doing the same things with them, it will take away all thought and apprehension that he thinkes the things they have done already ill.

Now if the King ends the differences, and takes away suspect for the future, the case will fall out to be no worse then when two duellists enter the Field, where the worsted party (the other having no ill opinion of him) hath his sword given him againe (without further hurt after he is in the others power.) But otherwise it is not safe to imagine what may follow: for the people are naturally not valiant, and not much Cavalier. Now it is the nature of Cowards to hurt where they can receive none. They will not be content (while they fear and have the uppet hand, to fetter onely Royalty, but perchance (as timorous spirits use) will not think themselves safe while that is at all. And possibly, this is the present state of things.

In this great worke (at least to make it appeare perfect and lasting to the Kingdom) it is necessary the Queen really joyn; for if she stand aloof, there will still be suspicions: it being a received opini-

on

on in the world, that ſhe hath a great intereſt in the Kings favor and power. And to invite her, ſhe is to conſider with her ſelfe, whether ſuch great vertues and eminent excellencies (though they be highly admired and valued by thoſe that know her) ought to reſt ſatisfied with ſo narrow a payment as the eſtimation of a few. And whether it be not more proper for a great Queen to arrive at univerſall honour, and love, then private eſteeme and value.

Then, how becomming a work, for the ſweetnes and ſoftnes of her Sex, is compoſing of differences, and uniting hearts? and how proper for a Queen, reconciling King and People?

There is but one thing remains, which whiſper'd abroad, buſies the Kings mind much (if not diſturbs it in the midſt of theſe great Reſolutions, and that is, The preſervation of ſome ſervants, whom he thinks ſomewhat hardly torn from him of late: which is of ſo tender a nature, I ſhall rather propound ſomething about it, than reſolve it.

The firſt *Quære* will be, Whether as things now ſtand (Kingdoms in the ballance) the King is not to follow nature, where the conſervation of the more generall ſtill commands and governs the leſſe. As iron by particular ſympathy ſticks to the loadſtone, but yet if it be joyned with a great body of Iron, it quits thoſe particular affections to the loadſtone, and moves with the other, to the greater, the common Countrey.

The ſecond will be, Whether, if he could preſerve

ſerve thoſe miniſters, they can be of any uſe to him hereafter? ſince no man is ſerved with a greater prejudice, than he that employs ſuſpected inſtruments, or not beloved, though able and deſerving in themſelves.

The third is, Whether, to preſerve them, there be any other way than for the King to be firſt right with his people? ſince the rule in Philoſophy muſt ever hold good, *nil dat quod non habet*. Before the King have power to ſave, he muſt have power.

Laſtly, Whether the way to preſerve this power be not to give it away? For the people of *England* have ever been like wantons, which pull and tugg as long as the Princes have pull'd with them, as you may ſee in *Hen.* 3. King *John*, *Ed.* 2. and indeed, all the troubleſom and unfortunate reigns; but when they have let it goe, they come and put it into their hands againe, that they may play on: as you may ſee in Queen *Elizabeth*.

I will conclude with a prayer (not that I think it needs at this preſent: Prayers are to keep us from what may be, as well as to preſerve us from what is) *That the King be neither too inſenſible of what is without him, nor too reſolved from what is within him.* To be ſick of a dangerous ſicknes, and find no pain cannot but be with loſſe of underſtanding ('Tis an Aphoriſme of *Hippocrates*) and on the other ſide *Opiniaſtrie* is a ſullen Porter, and (as it was wittily ſaid of Conſtancy) ſhuts out often-times, Better things than it lets in.

FINIS.

AN ACCOUNT OF RELIGION BY REASON.

A Discourse upon Occasion presented to the Earl of *Dorset*.

By

Sir JOHN SVCKLING.

Printed by his owne Copy.

Lucret. p. 227. *Tentat enim dubiam mentem rationis egestas.*

LONDON,
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ACCOUNT
OF
RELIGION
BY
REASON.

The Epiſtle.

I Send you here (my Lord) that Diſcourſe enlarged, which frighted the Lady into a cold ſweat, and which had like to have made me an Atheiſt at Court, and your Lordſhip no very good Chriſtian. I am not ignorant that the fear of Socinianiſme at this time, renders every man that offers to give an account of Religion by Reaſon, ſuſpected to have none at all: yet I have made no ſcruple to run that hazard, not knowing why a man ſhould not uſe the beſt Weapon his Creator hath given him for his defence. That Faith was by the Apoſtles both highly exalted, and ſeverely enjoyned, is known to every man, and

this upon excellent grounds; for it was both the easiest and best way of converting: the other being tedious, and almost useless: for but few among thousands are capable of it, and those few not capable at all times of their life, Judgement being required. Yet the best servant our Saviour ever had upon Earth, was so far from neglecting or contemning Reason, that his Epistles were admired, even by those that embraced not the Truthes he delivered. And indeed, had the Fathers *of the* Church *only bid men* beleeve, *and not told them* why, *they had slept now un-Sainted in their Graves, and as much benighted with Oblivion, as the ordinary* Parish-Priests *of their owne Age.*

That man is deceivable, is true, but what part with in him is not likelyer than his Reason? For as Manilius *said,*

Nam neque decipitur ratio nec decipit unquam.

And how unlikely is it that that which gives us the Prerogative above other Creatures, and wholy entitles us to future happi-

nesse

neſſe, ſhould be laid aſide, and not uſed to the acquiring of it?

*But by this time (*my Lord*) you find how apt thoſe which have nothing to do themſelves, are to give others trouble. I ſhall only therfore let you know that your Commands to my Lord of* Middleſex *are performed; and that when you have freſh ones, you cannot place them where they will be more willingly received, than by*

Bath, Sept. 2.

Your humble Servant,
Iohn Suckling.

many

A Discourse by Sir John Suckling, *Knight.*

AMong the truths (*my Lord*) which we receive, none more reasonably commands our beliefe, than those which by *all* men, at *all* times have been assented to. In this number and highest I place this great one, that there is a *Deity*; which the whole world hath been so eager to embrace, that rather than it would have none at all, it hath too often been contented with a very mean one.

That there should be a great Disposer and Orderer of things, a wise Rewarder and Punisher of good and evill, hath appeared so equitable to men, that by instinct they have concluded it necessary; Nature (which doth nothing in vain) having so far imprinted it in us all, that should the envie of Predecessors deny the secret to Succeeders, they yet would find it out. Of all those little ladders with which we scale heaven, and climb up to our Maker, that seems to me not the worst, of which man is the first step. For, but by examining how I, that could contribute nothing to mine owne being, should be here, I come to ask the same question for my Father, and so am led in a direct line to a last Producer, that must be more than man. For if *man made*

made man, Why died not I when my Father died? since according to that *Maxime* of the Philosophers, *the cause taken away, the effect does not remain.* Or if the first man gave himselfe being, why hath he it not still? Since it were unreasonable to imagine any thing could have power to give it selfe life, that had no power to continue it. That there is then a God, will not be so much the dispute, as what this God is, or how to be worshipped, is that which hath troubled poor mortals from the first, nor are they yet in quiet. So great has been the diversity, that some have almost thought God was no lesse delighted with variety in his service, than he was pleased with it in his works. It would not be amisse to take a survey of the world from its cradle; and with *Varro*, divide it into three Ages: the *Unknown*, the *Fabulous*, and the *Historicall*.

The first was a black *night*, and discovered *nothing*; the second was a weak & glimmering *light*, representing things imperfectly and falsly; the last (*more clear*) left handsom monuments to posterity. The *unknowne* I place in the age before the Flood, for that Deluge swept away things as well as men, and left not so much as footsteps to trace them by. The *fabulous* began after the Flood; in this time Godheads were cheap, & men not knowing where to choose better, made Deities one of another. Where this ended, the *historicall* took beginning: for men began to ingrave in pillars, and to commit to Letters, as it were by joynt consent: for the three great *Epoches* or Termes of Accompt were

all

all eſtabliſhed within the ſpace of 30. yeers: The *Grecians* reckoning from their *Olympiades*; The *Romans* from the building of their City; and the *Babilonians* from their King *Salmonaſſer*. To bring into the ſcale with Chriſtian Religion any thing out of the firſt Age, we cannot; becauſe we know nothing of it.

And the ſecond was ſo *fabulous*, that thoſe which took it up, afrerwards ſmil'd at it as ridiculous and falſe (which though was eaſier for them to do than to ſhew a true.) In the *hiſtoricall*, it improved, and grew more refined: but here the *Fathers* entred the field, and ſo cleerly gained the victory, that I ſhould ſay nothing in it, did I not know it ſtill to be the opinion of good wits, that the particular Religion of Chriſtians has added little to the general Religion of the World. Let us take it then in its *perfecter eſtate*, and look upon it in that age which was made glorious by the bringing forth of ſo many admirable ſpirits, and this was about the 80. *Olympiad*, in the year of the world 3480. for in the ſpace of an 100. yeers, flouriſhed almoſt all that *Greece* could boaſt of, *Socrates*, *Plato*, *Ariſtotle*, *Architas*, *Iſocrates*, *Pythagoras*, *Epicurus*, *Heraclitus*, *Xenophon*, *Zeno*, *Anaxagoras*, *Democritus*, *Demoſthenes*, *Parmenides*, *Zenocrates*, *Theophraſtes*, *Empedocles*, *Tymæus*, with divers others, Orators and Poets. Or rather (for they had their religion one frō another, & not much different) let us take a view of it in that Century in which Nature (as it were to oppoſe the Grecian inſolence) brought forth that happy birth of *Roman* wits:

wits: *Varro*, *Cicero*, *Cæsar*, *Livie*, *Saluſt*, *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Vitruvius*, *Ovid*, *Plin*, *Cato*, *Marcus Brutus*, and this was from *Quintus Servilius* his Conſulſhip to that of *Auguſtus*, 270. yeers after the other. And to ſay truth, a great part of our Religion, either directly or indirectly hath been profeſſed by Heathens; which I conceive not ſo much an exprobation to it, as a confirmation; it being no derogating from truth, to be warranted by common conſent.

First then, the Creation of the world is delivered almoſt the ſame in the *Phœnician* ſtories with that in *Moſes*; from this the *Grecians* had their *Chaos*, & *Ovid* the beginning of his *Metamorphoſis*. That *all things were made by God*, was held by *Plato*, and others; that *darknes was before light*, by *Thales*; that the *Stars were made by God*, by *Aratus*; that *life was infuſed into things by the breath of God*, *Virgil*; that *Man was made of duſt*, *Heſiod*, & *Homer*; that *the firſt life of man was in ſimplicity and nakednes*, *the Ægyptians* taught: and from thence the Poets had their *Golden age*. That *in the firſt times mens lives laſted a thouſand yeers*, *Beroſus*, and others; that *ſomthing divine was ſeen amongſt men, til that the greatnes of our ſins gave them cauſe to remove*, *Catullus*; and this he that writes the ſtory of *Columbus*, reports from the *Indians of a great Deluge*, almoſt all. But to the main, they hold *one God*, & though *multiplicity* hath been laid to their charge, yet certainly the clearer ſpirits underſtood theſe petty Gods as things, not as Deities; ſecond cauſes, and ſeverall vertues of the great power: by *Neptune*, water; *Juno*, aire; by *Diſ-*

pater,

pater, earth; by *Vulcan*, fire; and sometimes one God signified many things, as *Jupiter* the whole world, the whole heaven; and sometimes many gods, one thing, as *Ceres*, *Juno magna*, the earth. They concluded those to be vices which we doe; nor was there much difference in their vertues; onely Christians have made Ready beleefe the higheſt, which they would hardly allow to be any. They held rewards for the good, & puniſhments for the il; had their *Elizium*, & their *hell*; & that they thought the pains *eternal* there, is evident, in that they beleev'd from thence was no return. They proportion'd ſufferings hereafter, to offences here; as in *Tantalus*, *Siſyphus*, and others, among which that of Conſcience (the worme that never dies) was one, as in the Vultur's gnawing of *Promothem* heart, and *Virgils* ugliest of Furies thundring in *Pirithous* ear, was not obſcurely ſhown; & yet neerer us, they held the number of the Elect to be but ſmall, and that there ſhould be a laſt day in which the World ſhould periſh by fire. Laſtly they had their Prieſts, Temples, Altars,

We have ſeen now the *Parallel*, let us enquire whether thoſe things they ſeeme to have in common with us, wee have not in a more excellent manner, and whether the reſt in which we differ from all the world, we take not up with reaſon. To begin then with their *Iupiter* (for all before were but little ſtealths from *Moſes* works) how much more like a Deity are the actions our ſtories declare our God to have done, then what the Ethnick Authors deliver of theirs? How excellently

elevated

elevated are our descriptions of him? Theirs looking as if they knew that power onely by their fears, as their Statues erected to him declare: for when he was *Capitolonius*, he appeard with thunder; when *Latiaris*, be smear'd with blood; when *Feretrius*, yet more terrible. We may ghesse what their conceptions were, by the worship they gave him: How full of cruelty were their sacrifices? it being received almost through the whole world, *that gods were pleased with the blood of men*: and this custom neither the *Grecian* Wisdom, nor *Roman* Civility abolished, as appears by sacrifices to *Bacchus*.

Then the ceremonies of *Liber Pater*, and *Ceres*, how obscene? and those daies which were set apart for the honour of the gods, celebr ted with such shews as *Cato* himself was ashamed to be present at. On the contrary, our services are such, as not only *Cato*, but God himself may be there: we worship him that is the purest Spirit, in purity of spirit; & did wee not beleeve what the Scriptures deliver from himselfe, yet would our reason perswade us that such an Essence could not be pleased with the blood of beasts, or delighted with the steam of fat: and in this particular, Christians have gone beyond all others except the Mahometans; besides whom there has been no Nation that had not sacrifice, and was not guilty of this pious cruelty.

That we have the same vertues with them is very true; but who can deny that those vertues have received additions from Christianity, conducing to mens better living together? revenge of injuries

Moses

Moſes both took himſelfe, and allowed by the Law to others; *Cicero* and *Ariſtotle* placed it in vertues quarter: We extol patient bearing of injuries; and what quiet the one, what trouble the other would give the world, let the indifferent judge. Their juſtice only took care that menſhould not do wrong: ours, that they ſhould not think it, the very coveting ſeverely forbidden: and this holds too in chaſtity, deſire of a woman unlawfully being as much a breach of the commadement, as their enjoying, which ſhew'd not only the Chriſtians care, but wiſdome to prevent ill, who provided to deſtroy it where it was weakeſt, in the Cradle, and declared, He was no leſſe than a God which gave them theſe Laws; for had he been but man, he never would have provided or taken care for what he could not looke into, the hearts of Men, and what he could not puniſh, their thoughts. What Charity can be produced anſwerable to that of Chriſtians? Looke upon the Primitive times, and you ſhall find that (as if the whole World had been but a private Family) they ſent from Province to Province, and from Places farre diſtant, to Releeve them they never ſaw nor knew.

Now for the happineſſe which they propoſed: if they take it as the Heathens underſtood it, it was an *Elizium*, a place of bleſſed ſhades, at beſt but a handſom retirement from the troubles of this World: if according to the duller Jewes, Feaſtings and Banquettings; (for it is evident that

that the *Saddutes*, who were great obſervers of th
Moſaicall Law, had but faint thoughts of an
thing to come) there being in *Moſes* bookes n
promiſes but of Temporall bleſſings, and (if any
an obſcure mention of eternity. The Mahome
tans are no leſſe ſenſuall, making the renewing o
youth, high Feaſts, a woman with great eyes, an
dreſt up with a little more fancie, the laſt and be
good.

Then the hell; How gentle with the Heathens
but the rowling of a ſtone, filling of a ſieve wit
water, ſitting before Banquets, and not daring t
touch them, exerciſing the trade and buſineſſe
they had on earth; with the Mahometans but
Purgatory acted in the grave, ſome pains inflicte
by a bad Angel, and thoſe qualified and mitigate
too, by an aſſiſting good one. Now for the Jewe
as they had no hopes, ſo they had no fears; ſo th
if we conſider it rightly, neither their puniſhmen
were great enough to deter them from doing il
nor their rewards high enough to invite men t
ſtrictnes of life; for ſince every man is able to ma
as good a heaven of his own, it were unreaſonabl
to perſwade him to quit that certain happines fo
an uncertainty: whereas Chriſtians with as muc
more noble conſideration both in their heaven an
hell took care not onely for the body but the ſou
and for both above mans apprehenſion.

The ſtrangeſt, though moſt Epidemical diſeaſ
of all Religions, has been an imagination men ha
had, that the impoſing painful and difficult thin
upo

upon themselves, was the best way to appease the Deity, grosly thinking the chief service and delight of the Creator to consist in the tortures and sufferings of the Creature. How laden with chargeable and unnecessary Ceremonies the Jews were, their feasts, circumcisions, sacrifices, great Sabbaths, and little Sabbaths, fasts, burials, indeed almost all their worship, sufficiently declare: and that the Mahometans are much more infected, appeares by the cutting of the *Præpuces*, wearing iron rings in the skin of their Fore parts, launcing themselves with knives, putting out their eyes upon the sight of their Prophets Tombe, and the like. Of these last we can shew no patterns amongst us: for though there be such a thing as whipping of the body, yet it is but in some parts of Christendome, and there perchance too, more smil'd at than practis'd. Our Religion teacheth us to bear afflictions patiently when they fall upon us, but not to force them upon our selves: for we beleeve the God we serve, wise enough to chuse his owne service, and therefore presume not to adde to his commands. With the Jewes it is true we have somthing in common, but rather the names than things: Our Fasts being more the medicines of the body, then the punishments of it, spirituall, as our Sabbaths; both good mens delight, not their trouble.

But lest this discourse should swell into a greatnes, such as would make it look rather like a defence which I had labour'd to get, than an accompt which I alwaies carry about me; I will now briefly

examine

examine, whether we beleeve not with reaſon thoſe things we have different from the reſt of the world. Firſt then, for the perſwaſion of the truth of them in general: let us conſider what they were that conveigh'd them to us: men (of all the world) the moſt unlikely to plot the cozenage of others, being themſelves but ſimple people, without ends, without deſignes, ſeeking neither honour, riches, nor pleaſure, but ſuffering (under the contrary) ignominy, poverty, and miſery; enduring death it ſelf, nay courting it: all which are things diſtaſteful to nature, and ſuch as none, but men ſtrangely aſſured, would have undergone. Had they feigned a ſtory, certainly they would not in it have regiſtred their owne faults, nor deliver'd him whom they propounded as a God, ignominiouſly crucified: add to this the progreſſe their doctrine made abroad, miraculous above all other either before or ſince: other Religions were brought in with the ſword, power forcing a cuſtom, which by degrees uſurp'd the place of truth: this even power it ſelf oppoſing. For the Romans (contrary to their cuſtome which entertained all Religions kindly) perſecuted this: which by its owne ſtrength ſo poſſeſſed the hearts of men, that no age, ſex, or condition, refuſed to lay down life for it. A thing ſo rare in other Religions, that among the Heathens, *Socrates* was the ſole martyr: and the Jews (unleſſe of ſome few under *Manaſſes* and *Antiochus*) have not to boaſt of any. If we caſt our eyes upon the healing of the blind, curing the lame, redeeming from the grave,

and

and but with a touch or word, we muſt conclude them done by more than humane power, and if by any other, by no ill; Theſe buſie not themſelves ſo much about the good of man: and this Religion not only forbids by precept the worſhip of wicked ſpirits, but in fact deſtroys it whereſoever it comes. Now as it is clear by Authors impartiall (as being no Chriſtians) that ſtrange things were done, ſo it is plain they were done without impoſture. Deluſions ſhun the light; Theſe were all acted openly, the very enemies both of the maſter and diſciples daily looking on. But let us deſcend to thoſe more principall particulars, which ſo much trouble the curious wits: theſe I take to be the *Incarnation*, *Paſſion*, *Reſurrection*, and *Trinity*.

For the firſt, That man ſhould be made without man, why ſhould we wonder more at it in that time of the world, than in the beginning? much eaſier, certainly, it was here, becauſe neerer the natural way; Woman being a more prepared matter than earth. Thoſe great truths, and myſteries of ſalvation, would never have beene received without miracles; and where could they more opportunely be ſhowne, than at his entrance into the world, where they might give credit to his following actions and doctrine? So far it is from being againſt my reaſon to think him thus borne, that it would be againſt it to beleeve him otherwiſe; it being not fit that the Son of God ſhould be produced like the race of men. That humane nature may be aſſumed by a Deity, the enemy of Chriſtians,

Julian, confirms; and instances (himself) in *Æsculapius*, whom he wil have descend from heaven in mortall shape, to teach us here below the Art of Physick. Lastly, That God has liv'd with men, has been the general fancy of all Nations: every particular having this tradition, That the Deity at some time or other conversed amongst men. Nor is it contrary to reason to beleeve him residing in glory above, and yet incarnate here: So in man himself, the soul is in heaven when it remains in the flesh, for it reacheth with its eye the Sun; why may not God then being in heaven, be at the same time with us in the flesh? since the soule, without the body would be able to do much more than with it, and God much more than the soule, being the soule of the soul. But it may be urged as more abstruse, how all in heaven, and all in earth? Observe man speaking (as you have done seeing) Is not the same speech, at the instant it is uttered, all in every place? Receives not each particular eare, alike, the whole? and shall not God be much more Ubiquitary than the voice of man? For the *Passion* (to let alone the necessity of satisfying divine Justice this way, which, whosoever reads more particularly our Divines, shall find rationally enforced) we find, the Heathen had something neer to this (though, as in the rest, imperfect) for they sacrifised single men for the sins of the whole City or Countrey. *Porphyrius* having laid this foundation, *That the supreme happines of the soul is to see God*, & that it cannot see him unpurified, concludes, That there must be

be a way for the *cleansing of Mankind*; and proceeding to find it out, he tells that Arts and Sciences serve but to set our wits right in the knowledge of things, and cleanse us not enough to come to God: the like judgement he gives of purging by *Theurgie*, and by the mysteries of the Sun; because those things extend but to some few, whereas this cleansing ought to be universall for the benefit of all mankind: in the end resolves that this cannot be done, but by one of the three *In-beings*, which is the word they use to expresse the Trinity by. Let us see what the divinest of the Heathens (and his Master *Plato*) delivers, to admiration, and as it were *Prophetically*, to this purpose. *That a truly-just man be shewn* (saith he) *it is necessary that he be spoil'd of his Ornaments, so that he must be accounted by others a wicked man, be scoffed at, put in prison, beaten, nay be crucified*: and certainly for him that was to appeare the highest example of patience, it was necessary to undergoe the highest tryall of it, which was an *undeserved death*.

Concerning the *Resurrection*, I conceive the difficulty to lie not so much upon our Lord, as us; it being with easie Reason imagined, that he which can make a body, can lay it down, and take it up again. There is somthing more that urges and presses us: for in our estate we promise our selves hereafter, there will be no need of Food, Copulation, or Excrement, to what purpose should we have a mouth, belly, or lesse comely parts? It being strange to imagine God to have created man, for a moment

of time, a body consisting of particulars, which should be useless to all eternity. Besides, Why should we desire to carry that along with us which we are ashamed of here, and which we find so great a trouble, that very wise men (were it not forbidden) would throw it off before it were worn out? To this I should answer, that as the body is partner in well or ill doing, so it is but just it should share in the rewards or punishments hereafter: and though by reason of sin we blush at it here, yet when that shall cease to be, why we should be more ashamed than our first Parents were, or some in the last discover'd parts of the World are now, I cannot understand. Who knowes but these unsightly parts shall remaine for good use, and that putting us in mind of our imperfect estate here, they shall serve to increase our content and happines there? What kind of thing a glorified body shall be, how chang'd, how refin'd, who knowes? Nor is it the meanest invitement to me now, to think that my estate there, is above my capacity here. There remains that which does not onely quarrel with the likelyhood of a Resurrection, but with the possibility; alleadging, that man corrupted into dust, is scattered almost into infinite, or devoured by an irrationall creature, goes into aliment, and grows part of it; then that creature perchance is made like food to another: And truly did we doubt of Gods power, or not think him omnipotent, this were a *Labyrinth* we should be lost in: but it were hard, when we see every petty Chymick

mick in his little ſhop bring into one body things of the ſame kind, though ſcatter'd and diſorder'd, that we ſhould not allow the great Maker of all things to do the ſame in his owne Univerſe.

There remains onely the myſtery of the *Trinity*; to the difficulty of which, the poverty and narrowneſſe of words have made no ſmall addition.

St. *Auſtin* plainly ſaies the word *Perſon* was taken up by the Church for want of a better; *Nature*, *Subſtance*, *Eſſence*, *Hypoſtaſis*, *Suppoſitum*, & *Perſona*, have cauſed ſharp diſputes amongſt the Doctors: at length they are contented to let the three firſt and three laſt ſignifie the ſame thing. By al of them is underſtood ſomthing *Compleat*, *Perfect*, & *Singular*: in this onely they differ, that *Nature*, *Subſtance*, *Eſſence* are communicable *ad quid*, & *ut quo*, as they call it) The other are not at all: But enough of this; Thoſe that were the immediate Conveighers of it to us, wrapt it not up in any of theſe terms. We then hold God to be one, and but one, it being groſſe to imagine two omnipotents, for then neither would be ſo; yet ſince this good is perfectly good, and perfect goodnes cannot be without perfect love, nor perfect love without communication, nor to an unequall or created, for then it muſt be inordinate; We conclude a Second *Coeternall* though *Begotten*: nor are theſe contrary (though they ſeem to be ſo) Even in created ſubſtances, that one thing may come from another, and yet that from whence it comes, not be before that which comes from it; as in the *Sun* and *Light*. But

in these high mysteries, similitudes may be the best Arguments. In Metaphysicks they tell us, that to the constituting of every being, there is a *Posse sui esse*, from whence there is a *Sapientia sui esse*, and from these two proceedeth an *Amor sui esse*: and though these three be distinct, yet they make up one perfect being. Againe, and more familiarily; There is a hidden Originall of waters in the earth, from this a spring flows up, and of these proceeds a stream: this is but one essence, which knows neither a before, nor an after, but in order, and (that too) according to our considering of it: the Head of a Spring is not a Head, but in respect of the Spring; for if somthing flow'd not from it, it were no Originall, Nor the Spring a Spring if it did not flow from somthing, nor the Stream a Stream but in respect of both: Now all these three are but one Water, and though one is not the other, yet they can hardly be considered one without the other. Now, though I know this so far from a demonstration, that it is but an imperfect instance (perfect being impossible of infinite by finite things) yet there is a resemblance great enough to let us see the possibility. And here the eye of Reason needed no more the spectacles of Faith, than for these things of which we make sympathy the cause, as in the Load-stone, or antipathy, of which every man almost gives instance from his owne nature: nor is it here so great a wonder that we should be ignorant; for this is distant and removed from sence; these neer and subject to it; and it

it were ſtranger for me to conclude that God did not work *ad extra*, thus one and diſtinct within himſelf, becauſe I cannot conceive how begotten, how proceeding; than if a clown ſhould ſay the hand of a Watch did not move, becauſe he could not give an account of the wheeles within. So far is it from being unreaſonable, becauſe I do not underſtand it, that it would be unreaſonable I ſhould: For why ſhould a created ſubſtance comprehend an uncreated, A circumſcribed and limited, an uncircumſcrib'd and unlimited? And this I obſerve in thoſe great Lovers and Lords of Reaſon, quoted by the fathers, *Zoroaſtes*, *Triſmegiſtus*, *Plato*, *Numenius*, *Plotinus*, *Proclus*, *Amelius*, and *Avicen*, that when they ſpoke of this myſtery of the Trinity, of which all writ ſomething, & ſome almoſt as plainly as Chriſtians themſelves, that they diſcuſſed it not as they did other things, but delivered them as Oracles which they had received themſelves, without diſpute.

Thus much of Chriſtian Profeſſion compared with others: I ſhould now ſhew which (compar'd within it ſelfe) ought to be preferred: but this is the work of every pen, perhaps to the prejudice of Religion it ſelfe. This excuſe (though) it has, that (like the chief Empire) having nothing to conquer, no other Religion to oppoſe or diſpute againſt, it hath been forced to admit of Civill wars, and ſuffer under its owne excellency.

FINIS.

AGLAVRA.

PRESENTED

At the Private Houſe in *Black-Fryers*, by his Majeſties Servants.

Written by

Sir JOHN SUCKLING.

LONDON,

Printed for *Humphrey Moſely*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop, at the ſigne of the Princes Armes in St. *Pauls*-Church-yard, 1648.

UMI

PROLOGVE.

I've thought upon't, and cannot tell which way
Ought I can ſay now ſhould advance the Play:
For Playes are either good, or bad; the good
(If they do beg) beg to be underſtood;
And in good faith, that has as bold a ſound,
As if a Beggar ſhould aske twenty pound.
——Men have it not about them.
Then (Gentlemen) if rightly underſtood,
The bad do need leſſe Prologue than the good:
For if it chance the Plot be lame, or blinde,
Ill cloath'd, deform'd throughout, it needs muſt finde
Compaſſion, ——It is a beggar without Art——
But it falls out in penny-worths of Wit,
As in all bargaines elſe; Men ever get
All they can in; will have London *meaſure,*
A handfull over in their very pleaſure.
And now yee have't; he could not well deny'ee,
And I dare ſweare hee's ſcarce a ſaver by yee.

Prologue to the Court.

THoſe common paſſions, hopes, and feares that (ſtill,
The Poets firſt, and then the Prologues fill,
In this our age, he that writ this, by me,
Proteſts againſt as modeſt foolerie.
He thinks it an odde thing to be in paine,
For nothing elſe, but to be well againe.
Who writes to feare is ſo; had he not writ,
You ne'r had bin the Judges of his wit;
And when he had, did he but then intend
To pleaſe himſelfe, he ſure might have his end
Without th'expence of hope, and that he had
That made this Play, although the Play be bad.
Then Gentlemen be thrifty, ſave your doomes
For the next man, or the next Play that comes;
For ſmiles are nothing, where men do not care,
And frownes as little, were they need not feare.

To

To the King.

THis (Sir) to them, but unto Majesty,
All h' has said before, he does deny.
Yet not to Majesty: that were to bring
His feares to be, but for the Queene and King,
Not for your selves; and that he dares not say;
You are his Soveraignes another way:
Your soules are Princes, and you have as good
A title that way, as yee have by blood,
To governe, and your power here is more great
And absolute, than in the royall Seat.
There men dispute, and but by Law obey,
Here is no Law at all, but what yee say.

Scena Perſia.

King, *In love with* Aglaura.
Therſames, *Prince, in love with* Aglaura.
Orbella, *Queen, at firſt Miſtrèſſe to* Ziriff; *in love with* Ariaſpes.
Ariaſpes, *Brother to the King.*
Ziriff, *Otherwayes* Sorannez *diſguiſed, Captaine of the Guard, in love with* Orbella, *Brother to* Aglaura.
Iolas, *A Lord of the Councell, ſeeming friend to the Prince, but a Traytour; in love with* Semanthe.
Aglaura, *In love with the Prince, but nam'd Miſtreſſe to the King.*
Orſames, *A young Lord antiplatonique; friend to the Prince.*
Philan, *The ſame.*
Semanthe, *In love with* Ziriff; *platonique.*
Orithie, *In love with* Therſames.
Paſithas, *A faithfull ſervant.*
Iolinas, Aglaura's *waiting-woman.*
Courtiers.
Huntſmen.
Prieſt.
Guard.

AGLAVRA.

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

Enter IOLAS, IOLINA.

Iolas. MArried? and in *Diana's* Grove!
Iolin. So was th'appointment, or my Sense (deceiv'd me.
Iolas. Married!
Now by those Powers that tye those pretty knots,
'Tis very fine, good faith 'tis wondrous fine.
Iolin. What is, Brother?
Iolas. Why? to marry Sister——
T'injoy 'twixt lawfull and unlawfull thus
A happinesse, steale as 'twere ones owne.
Diana's Grove, sayest thou? ——*Scratcheth his head.*
Iolin. That's the place; the hunt once up, and all
Ingaged in the sport, they meane to leave
The company, and steale unto those thickets,
Where there's a Priest attends them.
Iolas. And will they lye together think's thou?
Iolin. Is there distinction of sex thinke you?
Or flesh and bloud?
Iolas. True; but the King, Sister!
Iolin. But love, Brother!
Iolas. Thou sayest well; 'tis fine, 'tis wondrous fine.
Diana's Grove——

Iolin. Yes, *Diana's* grove.
But Brother if you should speake of this now.— (so fast.
Iol. Why thou know'st a drowning man holds not a thing
Semanthe! she shuns me too. (*Enter* Semanthe *she sees*
Iolin. The wound festred sure! (Iolas *and goes in agen.*
The hurt the boy gave her, when first
Shee look'd abroad into the world, is not yet cur'd.
Iolas, What hurt?
Iolin. Why, know you not
Shee was in love long since with young *Zorannes*,
(*Aglaura's* brother,) and the now Queenes betroth'd?
Iolas. Some such slight Tale I'ave heard. (nam'd,
Iolin. Slight? she yet does weepe, when she but hears him
And tells the prettiest, and the saddest stories
Of all those civill wars, and those Amours,
That, trust me, both my Lady and my selfe
Turne weeping Statues still.
Iolas, Pish, 'tis not that.
'Tis *Ziriff* and his fresh glories here
Have rob'd me of her.
Since he thus appear'd in Court,
My love has languish'd worse than Plants in drought.
But time's a good Physitian. Come, lets in:
The King and Queen by this time are come forth. *Exeunt.*

Enter Serving-men to Ziriff.

1. *Serv.* Yonder's a crowd without as if some strange
Sight were to be seene to day here.

2. *Serv.* Two or three with Carbonadoes afore in stead of faces mistook the doore for a breach, and at the opening of it, are striving still which should enter first.

3. *Serv.* Is my Lord busie? *Knocks.*

Enter Ziriff *as in his Studie.*

1. *Serv.* My Lord there are some Souldiers without—
Zir. Well, I will dispatch them presently.
2. *Serv.* Th'Embassadours from the Cadusians to ----
Zir. Shew them the Gallerie.
3. *Serv.* One from the King——

Zir.

Zir. Again? I come, I come. *Exeunt Serving-men.*

Ziriff *solus.*

Greatneſſe, thou vainer ſhadow of the Princes beames,
Begot by meere reflection, nouriſh'd in extreames;
Firſt taught to creepe, and live upon the glance,
Poorely to fare, till thine owne proper ſtrength
Bring thee to ſurfet of thy ſelfe at laſt.
How dull a Pageant would this States-play ſeeme
To me now, were not my love and my revenge
Mixt with it? ——
Three tedious Winters have I waited here,
Like patient Chymiſts blowing ſtill the coales,
And ſtill expecting when the bleſſed houre
Would come ſhould make me maſter of
The Court *Elixar*, Power, for that turnes all:
'Tis in projection now; downe, ſorrow, downe,
And ſwell my heart no more, and thou wrong'd ghoſt
Of my dead father, to thy bed agen,
And ſleepe ſecurely;
It cannot now be long, for ſure *Fate* muſt,
As't has been cruell, ſo a while be juſt. *Exit.*

Enter King and Lords, the Lords intreating for Priſoners.

King. I ſay they ſhall not live; our mercie
Would turne ſinne, ſhould we but uſe it e'r:
Pitty, and Love, the boſſes onely be
Of government meerly for ſhow and ornament;
Feare is the bit that mans proud will reſtraines,
And makes its vice its vertue —— See it done.

Enter to them Queen, Aglaura, *Ladies, the King addreſſes himſelfe to* Aglaura.

So early, and ſo curious in your dreſſe (faire Miſtreſſe?)
Theſe pretty ambuſhes and traps for hearts,
Set with ſuch care to day, looke like deſigne:
Speake, Lady, is't a maſſacre reſolv'd?
Is conquering one by one growne tedious ſport?
Or is the number of the taken ſuch,

That

That for your safety you must kill out-right?
Agl. Did none doe greater mischiefe (Sir) than I,
Heav'n would not much be troubled with sad story,
Nor would the quarrell man has to the Starres
Be kept alive so strongly.
King. When hee does leave't
Woman must take it up, and justly too,
For robbing of the sex and giving all to you.
Agl. Their weakenesses you meane, and I confesse Sir.
King. The greatest subjects of their power or glory.
Such gentle rape thou act'st upon my soule,
And with such pleasing violence dost force it still,
That when it should resist, it tamely yields,
Making a kinde of haste to be undone,
As if the way to victory were losse,
And conquest came by overthrow.

Enter an Expresse delivering a Packet upon his knee.

The King reads. (*Ladies heads.*
Qu. Pretty! *The Queen looking upon a flower in one of the*
Is it the child of nature, or of some faire hand?
La. 'Tis as the beauty Madam of some faces,
Arts issue onely.
King. Thersames,
This concernes you most; brought you her picture?
Exp. Somthing made up for her in haste I have. (*Presents*
King. If she does owe no part of this faire dower (*the Pi-*
Unto the Painter, she is rich enough. (*cture.*
Agl. A kinde of merry sadnesse in this face
Becomes it much.
King. There is indeed, *Aglaura,*
A pretty sullennesse dresst up in smiles,
That sayes this beauty can both kill, and save.
How like you her *Thersames*?
Ther. As well as any man can doe a house
By seeing of the portall, here's but a face,
And faces (Sir) are things I have not studied;
I have my duty, and may boldly sweare,

What

What you like beſt will ever pleaſe me moſt.
King. Spoke like *Therſames*, and my ſonne.
Come! the day holds faire,
Let all the Hunts-men meet us in the vale,
We will uncouple there. *Exeunt.*

Ariaſpes: *ſolus ſtayes behinde.*

Ariaſp. How odd a thing a croud is unto me!
Sure nature intended I ſhould be alone;
Had not that old doting man-mid-wife *Time*
Slept, when he ſhould have brought me forth, I had
Been ſo too —— *Studies and Scratches his head.*
To be borne nere, and onely nere a Crowne——
Enter Iolas.

Iol. How now my Lord?
What? walking o'th' tops of Pyramids?
Whiſpering your ſelfe away
Like a deny'd lover? come! to horſe, to horſe,
And I will ſhew you ſtreight a fight ſhall pleaſe you
More than kinde lookes from her you dote upon
After a falling out.
Ariaſp. Prithee what is't?
Iol. Ile tell you as I goe. ——— *Exeunt.*

Enter Huntſ-men hollowing and whooping.

Hunt. Which way? which way?
Enter Therſames, Aglaura *muffled.*
Ther. This is the grove, 'tis ſomwhere here within—*Ex.*
Enter dogging of them, Ariaſpes, Iolas.
Iol. Gently! Gently!
Enter Orſames, Philan, *a Huntſman, two Courtiers.*
Hunts. No hurt, my Lord, I hope.
Ors. None, none,
Thou wouldeſt have warranted it to another,
If I had broke my neck:
What? doſt thinke my horſe and I ſhew tricks?
That which way ſoever he throwes me
Like a tumblers boy I muſt fall ſafe?
Was there a bed of Roſes there? would I were Eunuch

if

if I had not as leif h'a falne in the ſtate, as where I did; the ground was as hard, as if it had been pav'd with Platonick Ladies hearts, and this unconſcionable fellow aske whether I have no hurt; where's my horſe.

1. *Court.* Making love to the next mare I think.

2. *Court.* Not the next I aſſure you,
Hee's gallop't away, as if all the ſpurs i'th'field
Were in his ſides.

Ors. Why there's it: the jade's in the faſhion too.
Now h'as done me an injury, he will not come nere me.
Well, when I hunt next, may it be upon a ſtarv'd Cow,
Without a ſaddle too.
And may I fall into a ſaw-pit, and not be taken up, but with ſuſpition of having beene private with mine owne beaſt there. Now I better conſider on't too Gentlemen, 'tis but the ſame thing wee doe at Court; here's every man ſtriving who ſhall be formoſt, and hotly purſuing of what he ſeldome overtakes, or if hee does, it's no great matter.

Phi. He that's beſt hors'd (that is, beſt friended) gets in ſooneſt, and then all he has to do is to laugh at thoſe that are behind. Shall we helpe you my Lord?——

Ors. Prithee doe—— ſtay!
To be in view, is to be in ſavour,
Is it not?

Phi. Right.
And he that has a ſtrong faction againſt him, hunts, upon a cold ſent, and may in time come to a loſſe.

Ors Here s one rides two miles about, while another leapes a ditch and is in before him.

Phi. Where note the indirect way's the neareſt.

Ors. Good againe——

Phi. And here's another puts on, and fals into a Quagmire, (that is) followes the Court till he has ſpent all (for your Court quagmire is want of money) there a man is ſure to ſtick, and then not one helps him out, if they doe not laugh at him,

1 *Court.*

Court. What think you of him, that hunts after my rate,
And never ſees the Deere?
2 *Court.* Why he is like ſome young fellow, that follows
The Court, and never ſees the King.
Ors. To ſpurre a horſe till he is tir'd, is
Phi. To importune a friend till he be weary of you.
Orſ. For then upon the firſt occaſion y'are thrown off,
As I was now. (*mes.*
Phi. This is nothing to the catching of your horſe *Orſa-*
Orſ. Thou ſay'ſt true, I thinke he is no tranſmigrated
Philoſopher, & therfore not likely to be taken with morals.
Gentlemen----your help, the next I hope will be yours,
And then 'twill be my turne—— *Exeunt.*

Enter againe married, Therſames, Aglaura, *Prieſt.*

Therſ. Feare not my Deare; if when Loves diet
Was bare lookes and thoſe ſtolne too,
He yet did thrive! what then
Will he doe now, when every night will be
A feaſt, and every day freſh revelry?
Agl. Will he not ſurfet, when he once ſhall come
To groſſer fare (my Lord) and ſo grow ſick?
And Love once ſick, how quickly will it dy?
Ther. Ours cannot; 'tis as immortall as the things
That elemented it, which were our ſoules:
Nor can they ere impaire in health, for what
Theſe holy rites doe warrant us to doe,
More than our bodies would for quenching thirſt.
Come let's to horſe, we ſhall be miſt,
For we are envies marke, and Court eyes carry far.
Your prayers and ſilence Sir ——*to the Prieſt.* *Exeunt.*

Enter Ariaſpes, Iolas.

Ari. If it ſucceed? I weare thee here my *Iolas*—
Iol. If it ſucceed? will night ſucceed the day?
Or houres one to another? is not his luſt
The Idoll of his ſoule? and was not ſhe
The Idoll of his luſt? as ſafely he might
Have ſtolne the Diadem from off his head,

And

And he would leſſe have miſt it.
You now, my Lord, muſt raiſe his jealouſie,
Teach it to looke through the falſe opticke feare,
And make it ſee all double: Tell him the Prince
Would not have thus preſum'd, but that he does
Intend worſe yet; and that his crowne and life
Will be the next attempt.

Ari. Right; and I will urge
How dangerous 'tis unto the preſent ſtate,
To have the creatures, and the followers
Of the next Prince (whom all now ſtrive to pleaſe)
Too neere about him.

Iol. What if the male-contents that uſe
To come unto him were diſcovered?

Ari. By no meanes; for 'twere in vaine to give
Him diſcontent (which too muſt needs be done)
If they within him gav't not nouriſhment.

Iol. Well, Ile away firſt, for the print's to big
If we be ſeene together— *Exit.*

Ari. I have ſo fraught this Barke with hope, that it
Dares venture now in any ſtorme, or weather;
And if hee ſinke or ſplits, all's one to me.
"Ambition ſeemes all things, and yet is none,
"But in diſguiſe ſtalkes to opinion
"And fooles it into faith, for every thing:
'Tis not with th'aſcending to a Throne,
As 'tis with ſtaires, and ſteps, that are the ſame;
For to a Crowne, each humour's a degree;
And as men change, and differ, ſo muſt we.
The name of vertue doth the people pleaſe,
Not for their love to vertue, but their eaſe,
And Parrat Rumour I that tale have taught.
By making love I hold the womans grace,
'Tis the Court double key, and entrance gets
To all the little plots. The fiery ſpirits
My love to Armes hath drawne into my faction;
All, but the minion of the Time, is mine,

And he ſhall be, or ſhall not be at all.
He that beholds a wing in pieces torne,
And knows not that to heav'n in once did beare
The high-flowne and ſelfe-leſs'ning bird, will thinke
And call them idle Subjects of the winde:
When he that has the skill to imp and binde
Theſe in right places, will thus truth diſcover;
That borrowed Inſtruments doe oft convey
The Soule to her propos'd Intents, and where
Our Stars deny, Art may ſupply—— *Exit.*

Enter Semanthe, Orithie, Orſames, Philan.

Sem. Thinke you it is not then
The little jealouſies (my Lord) and feares,
Joy mixt with doubt, and doubt reviv'd with hope,
That crownes all love with pleaſure? theſe are loſt
When once we come to full fruition;
Like waking in the morning, when all night
Our fancy has been fed with ſome new ſtrange delight.

Orſ. I grant you, Madam, that the feares, and joyes,
Hopes, and deſires, mixt with deſpaires, and doubts,
Doe make the ſport in love; that they are
The very dogs by which we hunt the Hare:
But as the dogs would ſtop, and ſtraight give o're
Were it not for the little thing before;
So would our paſſions; both alike muſt be
Fleſh't in the chaſe.

Ori. Will you then place the happineſſe, but there,
Where the dull plow-man, and the plow-mans horſe
Can find it out? Shall Soules refin'd not know
How to preſerve alive a noble flame,
But let it die, burne out to appetite?

Sem. Love's a Chamelion, and would live on aire,
Phyſick for Agues, ſtarving is his food.

Orſ. Why? there's it now! a greater Epicure
Lives not on earth? my Lord and I have beene
In's Privy kitchin, ſeen his bills of Fare.

Sem. And how, and how my Lord?

Ors. A mighty Prince,
And full of curiosity—Hearts newly slaine
Serv'd up intire, and stuck with little Arrowes
In stead of Cloaves—
Phi. Some times a cheeke plumpt up
With broth, with creame and claret mingled
For sauce, and round about the dish
Pomegranate kernells, strew'd on leaves of Lillies.
Orf. Then will he have black eyes, for those of late
He feeds on much, and for variety
The gray—
Phi. You forget his cover'd dishes
Of Jene-strayes, and Marmalade of Lips,
Perfum'd by breath sweet as the beanes firft bloffomes.
Sem. Rare!
And what's the drinke to all this meat, my Lord?
Ors. Nothing but pearle dissolv'd, tears still fresh fetch'd
From Lovers eyes, which if they come to be
Warme in the carriage, are streight cool'd with sighs.
Sem. And all this rich proportion perchance
We would allow him
Orf. True! but therefore this is but his common diet;
Onely serves
When his chiefe Cookes, *Liking* and *Opportunity*,
Are out o'th'way; for when he feasts indeed,
'Tis there, where the wise people of the world
Did place the vertues, i'th' middle——Madam.
Ori. My Lord there is so little hope we should convert (you,
And if we should, so little got by it,
That wee'll not lose so much upon't as sleepe.
Your Lordships servants——
Orf. Nay Ladies wee'll wait upon you to your chambers.
Ph. Prithee lets spare the complement, we shall doe no (good.
Orf. By this hand Ile try.
They keepe me fasting and I must be praying. *Exeunt.*

Aglaura *undressing of her selfe*, Iolina.

Agl. Undresse me——

Is

Is it not late, *Iolina*?
It was the longeſt day, this——

Enter Therſames.

Ther. Softly, as Death it ſelfe comes on,
When it does ſteale away the ſick mans breath,
And ſtanders by perceive it not,
Have I trod the way unto theſe lodgings.
How wiſely doe thoſe Powers
That give us happineſſe, order it?
Sending us ſtill feares to bound our joyes,
Which elſe would over-flow and loſe themſelves.
See where ſhe ſits,
Like day retir'd into another world.
Deare mine! where all the beauty man admires
In ſcattered pieces, does united lie;
Where ſenſe does feaſt, and yet where ſweet deſire
Lives in its longing, like a Miſers eye,
That never knew, nor ſaw ſatietie;
Tell me, by what approaches muſt I come
To take in what remaines of my felicitie?

Agl. Needs there any new ones, where the breach
Is made already? you are entred here——
Long ſince (Sir) here, and I have giv'n up all.

Ther. All but the Fort, and in ſuch wars as theſe,
Till that be yielded up, there is no peace,
Nor triumph to be made. Come! undoe, undoe,
And from theſe envious clouds ſlide quicke
Into Loves proper Sphere, thy bed.
The wearie traveller, whom the buſie Sunne
Hath vex't all day, and ſcorch'd almoſt to tinder,
Nere long'd for night, as I have long'd for this.
What rude hand is that? *One knocks haſtily.*
Go *Iolina*, ſee but let none enter—— *Iolina goes to the doore.*

Iol. 'Tis *Ziriff*, Sir.

Ther. —Oh—
Something of weight hath fallen out it ſeemes,
Which in his zeale he could not keepe till morning.

But one ſhort minute, Deare, into that chamber——

Enter Ziriffe.

How now?
Thou ſtart'ſt, as if thy ſinnes had met thee,
Or thy Fathers Ghoſt; what newes man?
Zir. Such as will ſend the blood of haſty meſſages
Unto the heart, and make it call
All that is man about you into councell.
Where's the Princeſſe, Sir?
Ther. Why? what of her?
Zir. The King muſt have her——
Ther. How?
Zir. The King muſt have her (Sir)
Ther. Though feare of worſe makes ill ſtill reliſh better,
And this looke handſome in our friendſhip, *Ziriff*,
Yet ſo ſevere a preparation
There needed not, Come come! what iſt?
Ziriffe leades him to the doore, and ſhewes him a Guard.
A Guard! *Therſames* thou art loſt; betray'd
By faithleſſe and ungratefull man, *him and drawes.*
Out of a happineſſe:—— *He ſteps betweene the doore and*
The very thought of that
Will lend my anger ſo much noble juſtice,
That wert thou Maſter of as much freſh life,
As th'aſt been of villany, it ſhould not ſerve,
Nor ſtocke thee out, to glory, or repent,
The leaſt of it.
Zir. Put up: put up! ſuch unbecomming anger
I have not ſeene you weare before.
What? draw upon your freind? *Diſcovers himſelf.*
Doe you beleeve me right now?——
Ther. I ſcarce beleeve mine eyes—— *Zorannes?*
Zir. The ſame, but how preſerv'd, or why
Thus long diſguis'd to you, a freer houre muſt ſpeake.
That y'are betrai'd is certaine, but by whom,
Unleſſe the Prieſt himſelfe, I cannot gheſſe,

More

More than the marriage though he knowes not of.
If you now ſend her on theſe early ſummons
Before the ſparks are growne into a flame,
You do redeeme th' offence, or make it leſſe;
And (on my life) yet his intents are faire,
And he will but beſiege, not force affection.
So you gaine time; if you refuſe, there's but
One way; you know his power and paſſion.

Ther. Into how ſtrange a labyrinth am I
Now falne! what ſhall I doe *Zorannes*?

Zir. Doe (Sir) as Sea-men, that have loſt their light
And way: ſtrike ſaile, and lye quiet a while.
Your forces in the Province are not yet
In readineſſe, nor is our friend *Zephines*
Arriv'd at Delphos; nothing is ripe, beſides——

Ther. Good heavens, did I but dreame that ſhe was mine?
Upon imagination did I climbe up to
This height? let me then wake and dye,
Some courteous hand ſnatch me from what's to come,
And ere my wrongs have being given them end.

Zir. How poore, and how unlike the Prince is this?
This trifle woman does unman us all;
Robs us ſo much, it makes us things of pittie.
Is this a time to loſe our anger in?
And vainly breath it out? when all we have
Will hardly fill the ſaile of Reſolution,
And make us beare up high enough for action.

Ther. I have done (Sir) pray chide no more;
The ſlave whom tedious cuſtome has enur'd
And taught to thinke of miſerie as of food,
Counting it but a neceſſarie of life,
And ſo digeſting it, ſhall not ſo much as once
Be nam'd to patience, when I am ſpoken of:
Marke me; for I will now undoe my ſelfe
As willingly, as virgins give up all firſt nights
To them they love —— *Offers to goe out.*

Zir. Stay, Sir, 'twere fit *Aglaura* yet were kept

In ignorance. I will diſmiſſe the Guard,
And be my ſelfe againe. *Exit.*

Ther. In how much worſe eſtate am I in now,
Than if ne'r had known her; privation
Is a miſerie as much above bare wretchedneſſe,
As that is ſhort of happineſſe:
So when the Sunne does not appeare,
'Tis darker 'cauſe it once was here.

Enter Ziriff *ſpeakes to* Oriames *and others halfe entred.*

Zir. Nay, Gentlemen,
There needs no force, where there is no reſiſtance:
Ile ſatisfie the King my ſelfe.

Ther.——Oh 'tis well y'are come,
There was within me freſh Rebellion,
And reaſon was almoſt unking'd agen.
But you ſhall have her Sir —— *Goes out to fetch* Aglaura.

Zir. What doubtfull combats in this noble youth
Paſſion and reaſon have!——

Enter Therſames *leading* Aglaura.

Ther. Here Sir—— *Gives her, goes out.*

Agl. What meanes the Prince, my Lord?

Zir. Madam, his wiſer feare has taught him to diſguiſe
His love, and make it looke a little rude at parting.
Affaires that doe concerne all that you hope from
Happineſſe, this night force him away:
And leſt you ſhould have tempted him to ſtay,
(Which he did doubt you would, and would prevaile)
He left you thus. He does deſire by me
You would this night lodge in the little tower,
Which is in my command; the reaſons why
Himſelfe will ſhortly tell you.

Agl. 'Tis ſtrange, but I am all obedience——*Exeunt.*

Actus

ACTUS II. SCENA I.

Enter Therſames, Iolas *a Lord of the Counſell.*

Iol. I Told him ſo, Sir, urg'd 'twas no common knot,
That to the tying of it to powerfull Princes,
Vertue and Love, were joyn'd, and that
A greater than theſe two was now
Ingaged in it, Religion; but 'twould not doe:
The Corke of paſſion boy'd up all reaſon ſo
That what was ſaid ſwam but o'th' top of th'eare,
Nere reach't the heart.

Ther. Is there no way for Kings to ſhew their power,
But in their Subjects wrong? no Subject neither
But his owne Sonne?

Iol. Right Sir:
No quarrie for his luſt to gorge on but on what
You fairely had flown at and taken?
Well——wer't not the King, or wer't indeed
Not you, that have ſuch hopes, and ſuch a crowne
To venture, and yet——
'Tis but a woman.

Ther. How? that but againe, & thou art more injurious
Than he, and woul't provoke me ſooner.

Iol. Why Sir?
There are no Altars yet addreſt unto her,
Nor ſacrifice; if I have made her leſſe
Than what ſhe is, it was my love to you:
For in my thoughts, and here within, I hold her
The Nobleſt peece Nature ere lent our eyes,
And of the which all women elſe are but
Weake counterfeits, made up by her journey-men.
But was this fit to tell you?
I know you value but too high all that,

And in a loſſe we ſhould not make things more;
'Tis miſeries happineſſe, that we can make it leſſe
By art, through a forgetfulneſſe upon our ils;
Yet who can doe it here?
When every voyce, muſt needs, and every face,
By ſhewing what ſhe was not, ſhew what ſhe was.

Ther. Ile inſtantly unto him —— *drawes.*

Iol. Stay Sir:
Though't be the utmoſt of my Fortunes hope
To have an equall ſhare of ill with you;
Yet I could wiſh we ſold this trifle life,
At a farre dearer rate, than we are like to doe,
Since 'tis a King's the Merchant.

Ther. Ha!
King! I tis indeed.
And ther's no Art can cancell that high bond.

Iol.—He cooles againe —— (*to himſelfe.*)
True Sir, and yet me thinks to know a reaſon——
For paſſive nature ne'r had glorious end,
And he that States preventions ever learn'd,
Knowes, 'tis one motion to ſtrike and to defend.

Enter Serving-man.

Serv. Some of the Lords without, and from the King,
They ſay, wait you.

Ther. What ſubtill ſtate trick now?
But one turne here, and I am back my Lord —— *Exit.*

Iol. This will not doe; his reſolution's like
A skilfull horſe-man, and reaſon is the ſtirrop,
Which though a ſudden ſhock may make
It looſe, yet does it meet it handſomely agen.
Stay, 'tmuſt be ſome ſudden feare of wrong
To her, that may draw on a ſudden act
From him, and ruine from the King; for ſuch
A ſpirit will not, like common ones, be
Rais'd by every ſpell, 'tis in loves circle
Onely 'twill appeare.

Enter

Enter Therſames.

Ther. I cannot beare the burthen of my wrongs
One minute longer.

Iol. Why! what's the matter Sir?

Ther. They doe pretend the ſafety of the State,
Now, nothing but my marriage with *Caduſia*
Can ſecure th'adjoyning countrey to it;
Confinement during life for me if I refuſe,
Diana's Nunnerie for her——And at that Nunn'rie, *Iolas*,
Allegiance in me like the ſtring of a Watch
Wound up too high, and forc'd above the nicke,
Ran back, and in a moment was unravell'd all.

Iol. Now by the love I beare to Juſtice, (crime
That Nunn'rie was too ſevere; when vertuous love's a
What man can hope to ſcape a puniſhment?
Or who's indeed ſo wretched to deſire it?

Ther. Right!

Iol. What anſwer made you, Sir?

Ther. None; they gave me till to morrow,
And e're that be, or they or I
Muſt know our deſtinie:
Come friend let's in, there is no ſleeping now;
For time is ſhort, and we have much to doe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Orſames, Philan, *Courtiers.*

Orſ. Judge you, Gentlemen, if I be not as unfortunate
As a gamſter thinks himſelfe upon the loſſe
Of the laſt ſtake; this is the firſt ſhe
I ever ſwore too heartily, and (by thoſe eyes)
I thinke I had continued unperjur'd a whole moneth,
(And that's faire you'll ſay.)

1. *Court.* Very faire——

Orſ. Had ſhe not run mad betwixt——

2. *Court.* How? mad?
Who? *Semanthe*?

Orſ. Yea, yea, mad, aske *Philan* elſe.
People that want cleere intervalls talke not
So wildly: Ile tell you Gallants; 'tis now, ſince firſt I

Found my ſelfe a little hot, and quivering 'bout the heart,
Some ten dayes ſince, (a tedious Ague) Sirs;
(But what of that?)
The gratious glance, and little whiſper paſt,
Approaches made from th'hand unto the lip,
I came to viſit her, and (as you know we uſe)
Breathing a ſigh or two by way of prologue,
Told her, that in loves Phyſick 'twas a rule,
Where the diſeaſe had birth to ſeeke a cure;
I had no ſooner nam'd love to her, but ſhe
Began to talke of Flames, and Flames,
Neither devouring, nor devour'd, of Aire,
And of Camelions——

1. *Cour.* Oh the *Platoniques.* (ſhip's merrie.

2. *Court.* Thoſe of the new religion in love! your Lord-
Troth how doe you like the humour on't?

Orſ. As thou wouldſt like red haire, or leanneſſe,
In thy Miſtreſſe, ſcurvily; 'tdoes worſe with handſomneſſe,
Than ſtrong deſire would doe with impotence;
A meere trick to inhance the price of kiſſes——

Poi. Surely theſe ſilly women, when they feed
Our expectation ſo high, doe but like
Ignorant Conjurers, that raiſe a Spirit
Which handſomly they cannot lay againe.

Orſ. True, 'tis like ſome that nouriſh up
Young Lions till they grow ſo great, they are affraid of
Themſelves; they dare not grant at laſt,
For feare they ſhould not ſatisfie.

Phi. Who's for the Towne? I muſt take up againe.

Orſ. This villanous Love's as changeable as the Philo-
ſophers Stone, and thy Miſtreſſe as hard to compaſſe too!

Phi. The Platonicque is ever ſo; they are as tedious
Before they come to the point, as an old man
Fall'n into the Stories of his youth.

2. *Cour.* Or a widow into the praiſes of her firſt husband.

Orſ. Well, if ſhe hold out but one moneth longer,
If I doe not quite forget I ere beleagur'd there,
And remove the ſiege to another place, may all The

The curſes beguil'd virgins loſe upon their purjur'd lovers
Fall upon me.

Phi. And thou woult deſerve them all.

Orſ. For v hat?

Phi. For being in the company of thoſe
That tooke away the Prince's Miſtriſſe from him.

Orſ. Peace, that will be redeem'd——
I put on this wildneſſe to diſguiſe my ſelfe;
There are brave things in hand, heark i'thy eare:-(*whiſper*)

1. *Court.* Some ſevere plot upon a maiden-head.
Theſe two young Lords make love,
As Embroyderers work againſt a Mask, night and day;
They thinke importunity a neerer way than merit,
And take women as Schoole-boyes catch Squirrells,
Hunt'em up and downe till they are wearie,
And fall downe before'um.

Orſ. Who loves the Prince fails not——

Phi. And I am one: my injuries are great as thine,
And doe perſwade as ſtrongly.

Orſ. I had command to bring thee;
Faile not, and in thine owne diſguiſe.

Phi. Why in diſguiſe?

Orſ. It is the Princes policie and love:
For if we ſhould miſcarrie,
Some one taken might betray the reſt,
Unknowne to one another,
Each man is ſafe in his owne valour.

2. *Court.* And what Mercers wife are you to cheapen now
In ſtead of his ſilks?

Orſ. Troth; 'tis not ſo well; 'tis but a Cozen of thine——
Come *Philan* let's along —— *Exeunt.*

Enter Queen alone.

Orb. What is it thus within whiſpering remorſe,
And calls Love Tyrant? all powers, but his,
Their rigour, and our feare, have made divine!
But every Creature holds of him by ſenſe,
The ſweeteſt Tenure; yea! but my husbands brother:

And

And what of that? doe harmeleſſe birds or beaſts
Aske leave of curious Heraldry at all?
Does not the wombe of one faire ſpring
Bring unto the earth many ſweet rivers,
That wantonly doe one another chace,
And in one bed, kiſſe, mingle, and imbrace?
Man (Natures heire) is not by her will ti'd
To ſhun all creatures are alli'd unto him;
For then he ſhould ſhun all, ſince death and life
Doubly allies all them that live by breath:
The aire that does impart to all lifes brood,
Refreſhing, is ſo neere to it ſelfe, and to us all,
That all in all is individuall:
But, how am I ſure one and the ſame deſire
Warmes *Ariaſpes*? for Art can keepe alive
A beddred love.

Enter Ariaſpes.

Ari. Alone, (Madam) and overcaſt with thought?
Uncloud--uncloud--for if we may beleeve
The ſmiles of Fortune, love ſhall no longer pine
In priſon thus, nor undeliver'd travell
With throes of feare, and of deſire about it.
The Prince (like to a valiant beaſt in nets)
Striving to force a freedome ſuddenly,
Has made himſelfe at length, the ſurer prey:
The King ſtands onely now betwixt, and is
Juſt like a ſingle tree, that hinders all the proſpect:
'Tis but the cutting downe of him, and we——

Orb. Why would't thou thus imbarke into ſtrange ſeas,
And trouble Fate, for what we have already?
Thou art to me what thou now ſeek'ſt, a Kingdome;
And were thy love as great, as thy ambition,
I ſhould be ſo to thee.

Ari. Thinke you, you are not Madam?
As well and juſtly may you doubt the truths
Tortur'd or dying men doe leave behind them:
But then my fortune turnes my miſerie,

When

When my addition ſhall but make you leſſe.
Shall I indure that head that wore a crowne,
For my ſake ſhould were none? firſt let me loſe
Th' Exchequer of my wealth, your love; nay, may
All that rich Treaſurie you have about you,
Be rifled by the man I hated, and I looke on;
Though youth be full of ſinne, and heav'n be juſt,
So ſad a doome I hope they keepe not for me.
Remember what a quick Apoſtacie he made,
When all his vowes were up to heav'n and you.
How e'r the Bridall torches were burnt out,
His flames grew weake, and ficklier; thinke on that,
Thinke how unſafe you are, if ſhe ſhould now
Not ſell her honour at a lower rate
Than your place in his bed.
Orb. And would not you prove falſe too then?
Ari. By this--and this--loves break-faſt: (*Kiſſes her.*)
By his feaſt too yet to come, by all the
Beauty in this face, divinitie too great
To be prophan'd——
Orb. O doe not ſweare by that;
Cankers may eat that flow'r upon the ſtalke,
(For ſickneſſe and miſchance are great devourers)
And when there is not in theſe cheeks and lips
Left red enough to bluſh at perjurie,
When you ſhall make it, what ſhall I doe then?
Ari. Our ſoules by that time (Madam)
Will by long cuſtome ſo acquainted be,
They will not need that duller truch-man Fleſh,
But freely, and without thoſe poorer helps,
Converſe and mingle; meane time wee'll teach
Our loves to ſpeake, not thus to live by ſignes,
And action is his native language Madam,
Enter Ziriff *unſeene.*
This box but open'd to the Senſe will doe't.
Orb. I undertake I know not what,
Ari. Thine owne ſafety (Deareſt)

Let

Let it be this night, if thou do'ſt *Whiſper and kiſſe*
Love thy ſelfe or me.

Orb. That's very ſudden.

Ari. Not if we be ſo, and we muſt now be wiſe,
For when their Sun ſets, ours begins to riſe. *Exeunt.*

Ziriff ſolus.

Zir. Then all my feares are true and ſhe is falſe;
Falſe as a falling Star, or Glow-wormes fire:
This Devill Beauty is compounded ſtrangely;
It is a ſubtill point, and hard to know,
Whether 't has in't more active tempting,
Or more paſſive tempted; ſo ſoone it forces,
And ſo ſoone it yeelds ——
Good Gods! ſhe ſeiz'd my heart, as if from you
Sh'ad had Commiſſion to have us'd me ſo,
And all mankind beſides——and ſee, if the juſt Ocean
Makes more haſte to pay
To needy rivers, what it borrowes firſt,
Than ſhe to give, where ſhe ne'r tooke;
Mee thinks I feele anger, Revengers Habenger,
Chalking up all within, and thruſting out
Of doores the tame and ſofter paſſions;——
It muſt be ſo:
To love is noble frailtie, but poore ſin
When we fall once to Love unlov'd agen. *Exit.*

Enter King, Ariaſpes, Iolas.

Ari. 'Twere fit your Juſtice did conſider, (Sir)
What way it tooke; if you ſhould apprehend
The Prince for Treaſon (which he never did) ſo
And which unacted is unborne; (at leaſt will be beleev'
Lookers on and the loud-talking croud,
Will thinke it all but water colours
Laid on for a time,
And which wip'd off, each common eye would ſee,
Strange ends through ſtranger waies. (then

King. Think'ſt thou I will compound with Treaſon
And make one feare anothers Advocate?

Io

Iol. Vertue forbid Sir; but if you would permit
Them to approach the roome (yet who would adviſe
Treaſon ſhould come ſo neere?) there would be then
No place left for excuſe.

King. How ſtrong are they?

Iol. Weake, conſidering
The enterprize; they are but few in number,
And thoſe few too, having nothing but
Their reſolutions conſiderable about them.
A Troope indeed deſign'd to ſuffer what
They come to execute.

King. Who are they are thus wearie of their lives?

Iol. Their names I cannot give you:
For thoſe he ſent for, he did ſtill receive
At a back doore, and ſo diſmiſt them too;
But I doe thinke *Ziriff* is one.——

King. Take heed! I ſhall ſuſpect thy hate to others,
Not thy love to me, begot this ſervice.
This Treaſon thou thy ſelfe do'ſt ſay
Has but an howres age, and I can give accompt
Of him beyond that time.——Brother, in the little Tower,
Where now *Aglaura*'s priſoner,
You ſhall finde him; bring him along.
He yet doth ſtand untainted in my thoughts,
And to preſerve him ſo,
He ſhall not ſtirre out of my eyes command
Till this great cloud be over.

Iol. Sir, 'twas the Prince who firſt——

King. I know all that I urge it no more!
I love the man;
And 'tis with paine we doe ſuſpect
Where we doe not diſlike:
Th'art ſure he will have ſome,
And that they will come to night?

Iol. As ſure as night will come it ſelfe.

King. Get all your Guards in readines, we will our ſelfe
Diſperſe them afterwards; and both be ſure

To

To weare your thoughts within: Ile act the reſt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Philan, Orſames, *Courtiers.*

2. *Court.* Well.——If there be not ſome great ſtorme to
Ne'r truſt mee; Whiſper (Court thunder) is in (wards
Every corner, and there has been to day
About the Towne a murmuring
And buzzing, ſuch as men uſe to make
When they doe feare to vent their feares. (heads
1. *Court.* True, and all the Statef-men hang down their
Like full ear'd corne; two of them
Where I ſup't, askt what time of night it was,
And when 'twas told them, ſtarted, as if
They had been to run a race. (mirth
2. *Court.* The King too (if you marke him,) doth feigne
And jollitie, but through them both,
Flaſhes of diſcontent, and anger make eſcapes.
Orſ. Gentlemen! 'tis pitty heav'n
Deſign'd you not to make the Almanacks.
You gueſſe ſo ſhrewdly by the ill aſpects,
Or neere conjunctions of the great ones,
At what's to come ſtill; that without all doubt
The Countrey had been govern'd wholy by you,
And plow'd and reap'd accordingly; for mee,
I underſtand this myſterie as little
As the new Love, and as I take it too,
'Tis much about the Time that every thing,
But Owles, and Lovers, take their reſt;
Good night. *Philan*——away——*Exit.*
1. *Court.* 'Tis early yet; let's goe on the Queenes ſide
And foole a little; I love to warme my ſelfe
Before I goe to bed, it does beget
Handſome and ſprightly thoughts, and makes
Our dreames halfe ſolid pleaſures.
2. *Court.* Agreed, agreed. *Exeunt.*

Actus

ACTUS III. SCENA I.

Enter Prince, Conspiratours.

Ther. COuldst thou not find out *Ziriff*?

1. *Court.* Not speake with him my Lord;
Yet I sent in by severall men.

Orf. I wonder *Iolas* meets us not here too.

Ther. 'Tis strange, but let's on now how ere.
When Fortunes, honour, life, and all's in doubt,
Bravely to dare, is bravely to get out.

Excursions: The Guard upon them.

Ther. Betrai'd! betraid!

Orf. Shift for your selfe Sir, and let us alone,
We will secure your way, and make our own. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, and Lords.

King. Follow Lords, and see quick execution done.
Leave not a man alive.
Who treads on fire, and does not put it out,
Disperses feare in many sparkes of doubt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Conspirators, and the Guard upon them.

Orf. Stand friends, an equall party——(*Fight.*)

Phi. Brave *Orsames* 'tis pleasure to die neer thee. *Three of the Conspirators fall, & three of the Kings side: Orsames & Philan kill the rest. They throw off their disguises.*

Orf. Talke not of dying *Philan*, we will live,
And serve the noble Prince agen; we are alone,
Off then with thy disguise, & throw it in the bushes;
Quick, quick; before the torrent comes upon us:
We shal be straight good subjects, & I despair not
Of reward for this nights service: so——
We two now kill'd our friends! 'tis hard,
But 'tmust be so.

Enter Ariaspes, Iolas, *two Courtiers, part of the Guard.*

Ari. Follow! Follow!

Orf. Yes; so you may now, y'are not likely to overtake.

Iol.

Iol. Orſames, and *Philan*! how came you hither?
Orſ. The neereſt way it ſeems, you follow'd (thank you)
As if 'thad been through quickſets.
Iol. 'Sdeath have they all eſcap'd?
Orſ. Not all, two of them we made ſure;
But they coſt deare, looke here elſe.
Ari. Is the Prince there?
Phi. They are both Princes I thinke, (vizors
They fought like Princes I am ſure. Iolas put off the
Iol. Stephines, and *Odaris*—we trifle.
Which way tooke the reſt?
Orſ. Two of them are certainly here abouts.
Ari. Upon my life they swam the river;
Some ſtreight to horſe, and follow o're the bridge;
You and I my Lord will ſearch this place a little better.
Orſ. Your Highneſſe will I hope remember, who were
The men were in—
Ari. Oh! feare not, your Miſtreſſe ſhal know y'are valiant
Orſ. *Philan*, if thou lov'ſt me, let's kill them upon the
Phi. Fie: thou now art wild indeed; (place
Thou taught'ſt me to be wiſe firſt,
And I will now keep thee ſo.—Follow, follow. *Exeunt*

Enter Aglaura *with a Lute.*

The Prince comes and knocks within.

Ther. Madam!
Agl. What wretch is this that thus uſurps
Upon the privilege of Ghoſts, and walks
At mid-night?
Ther. Aglaura.
Agl. Betray me not
My willing ſenſe too ſoone, yet if that voyce
Be falſe---
Ther. Open faire Saint, and let me in.
Agl. It is the Prince—
As willing as thoſe
That cannot ſleep do light; welcome (Sir,) (Opens
Welcome above— *Spies his ſword drawne.*

Ble

Bleſſe me, what means this unſheath'd miniſter of death?
If, Sir, on me quick Juſtice be to paſſe,
Why this? abſence alas, or ſuch ſtrange looks
As you now bring with you, would kill as ſoone.
Ther. Softly! for I, like a hard hunted Deere,
Have only hearded here; and though the crie
Reach not our eares, yet am I follow'd cloſe.
O my heart! ſince I ſaw thee,
Time has bin ſtrangely Active, and begot
A Monſtrous iſſue of unheard-of Story.
Sit; thou ſhalt have it all! nay, ſigh not.
Such blaſts will hinder all the paſſages;
Do'ſt thou remember, how we parted laſt?
Agl. Can I forget it Sir?
Ther. That word of parting was ill plac'd, I ſweare,
It may be ominous; but do'ſt thou know
Into whoſe hands I gave thee?
Agl. Yes into *Ziriffs* Sir.
Ther. That *Ziriff* was thy brother, brave *Zorannez*,
Preſerv'd by miracle in that ſad day
Thy father fell, and ſince thus in diſguiſe,
Waiting his juſt revenge.
Agl. You do amaze me, Sir.
Ther. And muſt do more, when I tell all the ſtory.
The King, the jealous King, knew of the marriage;
And when thou thought'ſt thy ſelfe by my direction,
Thou wert his Priſoner;
Unleſſe I would renounce all right,
And ceaſe to love thee, (O ſtrange, and fond requeſt!)
Immur'd thou muſt have bin in ſome ſad place,
And lockt for ever from *Therſames* ſight.
For ever ——and that unable to indure,
'This night I did attempt his life.
Agl. Was it well done Sir?
Ther. O no! extremely ill;
For to attempt and not to act was poore:
Here the dead-doing Law, (like ill-paid Souldiers)

Leaves the ſide 'twas on, to joyne with power;
Royall villany now will looke ſo like to Juſtice,
That the times to come, and curious poſterity,
Will find no difference: weep'ſt thou *Aglaura?*
Come, to bed my Love!
And we will there mock Tyranny, and Fate.
Thoſe ſofter houres of pleaſure, and delight,
That like ſo many ſingle Pearles, ſhould have
Adorn'd our thread of life, we will at once,
By Loves myſterious power, and this nights help,
Contract to one, and make but one richeſt draught
Of all.

Agl. VVhat meane you Sir?

Ther. To make my ſelfe incapable of miſery,
By taking ſtrong preſervative of happineſſe.
I would this night injoy thee.

Agl. Doe: Sir, do what you will with me,
For I am too much yours, to deny the right
How ever claim'd——but——

Ther. But what *Aglaura?*

Agl. Gather not Roſes in a wet and frowning houre,
They'll loſe their ſweets then, truſt me they will Sir.
VVhat pleaſure can Love take to play his game out,
VVhen death muſt keep the Stakes——A *noyſe without.*
Hark Sir——grave-bringers, and laſt minutes are at hand.
Hide, hide your ſelfe, for Loves ſake hide your ſelfe.

Ther. As ſoone the Sunne may hide himſelfe, as I.
The Prince of *Perſia* hide himſelfe?

Agl. O talke not Sir; the Sunne doth hide himſelfe
VVhen night and blackneſſe comes—— (then;

Ther. Never ſweet Ignorance, he ſhines in th'other world
And ſo ſhall I, if I ſet here in glory.

Enter *Opens the doore. Enter* Ziriff.
Yee haſty ſeekers of life.
Sorannez.——

Agl. My brother!
If all the joy within me come not out,

To

To give a welcome to ſo deare an object,
Excuſe it Sir; ſorrow locks up all doores.
Zir. If there be ſuch a Toy about you, Siſter,
Keep't for your ſelfe, or lend it to the Prince;
There is a dearth of that Commodity,
And you have made it Sir. Now?
What is the next mad thing you meane to doe?
Will you ſtay here? when all the Court's beſet,
Like to a wood at a great hunt, and buſie miſchiefe haſtes
To be in view, and have you in her power——
Ther. To me all this——
For great griefe's deafe as well as it is dumbe,
And drives no trade at all with Counſell: (Sir)
Why doe you not Tutor one that has the Plague,
And ſee if he will feare an after ague fit?
Such is all miſchiefe now to me; there is none left
Is worth a thought, death is the worſt, I know,
And that compar'd to ſhame, does looke more lovely now
Than a chaſte Miſtreſſe, ſet by a common woman——
And I muſt court it Sir? (our ſelves:
Zir. No wonder if that Heav'n forſake us, when we leave
What is there done ſhould feed ſuch high deſpaire?
Were you but ſafe——
Agl. Deare (Sir) be rul'd,
If love, be love, and magick too,
(As ſure it is where it is true;)
We then ſhall meete in abſence, and in ſpighe
Of all divorce, freely enjoy together,
What niggard Fate thus peevifhly denies.
Ther. Yea: but if pleaſures be themſelves but dreames,
What then are the dreames of theſe to men?
That monſter, Expectation, will devoure
All that is within our hope or power,
And e're we once can come to ſhew, how rich
We are, we ſhall be poore,
Shall we not *Soranneż?*
Zir. I underſtand not this,

In times of envious penury (ſuch as theſe are)
To keepe but love alive is faire, we ſhould not thinke,
Of feaſting him: come (Sir)
Here in theſe lodgings is a little doore,
That leads unto another; that againe,
Unto a vault, that has his paſſage under
The little River, opening into the Wood;
From thence 'tis but ſome few minutes eaſie buſineſſe
Unto a ſervants houſe of mine (who for his faith
And honeſty, hereafter muſt
Looke big in Story) there you are ſafe however;
And when this ſtorme has met a little calme,
What wild deſire dares whiſper to it ſelfe,
You may injoy, and at the worſt may ſteale.

Ther. What ſhall become of thee *Aglaura* then?
Shall I leave thee their rages ſacrifice?
And like dull Seamen threatned with a ſtorme,
Throw all away, I have, to ſave my ſelfe?

Agl. Can I be ſafe when you are not? my Lord?
Knowes love in us divided happineſſe?
Am I the ſafer for your being here?
Can you give that you have not for your ſelfe?
My innocence is my beſt guard, and that your ſtay,
Betraying it unto ſuſpition, takes away.
if you did love me?—— (*Kiſſes her.*

Ther. Grows that in queſtion? then 'tis time to part:—
When we ſhall meet againe Heav'n only knowes,
And when we ſhall, I know we ſhall be old:
Love does not calculate the common way,
Minutes are houres there, and the houres are dayes,
Each day's a yeare, and every yeare an age;
What will this come to thinke you?

Zir. Would this were all the ill,
For theſe are pretty little harmleſſe nothings;
Times horſe runs full as faſt, h. r.l borne and curb'd,
As in his full carreere, looſe-rain'd and ſpurr'd.
Come, come, let's away.

Ther.

Ther. Happineſſe, ſuch as men loſt in miſery
Would wrong in naming, 'tis ſo much above them,
All that I want of it, all you deſerve,
Heav'n ſend you in my abſence.
Agl. And miſery, ſuch as witty malice would
Lay out in curſes, on the thing it hates,
Heav'n ſend me in the ſtead, if when y'are gone
I welcome it but for your ſake alone.---*Exeunt.* (*Leads him out and*
Zi. Stir not from hence, Sir, til you hear from me. (*enters up*
So goodnight deare Prince. (*out of the*
Ther. Goodnight deare friend. (*vault.*
Zir. When we meet next all this wil but advance--
Joy never feaſts ſo high,
As when the firſt courſe is of miſery. *Exeunt.*

ACTUS IV. SCENA I.

Enter three or foure Courtiers.

1. *Court.* BY this light——a brave Prince,
He made no more of the Guard, than they
Would of a Taylor on a Maske night, that has refus'd
Trusting before.

2. *Court.* Hee's as Active as he is valiant too;
Did'st mark him how hee stood like all the poynts
O'th'Compasse? and as good Pictures,
Had his eyes, towards every man.

3 *Court.* And his sword too.
All th'other side walk up and down the Court now,
As if they had lost their way, and stare
Like Grey-hounds, when the Hare has taken the furze.

1. *Court.* Right.
And have more troubles about 'em
Than a Serving-man that has forgot his message
When hes come upon the place——

2 *Court.* Yonder's the King within chasing, & swearing
Like an old Falconer upon the first flight
Of a young Hawke, when some Clowne
Has taken away the quarry from her;
And all the Lords stand round about him,
As if he were to be baited, with much more feare,
And at much more distance, (time.
Than a Country Gentlewoman sees the Lions the first
Looke: he's broke loose.

Enter King and Lords.

King. Find him, or by *Osiris* selfe, you all are Traitours;
And equally shall pay to Justice: a single man,
And guilty too, breake through you all!

Enter Ziriff.

Zir. Confidence!
(Thou paint of women, and the States-mans wisdome,
Valour

Valour for Cowards, and of the guilties Innocence,)
Assist me now.
Sir, send these Starers off:
I have some business will deserve your privacy.
King. Leave us.
Iol. How the villaine swells upon us? —— *Exeunt.*
Zir. Not to punish thought
Or keepe it long upon the wrack of doubt,
Know Sir,
That by corruption of the waiting woman,
The common key of secrets, I have found
The truth at last, and have discover'd all:
The Prince your Sonne was by *Aglaura's* meanes,
Convey'd last night unto the Cypresse Grove,
Through a close vault that opens in the lodgings;
He does intend to joyne with *Carimania*,
But e're he goes, resolves to finish all
The rites of Love, and this night meanes
To steale what is behind.
King. How good is Heav'n unto me!
That when it gave me Traitours for my Subjects
Would lend me such a Servant!
Zir. How just (Sir) rather,
That would bestow this Fortune on the poore;
And where your bounty had made debt so infinite:
That it grew desperate there hope to pay it——
King. Enough of that, thou do'st but gently chide
Me for a fault, that I will mend; for I
Have been too poore, and low in my rewards
Unto thy vertue: but to our businesse;
The question is, whether we shall rely
Upon our Guards agen?
Zir. By no meanes Sir?
Hope on his future fortunes, or their Love
Unto his person, has so sicklied o're
Their resolutions, that we must not trust them,
Besides, it were but needlesse here;

He passes through the vault alone, and I
My selfe durst undertake that businesse,
If that were all, but there is something else,
This accident doth prompt my zeale to serve you in.
I know you love *Aglaura* (Sir) with passion,
And would enjoy her; I know besides
Shee loves him so that whosoe're shall bring
The tidings of his death, must carry back
The newes of hers, so that your Justice (Sir)
Must rob your hope: but there is yet a way——

King. Here! take my heart; for I have hitherto
Too vainly spent the treasure of my love,
I'le have it coyn'd streight into friendship all,
And make a present to thee.

Zir. If any part of this rich happinesse
(Fortune prepares now for you) shall owe it selfe
Unto my weake endeavours, I have enough.
Aglaura without doubt this night expects
The Prince, and why
You should not then supply his place by stealth,
And in disguise———

King. I apprehend thee *Ziriff*,
But there's difficulty——

Zir. Who trades in love must be an adventurer, (Sir)
But here is scarce enough to make the pleasure dearer:
I know the Cave; your Brother and my selfe
With *Iolas*, (for those w'are sure doe hate him,)
With some few chosen more, betimes will wait
The Princes passing through the vault; if he
Comes first, hee's dead; and if it be your selfe,
We will conduct you to the chamber doore,
And stand 'twixt you and danger afterwards.

King. I have conceiv'd of joy, and am grown great,
Till I have safe deliverance, time's a cripple
And goes on crutches.——as for thee my *Ziriff*,
I do here entertaine a friendship with thee,
Shall drowne the memory of all patternes past;

We

We will oblige by turnes; and that ſo thick,
And faſt, that curious ſtudiers of it,
Shall not once dare to caſt it up, or ſay
By way of gheſſe, whether thou or I
Remaine the debters, when we come to die. *Exeunt.*

Enter Semanthe, Orithie, Philan, Oraſmes,
Lords and Ladies.

Ori. Is the Queene ready to come out?

Phi. Not yet ſure, the Kings brother is but newly entered.

Sem. Come my Lord, the Song then.

Ori. The Song.

Orſ. A vengeance take this love, it ſpoyles a voyce
Worſe than the loſing of a maiden-head.
I have got ſuch a cold with riſing
And walking in my ſhirt a nights, that
A bittorns whooping in a reed is better muſick.

Ori. This modeſty becomes you as ill, my Lord,
As wooing would us women; pray, put's not to't.

Orſ. Nay Ladies, you ſhall finde me,
As free, as the Muſicians of the Woods
Themſelves; what I have, you ſhall not need to call for.
Nor ſhall it coſt you any thing.

SONG

SONG.

WHy ſo pale and wan fond Lover?
Prithee why ſo pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevaile?
Prithee why ſo pale?

Why ſo dull and mute young Sinner?
Prithee why ſo mute?
Will, when ſpeaking well can't win her,
ſaying nothing do't?
Prithee why ſo mute?

Quit, quit, for ſhame, this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of her ſelfe ſhee will not Love,
Nothing can make her.
The Devill take her.

Ori. I ſhould have gheſt, it had been the iſſue of
Your braine, if I had not been told ſo.
Orſ. A litile fooliſh counſell (Madam) I gave a friend
Of mine foure or five yeares agoe, when he was
Falling into a Conſumption——

Enter Queene.

Orb. Which of all you have ſeene the faire priſoner
Since ſhee was confinde?
Sem. I have Madam.
Orb. And how behaves ſhe now her ſelfe?
Sem. As one that had intrench'd ſo deepe in Innocence,
Shee fear'd no enemies, beares all quietly,
And ſmiles at Fortune, whil'ſt ſhee frownes on her.
Orb. So gallant! I wonder where the beauty lies

That

That thus inflames the royall bloud? (them
Ori. Faces, Madam, are like bookes, thoſe that do ſtudy
Know beſt, and to ſay truth, 'tis ſtill
Much as it pleaſes the Courteous Reader.
Orb. Theſe Lovers ſure are like Aſtronomers,
That when the vulgar eye diſcovers but
A Skie above, ſtudded with ſome few ſtars,
Finde out beſides ſtrange fiſhes, birds, and beaſts.
Sem. As men in ſickneſſe ſcorch'd into a raving
Do ſee the Devill, in all ſhapes and formes,
When ſtanders by, wondring, aske where, and when;
So they in Love, for all's but feaver there,
And madneſſe too.
Orb. Tha't too ſevere *Semanthe*;
But we will have your reaſons in the parke;
Are the doores open through the Gardens?
Lo. The King has newly led the way. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ariaſpes, Ziriff, *with a Warrant Sealed.*

Ari. Thou art a Tyrant, *Ziriffe*: I ſhall die with joy.
Zir. I muſt confeſſe my Lord; had but the Princes ills
Prov'd ſleight, and not thus dangerous,
He ſhould have ow'd to me, at leaſt I would
Have laid a claime unto his ſafety; and
Like Phyſicians, that do challenge right
In Natures cures, look'd for reward and thanks;
But ſince 'twas otherwiſe, I thought it beſt
To ſave my ſelfe, and then to ſave the State.
Ari. 'Twas wiſely done.
Zir. Safely I'me ſure, my Lord! you know 'tis not
Our cuſtome, where the Kings diſlike once ſwells to hate,
There to ingage our ſelves; Court friendſhip
Is a Cable, that in ſtormes is ever cut,
And I made bold with it; here is the warrant ſeal'd,
And for the execution of it, if you thinke
We are not ſtrong enough, we may have
Iolas, for him the King did name.

Ari.

Ari. And him I would have named.

Zir. But is he not too much the Prince's (Sir ?)

Ari. He is as lights in Scenes at Maſques,
What glorious ſhew ſo e're he makes without,
I that ſet him there, know why, and how, *Enter* Iolas.
But here he is. ——
Come *Iolas*; and ſince the heav'ns decreed,
The man whom thou ſhould'ſt envy, ſhould be ſuch,
That all men elſe muſt doo't, be not aſham'd
Thou once wert guilty of it;
But bleſſe them, that they give thee now a meanes
To make a friendſhip with him, and vouchſafe
To find thee out a way to love, where well
Thou couldſt not hate.

Iol. What meanes my Lord?

Ari. Here, here he ſtands that has preſerv'd us all!
That ſacrific'd unto a publique good,
(The deareſt private good we mortalls have)
Friendſhip: gave into our armes the Prince,
When nothing but the ſword (perchance a ruine)
Was left to doe it.

Iol. How could I chide my love, and my ambition now,
That thruſt me upon ſuch a quarrell? here I doe vow ——

Zir. Hold, do not vow my Lord, let it deſerve it firſt;
And yet (if Heav'n bleſſe honeſt mens intentions)
'Tis not Impoſſible. (Iars,
My Lord, you will be pleas'd to informe him in particu-
I muſt be gone ——
The King I feare already has been left
Too long alone.

Ari. Stay —— the houre and place.

Zir. Eleven, under the Tarras Walke;
I will not faile you there. *Goes out, returns back again.*
I had forgot ——
'Tmay be, the ſmall remainder of thoſe loſt men
That were of the conſpiracy, will come along with him:
'Twere beſt to have ſome choſen of the Guard
within

Within our call—— *Exit* Ziriff.

Ari. Honeſt, and carefull *Ziriff*: Iolas *ſtands muſing.*
How now, Planet ſtrooke?

Iol. This *Ziriff* will grow great with all the world.

Ari. Shallow man! ſhort ſighted er than travellers in miſts,
Or women that outlive themſelves; do'ſt thou not ſee,
That whil'ſt he does prepare a Tombe with one hand
For his friend, he digs a Grave with th'other for himſelfe?

Iol. How ſo?

Ari. do'ſt thinke he ſhall not feele the weight of this,
As well as poore *Therſames*?

Iol. Shall we then kill him too at the ſame inſtant?

Ari. And ſay, the Prince made an unlucky thruſt.

Iol. Right.

Ari. Dull, dull, he muſt not die ſo uſeleſly.
As when we wipe off filth from any place,
We throw away the thing that made it cleane,
So this once done, hee's gone.
Thou know'ſt the People love the Prince, to their rage
Something the State muſt offer up; who fitter
Than thy rivall, and my enemy?

Iol. Rare! our witneſſe will be taken.

Ari. Piſh! let me alone.
The Giants that made Mountaines Ladders,
And thought to take great *Jove* by force, were fooles:
Not Hill on Hill, but Plot on Plot, does make
Us ſit above, and laugh at all below us—— *Exeunt.*

Enter Aglaura, *and a Singing Boy.*

Boy. Madam, 'twill make you melancholly,
I'le ſing the *Prince's* Song, that's ſad enough.

Agl. What you will Sir.

SONG

SONG.

NO, no, faire Heretique, it needs must be
But an ill Love in me,
And worse for thee:

For were it in my Power,
To love thee now this hower,
More than I did the last;

'Twould then so fall,
I might not Love at all;

Love that can flow, and can admit increase,
Admitts as well an Ebb and may grow lesse.

2

True Love is still the same; the torrid Zones,
And those more frigid ones,
It must not know:

For Love growne cold or hot,
Is Lust, or Friendship, not
The thing wee have;

For that's a flame would die,
Held downe, or up to high:

Then thinke I love more than I can expresse,
And would love more, could I but love thee lesse.

Agl. Leave me! for to a Soule, so out of Tune
As mine is now, nothing is harmony:
When once the maine-spring, *Hope*, is falne into
Disorder; no wonder, if the lesser wheeles,
Desire, and *Joy*, stand still; my thoughts, like *Bees*

When

When they have loſt their King, wander
Confuſedly up and downe, and ſettle no where

Enter Orithie.

Orithie flie! flie the roome,
As thou would'ſt ſhun the habitations
Which Spirits haunt, or where thy nearer friends
Walke after death; here is not only Love,
But Loves plague too----misfortune; and ſo high,
That it is ſure infectious! (than you,

Ori. Madam, ſo much more miſerable am I this away
That ſhould I pitty you, I ſhould forget my ſelfe:
My ſufferings are ſuch, that with leſſe patience
You may indure your owne, than give mine Audience.
There is that difference, that you may make
Yours none at all, but by conſidering mine!

Agl. O ſpeake them quickly then! the marriage day
To Paſſionate Loves never was more welcome,
Than any kinde of eaſe would be to me now.

Ori. Could they be ſpoke, they were not then ſo great.
I love, and dare not ſay I love; dare not hope,
What I deſire; yet ſtill too much deſire----
And like a ſtarving man brought to a feaſt,
And made ſay grace, to what he nere ſhall taſte;
Be thankfull after all, and kiſſe the hand
That made the wound thus deepe.

Agl. 'Tis hard indeed, but with what unjuſt ſcales,
Thou took'ſt the weight of our miſ-fortunes,
Be thine own Judge now.
Thou mourn'ſt for loſſe of that thou never hadſt,
Or if thou hadſt a loſſe, it never was
Of a *Therſames*.
Would'ſt thou not thinke a Merchant mad, *Orithie?*
If thou ſhouldſt ſee him weepe, and teare his haire,
Becauſe he brought not both the Indies home?
And wouldſt not thinke his ſorrowes very juſt,
If having fraught his ſhip with ſome rich Treaſure,
He ſunk i'th' very Port? This is our caſe.

Ori.

Ori. And do you thinke there is ſuch odds in it?
Would Heaven we women could as eaſily change
Our fortunes as ('tis ſaid) we can our minds.
I cannot (Madam) thinke them miſerable
That have the Princes Love.

Agl. He is the man then——
Bluſh not *Orithie*, 'tis a ſinne to bluſh
For loving him, though none at all to love him.
I can admit of rivalſhip without
A jealouſie —— nay ſhall be glad of it:
We two will ſit, and thinke, and thinke and ſigh,
And ſigh, and talke of love----and of *Therſames*.
Thou ſhalt be prayſing of his wit, while I
Admire he governs it ſo well:
Like this thing ſaid thus, th'other thing thus done,
And in good language him for theſe adore,
While I want words to doo't, yet do it more:
Thus will we doe, till death it ſelfe ſhall us
Divide, and then whoſe fate 'tſhall be to die
Firſt of the two, by legacy ſhall all
Her love bequeath, and give her ſtock to her
That ſhall ſurvive; for no one ſtock can ſerve
To love *Therſames* ſo as he'll deſerve.

Enter King, Ziriff.

King. What have we here impoſſibility?
A conſtant night, and yet within the roome
That, that can make the day before the Sunne?
Silent *Aglaura* too?

Agl. I know not what you ſay:
Is't to your pitty, or your ſcorne, I owe
The favour of this viſit (Sir?) for ſuch
My fortune is, it doth deſerve them both.

King. And ſuch thy beauty is that it makes good
All Fortunes, ſorrow lookes lovely here;
And there's no man, that would not entertaine
His griefes as friends, were he but ſure they'd ſhew
No worſe upon him----but I forget my ſelfe,

I came to chide.

Agl. If I have finn'd ſo high, that yet my puniſhment
Equalls not my crime,
Do Sir; I ſhould be loth to die in debt
To Juſtice, how ill ſoe'r I paid
The ſcores of Love.——

King. And thoſe indeed thou haſt but paid indifferently
To me, I did deſerve at leaſt faire death,
Not to be murdered thus in private:
That was too cruell, Miſtreſſe.
And I doe know thou do'ſt repent, and wilt
Yet make me ſatisfaction.

Agl. What ſatisfaction Sir?
I am no monſter, never had two hearts;
One is by holy vowes anothers now,
And could I give it you, you would not take it,
For 'tis alike impoſſible for me,
To love againe, as you love Perjury.
O Sir! conſider, what a flame love is.
If by rude meanes you thinke to force a light,
That of it ſelfe it would not freely give,
You blow it out, and leave your ſelfe i'th'darke.
The Prince once gone, you may as well perſwade
The light to ſtay behinde, when the Sun poſts
To th'other world, as me; alas! we two
Have mingled ſoules more than two meeting brookes;
And whoſoever is deſign'd to be
The murtherer of my Lord, (as ſure there is,
Has anger'd heav'n ſo farre, that 'tas decreed
Him to encreaſe his puniſhment that way)
Would he but ſearch the heart, when he has done,
He there would finde *Aglaura* murther'd too.

King. Thou haſt o'recome me, mov'd ſo handſomely
For pitty, that I will diſ-inherit
The elder brother, and from this houre be
Thy Convett, not thy Lover——
Ziriffe, diſpatch away——

And he that brings news of the Prince's welfare,
Looke that he have the ſame reward we had decreed
To him brought tidings of his death,
'Tmuſt be a buſie and bold hand that would
Unlinke a chaine the Gods themſelves have made.
Peace to thy thoughts *Aglaura*— *Exit.*

Ziriff *ſteps back and ſpeakes.*

Zir. What e're he ſayes beleeve him not *Aglaura*;
For luſt and rage ride high within him now.
He knowes *Therſames* made th'eſcape from hence,
And does conceale it only for his ends:
For by the favour of miſtake and night,
He hopes t'enjoy thee in the Prince's roome;
I ſhall be miſt—elſe I would tell the more;
But thou mayeſt gheſſe; for our condition
Admits no middle wayes, either we muſt
Send them to Graves, or live our ſelves in duſt—*Exit.*

Aglaura *ſtands ſtill and ſtudies.*

Agl. Ha! 'tis a ſtrange Act thought puts me now upon;
Yet ſure my brother meant the ſelfe-ſame thing,
And my *Therſames* would have done't for me:
To take his life, that ſeekes to take away
The life of Life, (honour from me;) and from
The world, the life of honour, *Therſames*;
Muſt needs be ſomething ture of kin to Juſtice.
If I doe faile, th'attempt howe'r was brave,
And I ſhall have at worſt a handſome grave——*Exit.*

Enter Iolas, Semanthe.

Semanthe *ſteps back*, Iolas *ſtayes her.*

Iol. What? are we growne, *Semanthe*, night, and day?
Muſt one ſtill vaniſh when the other comes?
Of all that ever Love did yet bring forth
(And 'thas been fruitfull too) this is
The ſtrangeſt iſſue——

Sem. What my Lord?

Iol. Hate *Semanthe*.

Sem. You doe miſtake, if I doe ſhun you, 'tis,

As

As bashfull Debtors shun their Creditors ;
I cannot pay you in the selfe-same coyne,
And am asham'd to offer any other.
Iol. It is ill done, *Semanthe*, to plead bankrupt,
When with such ease you may be out of debt.
In loves dominions, native commodity
Is currant payment, change is all the Trade,
And heart for heart the richest merchandize, (prove
Sem. 'Twould here be mean my Lord, since mine would
In your hands but a Counterfeit, and yours in mine
Worth nothing ; Sympathy, not greatnesse,
Makes those Jewels rise in value.
Iol. Sympathy ! O teach but yours to love then,
And two so rich no mortall ever knew.
Sem. That heart would Love but ill that must be taught,
Such fires as these still kindle of themselves.
Iol. In such a cold, and frozen place as is
Thy breast, how should they kindle of themselves
Semanthe ?
Sem. Aske how the Flint can carry fire within ?
'Tis the least miracle that Love can doe.
Iol. Thou art thy selfe the greatest miracle,
For thou art faire to all perfection,
And yet do'st want the greatest part of beauty,
Kindnesse ; thy cruelty (next to thy selfe)
Above all things on earth take up my wonder.
Sem. Call not that cruelty, which is our fate.
Believe me *Iolas* the honest Swaine
That from the brow of some steepe cliffe far off,
Beholds a ship labouring in vaine against
The boysterous and unruly Elements, ne're had
Lesse power, or more desire to help than I ;
At every sigh, I die, and every looke
Does move ; and any passion you will have
But Love, I have in store : I will be angry,
Quarrell with destiny and with my selfe
That it is on better ; be melancholy ;

And(though mine own diſaſters well might plead
To be in chiefe,)yours onely ſhall have place;
I'le pitty, and (if that's too low) I'le grieve,
As for my ſinnes, I cannot give you eaſe;
All this I do, and this I hope will prove
'Tis greater Torment not to love, than Love. —— *Exit.*

Iol. So periſhing Sailours pray to ſtormes,
And ſo they heare agen. So men
With death about them,looke on Phyſitians that
Have given them o'r, and ſo they turne away.
Two fixed Stars that keepe a conſtant diſtance,
And by Lawes made within themſelves muſt know
No motion excentrick, may meete as ſoone as we:
The anger that the fooliſh Sea doth ſhew,
When it does brave it out, and rore againſt
A ſtubborne rock that ſtill denies it paſſage,
Is not ſo vaine and fruitleſſe as my prayers.
Yee mighty Power of Love and Fate, where is
Your Juſtice here? It is thy part(fond Boy)
When thou do'ſt find one wounded heart, to make
The other ſo; but if thy Tyranny
Be ſuch,that thou wilt leave one breaſt to hate,
If we muſt live, and this ſurvive,
How much more cruell's Fate? — *Exit.*

ACTVS

ACTUS V. SCENA I.

Enter Ziriff, Ariaſpes, Iolas.

Iol. A Glorious night!
Ari. Pray Heav'n it prove ſo.
Are we not there yet?
Zir. 'Tis about this hollow. *Enter the Cave.*
Ari. How now! what region are we got into?
Th'enheritance of night?
Are we not miſtaken a turning *Ziriff*,
And ſtept into ſome melancholy Devils Territory?
Sure 'tis a part of the firſt *Chaos*,
That would endure no change.
Zir. No matter Sir, 'tis as proper for our purpoſe,
As the Lobby for the waiting womans.
Stay you here, I'le move a little backward,
And ſo we ſhall be ſure to put him paſt
Retreat: you know the word if't be the prince. (*Goes to the*
Enter King. *mouth of the Cave,*
Here Sir, follow me, all's quiet yet.—
King. He is not come then?
Zir. No.
King. Where's *Ariaſpes*?
Zir. Waiting within. *He leads him on, ſteps behind*
Iol. I do not like this waiting, *him, gives the falſe*
Nor this fellowes leaving us. *word, they kill the King,*
Ari. This place does put odd thoughts into thee,
Then thou art in thine owne nature too, as jealous
As either Love, or Honor: Come weare thy ſword in rea-
And thinke how neer we are a Crowne. (dineſſe,
Zir. Revenge!
So let's drag him to the light, and ſearch
His pockets, there may be papers there that will

Discover the rest of the Conspiratours.
Iolas, your Hand—— *Draw him out.*
Iol. Whom have we here? the King!
Zir. Yes, and *Zorannez* too. Illo! hoe! ----*Enter* Pasithas
Unarme them. *and others.*
D'ee stare?
This for my Fathers injuries and mine: *Points to the Kings*
Halfe Love, halfe Duties Sacrifice. *dead body.*
This--for the noble Prince, an offering to friendship. (*runs*
Iol. Basely! and tamely—— *Dies* (*at* Iolas.
Ari. What hast thou done?
Zir. Nothing——kill'd a Traytour.
So----away with them, and leave us.
Pasithas be onely you in call.
Ari. What do'st thou pawse?
Hast thou remorse already murtherer?
Zir. No foole, 'tis but a difference I put
Betwixt the crimes. *Orbella* is our quarrell;
And I do hold it fit, that love should have
A nobler way of Justice than Revenge
Or Treason; follow me out of the wood,
And thou shalt be Master of this againe: (*agen.*
And then, best arme and title take it. *They go out and enter*
There—— *Gives him his Sword.*
Ari. Extreamly good! Nature tooke paines I sweare,
The villaine and the brave are mingled handsomely.
Zor. 'Twas Fate that took it, when as it decreed
We two should meet, nor shall they mingle now
We are brought together strait to part.——*Fight.*
Ari. Some Devill sure has borrowed this shape. *Pawse.*
My Sword ne'r stay'd thus long to finde an entrance.
Zir. To guilty men, all that appears is Devill.
Come Trifler, come.— *Fight againe*, Arispes *falls.*
Ari. Whither, whither, thou fleeting Coward life?
Bubble of Time, Natures shame, stay; a little, stay!
Till I have look'd my selfe into revenge,
And star'd this Traytour to a carkasse first.

—It

----It will not be: ----- *Fals.*
The Crowne, the Crowne, too
Now is loſt, for ever loſt-----Oh! ----
Ambition's, but an *Ignis fatuus*, I ſee,
Miſleading fond mortality,
That hurries us about, and ſets us downe
Juſt----where---we---firſt---begun---- *Dies.*

Zir. What a great ſpreading mighty thing this was,
And what a nothing now? how ſoone poore man
Vaniſhes into his noon-tide ſhadow?
But hopes o're fed have ſeldome better done----*(Hollows)*
Takes up this lump of vanity, and honour, *Enter* Paſithas.
And carry it the back way to my lodging,
There may be uſe of State-men, when th'are dead.
So.----for the Cittadell now, for in ſuch times
As theſe, when the unruly multitude
Is up in ſwarmes, and no man knowes which way
They'll take, 'tis good to have retreat. *Exeunt.*

Enter Therſames.

Ther. The Dog-ſtar's got up high, it ſhould be late:
And ſure by this time every waking eare,
And watchfull eye is charm'd; and yet me thought
A noyſe of weapons ſtruck my eare juſt now.
'Twas but my fancy ſure, and were it more,
I would not tread on ſtep, that did not lead
To my *Aglaura*, ſtood all his Guard betwixt,
With lightning in their hands;
Danger! thou Dwarfe dreſt up in Giants clothes,
That ſhew'ſt farre off ſtill greater than thou art,
Goe, terrifie the ſimple, and the guilty, ſuch
As with falſe Opticks ſtill do looke upon thee;
But fright not Lovers, we dare looke on thee
In thy worſt ſhape, and meet thee in them too.
Stay---Theſe trees I made my marke, 'tis hereabouts,
----Love guide me but right this night,
And Lovers ſhall reſtore thee back againe
Theſe eyes the Poets tooke ſo boldly from thee. *Exit.*

Aglaura *with a Torch in one hand and a Dagger in the other.*

Agl. How ill this does become this hand, how much the (worse
This suits with this, one of the two should goe.
The she within me sayes, it must be this——
Honor sayes this---and honour is *Thersames* friend.
What is that she then? it is not a thing
That sets a price, not upon me, but on
Life in my name, leading me into doubt,
Which when 'tas done, it cannot light me out.
For feare does drive to Fate, or Fate if we
Doe flie, or take us, and holds us, till or death,
Or infamy, or both doth seize us.--- *Puts out the light*
Ha! ----would 'twere in agen.
Antiques and strange mishapes,
Such as the Porter to my Soule, mine Eye,
Was ne'r acquainted with, Fancy lets in,
Like a distracted multitude, by some strange accident
Piec'd together, feare now afresh comes on,
And charges Love to home.
---He comes---he comes——
Woman, if thou would'st be the Subject of mans wonder,
Not his scorne hereafter, now shew thy selfe.

Enter Prince rising from the vault, she stabs him two or three times, he falls, she goes back to her Chamber.

Sudden and fortunate.
My better Angell sure did both infuse
A strength, and did direct it. *Enter* Ziriff.

Zir. Aglaura!

Agl. Brother—

Zir. The same.

So slow to let in such a long'd-for Guest?
Must Joy stand knocking Sister? come, prepare,
Prepare.——
The King of *Persia's* comming to you strait!
The King! ---marke that. (you,

Agl. I thought how poore the Joyes you brought with
Were

Were in respect of those that were with me:
Joyes, are our hopes stript of their feares,
And such are mine; for know, deare Brother,
The King is come already, and is gone---marke that.
Zir. Is this instinct, or riddle? what King? how gone?
Agl. The Cave will tell you more—
Zir. Some sad mistake—thou hast undone us all. *Goes*
The Prince! the Prince! cold as the bed of earth *out, enters*
He lies upon, as senslesse too; death hangs *hastily*
Upon his lips *again.*
Like an untimely frost upon an early Cherry;
The noble Guest, his Soule, tooke it so ill
That you should use his old acquaintance so,
That neither pray'rs, nor teares, can e're perswade
Him back againe— Aglaura *swounes, rubs her.*
Hold hold! we cannot sure part thus!
Sister! *Aglaura*! *Thersames* is not dead,
It is the Prince that calls——
Agl. The Prince, where? ----
Tell me, or I will strait go back againe,
Into those groves of Gessemine thou took'st mee from,
And finde him out, or lose my selfe for ever.
Zir. For ever.--- I: there's it!
For in those Groves thou talk'st of,
There are so many by-wayes, and odd turnings,
Leading unto such wild and dismall places,
That should we go without a guide, or stir
Before Heav'n calls, 'tis strongly to be fear'd
We there should wander up and down for ever,
And be benighted to eternity—
Agl. Benighted to eternity? ---What's that?
Zir. Why 'tis to be benighted to eternity;
To sit i'th' darke, and do I know not what;
Unriddle at our own sad cost and charge
The doubts the learned here doe onely move---
Agl. What place have murtherers brother there? for sure
The murtherer of the Prince must have

A punishment that Heaven is yet to make----
Zir. How is Religion fool'd betwixt our loves,
And feares? poore Girle, for ought that thou hast done,
Thy Chaplets may be faire and flourishing,
As his in the *Elysium*
Agl. Do you thinke so?
Zir. Yes, I do thinke so.
The juster Judges of our Actions,
Would they have been severe upon
Our weaknesses,
Would (sure) have made us stronger——
Fie! those teares
A Bride upon the marriage day as properly
Might shed as thou, here widowes doo't
And marry next day after:
To such a funerall as this, there should be
Nothing common——
Wee'll mourne him so, that those that are alive
Shall thinke themselves more buried far than he;
And wish to have his grave, to find his Obsequies: (*dies.*
But stay---the Body. *Brings up the body, she swouns and*
Agen! Sister----*Aglaura*----
O speake once more, once more look out faire Soule.——
Shee's gone——
Irrevocably gone----And winging now the Aire,
Like a glad bird that's broken from cage.
Poore Bankrupt heart, when 'thad not wherewithall
To pay to sad disaster all was due,
It broke—would mine would do so too.
My soule is now within me
Like a well metled Hauke, on a blind Faulk'ners fist,
Me thinkes I feele it baiting to be gone:
And yet I have a little foolish businesse here
On earth; I will dispatch:——*Exit.*

Enter Pasithas, *with the body of* Ariaspes.

Pas. Let 'mee be like my burthen here, if I had not as live kill two of the Blood-royall for him, as carry one of

of them. These Gentlemen of high actions are three times as heavie after death, as your private retir'd ones; looke if he be not reduc'd to the state of a Courtier of the second forme now? and cannot stand upon his owne legs, nor doe any thing without helpe. Hum.----And what's become of the great Prince, in prison as they call it now? the toy within us, that makes us talke, and laugh, and fight? I! why there's it; well, let him be what he will, and where he will, I'le make bold with the old Tenement here. Come Sir----come along: ——— *Exit.*

Enter Ziriff.

Zir. All's fast too, here———
They sleepe to night
I'their winding sheets I thinke, there's such
A generall quiet.
Oh! here's light I warrant:
For iust does take as little rest, as care, or age———
Courting her glasse, I swear, fie! that's a flatterer Madam,
In me you shall see trulier what you are. *Knocks. Enter Queen.*

Orb. What make you up at this strange houre my Lord?

Zir. My businesse is my boldnesse warrant, (Madam)
And I could well afford t'have been without it now,
Had Heav'n so pleas'd.

Orb. 'Tis a sad Prologue,
What followes in the name of vertue?

Zir. The King.

Orb. I what of him? is well is he not?

Zir. Yes.-----
If to be free from the great load
We sweat and labour under, here on earth,
Be to be well, hee is.

Orb. Why hee's not dead, is hee?

Zir. Yes Madam, slaine----and the Prince too.

Orb. How? where?

Zir. I know not, but dead they are.

Orb. Dead?

Zir.

Zir. Yes Madams
Orb. Did'ſt ſee them dead ?
Zir. As I ſee you alive.
Orb. Dead !
Zir. Yes dead.
Orb. Well, we muſt all die :
The Siſters ſpin no cables for us mortalls ;
Th'are thred ; and Time, and chance----
Truſt me I could weepe now,
But watry diſtillations doe but ill on graves,
They make the lodging colder. *She knocks.*
Zir. What would you Madam ?
Orb. Why my friends, my Lord !
I would conſult, and know, what's to be done.
Zir. Madam 'tis not ſo ſafe to raiſe the Court,
Things thus unſetled, if you pleaſe to have——
Orb. Where's *Ariaſpes* ?
Zir. In's dead ſleepe by this time I'm ſure.
Orb. I know he is not ! find him inſtantly.
Zir. I'me gone,—— *Turns back againe*
But Madam, why make you choyce of him, from whom
If the ſucceſſion meet diſturbance,
All muſt come of danger ?
Orb. My Lord, I am not yet ſo wiſe as to be jealous ;
Pray diſpute no further.
Zir. Pardon me Madam, if before I go
I muſt unlock a ſecret unto you ; ſuch a one
As while the King did breathe durſt know no aire ;
Zorannez lives.
Orb. Ha !
Zir. And in the hope of ſuch a day as this
Has lingred out a life, ſnatching, to feed
His almoſt famiſh'd eyes,
Sights now and then of you, in a diſguiſe.
Orb. Strange ! this night is big with miracle !
Zir. If you did love him, as they ſay you did,
And do ſo ſtill, 'tis now within your power !

Orb:

Orb. I would it were my Lord, but I am now
No private woman, if I did love him once
(And 'tis ſo long agoe, I have forgot)
My youth and ignorance may well excus't.
Zir. Excuſe it?
Orb. Yes, excuſe it Sir.
Zir. Though I confeſſe I lov'd his father much,
And pitty him, yet having offer'd it
Unto your thoughts, I have diſcharg'd a truſt;
And zeale ſhall ſtray no further.
Your pardon Madam. *Exit.* *Queen ſtudies.*
Orb. May be 'tis a plot to keepe off *Ariaſpes*
Greatneſſe, which he muſt feare, becauſe he knowes
He hates him: for theſe great Stateſ-men,
That when time has made bold with the King and Subject,
Throwing down all fence that ſtood betwixt their power
And others right, are on a change,
Like wanton Salmons comming in with flouds,
That leap o're wyres and nets, and make their way
To be at the returne to every one a prey.
Enter Ziriff, *and* Paſithas *throwing downe the dead body of* Ariaſpes.
Orb. Ha! murthered too!
Treaſon—Treaſon—
Zir. But ſuch another word, and halfe ſo loud,
And th'art,—
Orb. Why? thou wilt not murther me too?
Wilt thou villaine?
Zir. I do not know my temper— *Diſcovers himſelfe.*
Looke here vaine thing, and ſee thy ſins full blowne:
There's ſcarce a part in all this face, thou haſt
Not been forſworn by, and Heav'n forgive thee for't!
For thee I loſt a father, Country, friends,
My ſelfe almoſt, for I lay buried long;
And when there was no uſe thy love could pay
Too great, thou mad'ſt the principle away:
Had I but ſtaid, and not began revenge

Till

Till thou had'ſt made an end of changing,
I had had the Kingdome to have kill'd.
As wantons entring a Garden, take,
The firſt faire flower, they meet, and
Treaſure't in their laps;
Then ſeeing more, do make freſh choyce agen,
Throwing in one and one, till at the length
The firſt poor flower o're-charg'd with too much weight,
Withers, and dies;
So haſt thou dealt with me,
And having kill'd me firſt, I will kill----

Orb. Hold—hold—
Not for my ſake, but *Orbella's* (Sir) a bare
And ſingle death is ſuch a wrong to Juſtice,
I muſt needs except againſt it.
Find out a way to make me long a dying;
For death's no puniſhment, it is the ſenſe,
The paines and feares afore that makes a death.
To thinke what I had had, had I had you,
What I have loſt in loſing of my ſelfe;
Are deaths farre worſe than any you can give.
Yet kill me quickly, for if I have time,
I ſhall ſo waſh this ſoule of mine with teares,
Make it ſo fine, that you would be afreſh
In love with it, and ſo perchance I ſhould (*down her head.*
Again come to deceive you. *She riſes up weeping, & hanging*

Zir. So riſes day, bluſhing at nights deformity:
And ſo the pretty flowers blubber'd with dew,
And over-waſht with raine, hang down their heads.
I muſt not looke upon her. (*Goes towards him.*)

Orb. Were but the Lillies in this face as freſh
As are the Roſes; had I but innocence
Joyn'd to their bluſhes, I ſhould then be bold,
For when they went on begging they were ne'r denide,
'Tis but a parting kiſſe Sir----

Zir. I dare not grant it.----

Orb. Your hand Sir then for that's a part I ſhall

Lov:

Love after death (if after death we love)
'Cauſe it doth right the wrong'd *Zorannez* here———
Steps to him, and opens the box of poyſon, Zorannez *falls.*
Sleepe, ſleepe for ever, and forgotten too,
All but thy ills, which may ſucceeding time
Remember, as the Sea-man does his markes,
To know what to avoyd; may at thy name
All good men ſtart, and bad too; may it prove
Infection to the Aire, that people dying of it (Ariaſpes.
May help to curſe thee for me. (*Turnes to the body of*
Could I but call thee back as eas'ly now;
But that's a Subject for our teares, not hopes!
There is no piecing Tulips to their ſtalks,
When they are once divorc'd by a rude hand;
All we can doe is to preſerve in water
A little life, and give by courteous Art
What ſcanted Nature wants Commiſſion for,
That thou ſhalt have: for to thy memory
Such Tribute of moyſt ſorrow I will pay,
And that ſo purifi'd by love, that on thy grave
Nothing ſhall grow but Violets and Primroſes,
Of which too, ſome ſhall be
Of the myſterious number, ſo that lovers ſhall (*She knocks,*
Come thither not as to a tomb, but to an oracle. (*and raiſes*
Enter Ladies and Courtiers, as out of their beds (*the Court.*
Orb. Come! come! help me to weep my ſelfe away,
And melt into a grave, for life is but
Repentance nurſe, and will conſpire with memory,
To make my houres my tortures.
Ori. What Scene of ſorrow's this? both dead?
Orb. Dead? I! and 'tis but halfe death's triumphs this,
The King and Prince lye ſomewhere, juſt
Such empty truncks as theſe.
Ori. The Prince?
Then in griefes burthen I muſt beare a part.
Sem. The noble *Ariaſpes*---valiant *Ziriff* too.---*Weeps.*
Orb. Weep'ſt thou for him, fond Prodigall? do'ſt know

On

On whom thou ſpend'ſt thy teares? this is the man
To whom we owe our ills; the falſe *Zoranne*
Diſguis'd, not loſt, but kept alive, by ſome *Enter* Paſithas,
Incenſed power, to puniſh *Perſia* thus. *ſurveys the bo-*
He would have kil'd me too, but heav'n was juſt, *dies, finds*
And furniſht me with meanes, to make him pay *his maſter.*
This ſcore of villany, e're he could do more. (*her, and flies.*
Paſ. Were you his murth'rer then?--Paſithas *runs at her, kils*
Ori. Ah me! the Queene.——*Rub her till ſhe come to her*
Sem. How do you Madam? *ſeiſe.*
Orb. Well,---but I was better, and ſhall—— *Dies*
Sem. Oh! ſhe is gone for ever.
Enter Lords in their night-gownes, Orſames, Philan.
Orſ. What have we here?
A Church-yard? nothing but ſilence, and grave?
Ori. Oh! here has been (my Lords)
The blackeſt night the *Perſian* world e're knew,
The King and Prince are not themſelves exempt
From this arreſt; but pale and cold, as theſe,
Have meaſured out their lengths.
Lo. Impoſſible! which way?
Sem. Of that we are as ignorant as you:
For while the Queene was telling of the Story,
An unknowne villaine here has hurt her ſo,
That like a ſickly Taper, ſhe but made
One flaſh, and ſo expir'd.
Enter tearing in Paſithas.
Phi. Here he is, but no confeſſion.
Ori. Torture muſt force him then:
Though t'will indeed but weakly ſatisfie,
To know now they are dead, how they did die.
Phi. Come take the bodies up, and let us all
Goe drowne our ſelves in teares, this maſſacre
Has left ſo torne a State, that 'twill be policy
Aſwell as debt, to weepe till we are blind;
For who would ſee the miſeries behinde?

Epilogue

Epilogue.

OVr Play is done, and yours doth now begin:
What different Fancies people now are in?
How strange, and odd a mingle it would make,
If e're they rise, 'twere possible to take
All votes ——:
But as when an authentique Watch is showne,
Each man winds up, and rectifies his owne,
So in our very Judgements; first there sits
A grave Grand Jury on it of Towne-wits;
And they give up their verdict; then again
The other Jury of the Court comes in
(And that's of life and death) *for each man sees*
That oft condemnes, what th'other Jury frees:
Some three dayes hence, the Ladies of the Town
Will come to have a Judgement of their own,
And after them, their servants; then the City,
For that is modest, and is still last witty.
'Twill be a weeke at least yet e're they have
Resolv'd to let it live, or give't a grave:
Such difficulty there is to unite
Opinion; or bring it to be right.

Epilogue for the Court.

SIR:

THat the abuſing of your eare's a crime,
Above th'excuſe any ſix lines in Rhime
Can make, the Poet knowes: I am but ſent
T'intreat he may not be a Preſident;
For he does thinke that in this place there be
Many have don't as much and more than he;
But here's, he ſayes, the difference of the Fates,
He begs a Pardon after't, they Eſtates.

FINIS.

AGLAVRA.

PRESENTED
At the Court, by His
Majeſties Servants.

Written by
Sir JOHN SUCKLING.

LONDON,
Printed for *Humphrey Moſely*, and are to be ſold
at his ſhop, at the ſigne of the Princes Armes
in St. *Pauls*-Church-yard, 1648.

Prologue.

FOre love, a mighty Seſſions! and I feare,
Though kind laſt Sizes, 'twill be now ſevere;
For it is thought, and by judicious men,
Aglaura *'ſcap't only by dying then:*
But 'twould be vaine for me now to indeare,
Or ſpeake unto my Lords, the Judges here,
They hold their places by condemning ſtill,
And cannot ſhew at once mercy and skill;
For wit's ſo cruell unto wit, that they
Are thought to want, that find not want ith' play.
But Ladies you, who never lik'd a plot,
But where the Servant had his Miſtreſſe got,
And whom to ſee a Lover dye it grieves,
Although 'tis in worſe language that he lives,
Will like't w'are confident, ſince here will be,
That your Sex ever li'kd variety.

Prologue to the Court.

THis ſtrange perchance (you'll thinke) that ſhe that
At Chriſtmas ſhould at Eaſter be a Bride: (d'id
But 'tis a privilege the Poets have,
To take the long-ſince dead out of the grave;
Nor is this all, old Heroes *aſleepe*
'Twixt marble coverlets, and ſix foot deepe

Breath, they boldly wake, and make them doe
All they did living here — ſometimes more too;
They give freſh life, reverſe and alter Fate,
And yet more bold, almighty-like create,
And out of nothing onely to deifie
Reaſon, and Reaſons friend, Philoſophy,
Fame, honour, valour, all that's great, or good,
Or is at leaſt 'mongſt us, ſo underſtood,
They give; Heav'ns theirs; no handſome woman dies,
But if they pleaſe, is ſtrait ſome ſtar i'th' skies —
But oh —
How thoſe poore men of Meetre doe
Flatter themſelves with that, that is not true,
And 'cauſe they can trim up a little proſe,
And ſpoyle it handſomely, vainly ſuppoſe
Th'are Omnipotent, can do all thoſe things
That can be done onely by Gods and Kings?
Of this wild guilt, he faine would be thought free,
That writ this play, and therefore (Sir) by mee,
He humbly begs, you would be pleaſ'd to know,
Aglaura's *but repriev'd this night, and though*
She now appeares upon a Poets call,
Shee's not to live, unleſſe you ſay ſhee ſhall.

ACTUS

ACTUS V. SCENA I.

Enter Ziriff, Pasithas, *and Guard. he places 'em: and Exit. A State set out: Enter* Ziriffe, Iolas, Ariaspes.

Iol. A Glorious night!
Ari. Pray Heav'n it prove so,
Are we not there yet?
Zir. 'Tis about this hollow. *They enter the Cave.*
Ari. How now! what region are we got into?
Th'enheritance of night?
Have we not mistaken a turning *Ziriff*,
And stept into the confines of somes melancholy
Devils Territory?
Iol. Sure 'tis a part of the first *Chaos*,
That would not suffer any change.
Zir. No matter Sir, 'tis as proper for our
Purpose, as the Lobby for the waiting womans.
Stay you here, I'le move a little backward,
And so we shall be sure to put him past (*to the doore*
Retreat: you know the word if it be the Prince. Ziriff *goes*
Enter King.
Zir. Here Sir, follow me, all's quiet yet.
King. Is he not come then?
Zir. No.
King. Where's *Ariaspes?*
Zir. Waiting within
Iol. I do not like this waiting,
Nor this fellowes leaving of us.
Ari. This place does put odd thoughts into thee,
Then thou art in thine owne nature too,
As zealous, as Love, or Honour; weare thy sword
In readinesse, and thinke how neere we are a Crowne.

Zir. Revenge! *Guard seiseth on'em.*
King. Ha! what's this?
Zir. Bring them forth—— *Brings them forth.*
Ari. The King.
Zir. Yes, and the Princes friend—— *Discovers himselfe.*
D'you know this face?
King. Zorannez!
Zir. The very same,
The wrong'd *Zorannez*——King——
D'you stare?——
Away with them where I appointed.
King. Traytours, let me goe;
Villaine, thou dar'st not do this——
Zor. Poore Counterfet,
How faine thou now would'st act a King, and art not:
Stay you,—— *to* Ariaspes.
Unhand him,—— *Whispers.*
Leave us now.—— *Exeunt.* *Manet* Ariasp. Zoran.
Ari. What does this meane?
Sure he does intend the Crowne to me.
Zor. We are alone,
Follow me out of th'wood, and thou shalt be
Master of this againe,
And then best arme and title take it.
Ari. Thy offer is so noble, in gratitude I cannot
But propound gentler conditions,
We will divide the Empire.
Zor. Now by my fathers soule,
I doe almost repent my first intents,
And now could kill thee scurvily, for thinking
If I had a minde to rule
I would not rule alone.
Let not thy easie faith (lost man)
Foole thee into so dull an heresie;
Orbella is our quarrell, and I have thought it fit,
That love should have a nobler way of Justice,
Than Revenge, or Treason.

If

If thou dar'ſt die handſomly, follow me. *Ex. And enter both again.*

Zor. There,—— *Gives him his ſword.*

Ari. Extremely good; Nature tooke paines I ſweare,
The villaine and the brave are mingled handſomely----

Zir. 'Twas Fate that tooke it, when that it decreed
We two ſhould meet, nor ſhall they mingle now,
We are but brought together ſtrait to part.— *Fight*

Ari. Some Devill ſure has borrowed this ſhape,
My ſword ne're ſtaid thus long to finde an entrance.

Zir. To guilty men, all that appeares is Devill;
Come trifler, come— *Fight.*

Ari. Dog, thou haſt it.

Zir. Why then it ſeemes my ſtar's as great as his,
I ſmile at thee, *Ariaſpes pants and*
Thou now would'ſt have me kill thee, *runs at him to*
And 'tis a courteſie I cannot afford thee, *catch his ſword.*
I have bethought my ſelfe, there will be uſe
Of thee,—*Paſithas*——to the reſt with him. *Exit.*

Enter Paſithas, *and two of the Guard.*----*Exeunt.*

Enter Therſames.

Ther. The Dog-ſtar's got up high, it ſhould be late:
And ſure by this time every walking eare
And watchfull eye is charm'd; and yet me thought
A noyſe of weapons ſtruck my eare juſt now.
'Twas but my Fancy ſure, and were it more,
I would not tread one ſtep, that did not lead
To my *Aglaura*, ſtood all his Guard betwixt,
With lightning in their hands.
Danger, thou Dwarfe dreſt up in Giants clothes,
That ſhew'ſt far off ſtill greater than thou art,
Goe, terrifie the ſimple, and the guilty, ſuch
As with falſe Opticks ſtill do looke upon thee:
But fright not Lovers, we dare look on thee
In thy worſt ſhapes and meet thee in them too ——
Stay, theſe trees I made my marke, 'tis hereabouts.
——Love guide mee but right this night,
And Lovers ſhall reſtore thee back againe

Thoſe

Thoſe eyes the Poets tooke ſo boldly from thee. *Exit.*

A Taper Table out.

Enter Aglaura, *with a Torch in one hand, a Dagger in the other.*

Agl. How ill this does becomes this hand? much worſe
This ſuits with this, one of the two ſhould goe.
The ſhe within me ſayes, it muſt be this——
Honor ſayes this——and honour is *Therſames* friend.
What is that ſhe then? is it not a thing
That ſets a Price, not upon me, but on
Life in my name, leading me into doubt,
Which when 'tas done, it cannot light me out.
For feare does drive to Fate, or Fate if we
Do flie, or ettakes, and holds us, till or death,
Or infamy, or both do ſeize us.--- *Puts out the light.*
Ha!---would 'twere in agen. Antiques and ſtrange mi-
Such as the Porter to my Soule, mine Eye, (ſhapes.
Was ne're acquainted with, Fancy lets in,
Like a diſrouted multitude, by ſome, ſtrange accident
Piec'd together, feare now afreſh comes on,
And charges Love too home.
——He comes, he comes.—— A *little noyſe below.*
Woman, if thou would'ſt be the Subject
Of mans wonder, Not his ſcorne hereafter,——
——Now ſhew thy ſelfe.

Enter Therſames *from the vault, ſhe ſtabs him as he riſeth.*

Ther. Unkindly done——
Agl. The Princes voyce, defend it Goodneſſe?
Ther. What art thou that thus poorely
Haſt deſtroy'd a life?
Agl. Oh ſad miſtake, 'tis he?
Ther. Haſt thou no voyce?
Agl. I would I had not, nor a being neither.
Ther. *Aglaura*, it cannot be?
Ag. Oh ſtill beleeve ſo, Sir,
For 'twas not I indeed, but fatall Love.

Ther

Ther. Loves wounds us'd to be gentler than theſe were,
The paines they give us have ſome pleaſure
In them, and that theſe have not. *Enter* Ziriff *with a taper.*
Oh do not ſay 'twas you, for that does wound agen:
Guard me my better Angell,
Do I wake? my eyes (ſince I was man)
Ne're met with any object gave them ſo much trouble,
I dare not aske neither to be ſatisfied,
Shee lookes ſo guilty——

Agl. Why doe you ſtare and wonder at a thing
That you your ſelfe have made thus miſerable?

Zir. Good gods, and I o'th' party too.

Agl. Did you not tell me that the King this night
Meant to attempt my honour; that our condition
Would not admit of middle wayes, and that we muſt
Send them to graves, or lie our ſelves in duſt?

Zir. Unfortunate miſtake? Ziriff *knocks.*
I never did intend our ſafety by thy hands: *Enter* Paſithas
Paſithas, go inſtantly and fetch *Andrages*
From his bed; how is it with you Sir?

Ther. As with the beſieg'd:
My ſoule is ſo beſet it does not know,
Whether't had beſt to make a deſperate
Sally out by this port or not?

Agl. Sure I ſhall turne ſtatue here.

Ther. If thou do'ſt love me, weepe not *Aglaura*:
All thoſe are drops of blond and flow from mee.

Zir. Now all the gods defend this way of expiation,
Think'ſt thou thy crime, *Aglaura* would be leſſe,
By adding to it? or canſt thou hope
To ſatisfie thoſe powers, whom great ſins
Doe diſpleaſe, by doing greater.

Agl. Diſcourteous courteſie!
I had no other meanes left me than this,
To let *Therſames* know I would do nothing
To him, I would not do unto my ſelfe,
And that thou take'ſt away.

Ther.

Ther. Friend, bring me a little neerer,
I finde a kind of willingneſſe to ſtay,
And find that willingneſſe ſomething obey'd.
My bloud now it perſwades it ſelfe
You did not call in earneſt,
Makes not ſuch haſt.——

Agl. Oh my deareſt Lord,
This kindneſſe is ſo full of cruelty,
Puts ſuch an uglineſſe on what I have done,
That when I looke upon it needs muſt fright
Me from my ſelfe, and which is more inſufferable,
I feare from you. (me?

Ther. Why ſhould that fright thee, which moſt comforts
I glory in it, and ſhall ſmile i'th' grave
To thinke our love was ſuch that nothing
But it ſelfe could e're deſtroy it.

Agl. Deſtroy it? can it have ever end?
Will you not be thus courteous then in the other world?
Shall we not be together there as here?

Ther. I cannot tell whether I may or not.

Agl. Not tell?

Ther. No:
The Gods thought me unworthy of thee here,
And when thou art more pure
Why ſhould I not more doubt it?

Agl. Becauſe if I ſhall be more pure,
I ſhall be then more fit for you.
Our Prieſts aſſure us an *Elyſium*,
And can that be *Elyſium* where true Lovers
Muſt not meet? Thoſe powers that made our loves,
Did they intend them mortall,
Would ſure have made them of a courſer ſtuffe,
Would they not my Lord?——

Ther. Prethee ſpeake ſtill,
This muſique gives my ſoule ſuch pleaſing buſineſſe,
Takes it ſo wholly up, it finds not leiſure to
Attend unto the ſummons death doth make;

Yet

Yet they are loud and peremptory now,
And I can onely—— *Faints.*

Agl. Some pitying Power inſpire me with
A way to follow him: heart wilt thou not
Breake it of thy ſelfe

Zir. My griefes beſot me
His ſoule will faile out with this purple tide,
And I ſhall here be found ſtaring
After't, like a man that's come too ſhort o'th'ſhip,
And's left behind upon the land. *Shee ſwoones.*

Enter Andrages.

Oh welcome, welcome, here lyes *Andrages*
Alas too great a triall for thy art.

And. There's life in him: from whence theſe wounds?

Zir. Oh 'tis no time for ſtory.

And. 'Tis not mortall my Lord, bow him gently,
And helpe me to infuſe this into him;
The ſoule is but aſleepe, and not gone forth.

Ther. Oh---ho.---

Zir. Hearke, the Prince does live.

Ther. What e're thou art haſt given me now a life,
And with it all my cares and miſeries,
Expect not a reward, no not a thanks.
If thou would'ſt merit from me,
(Yet wh'would be guilty of ſo loſt an action)
Reſtore me to my quietneſſe agen,
For life and that are moſt incompatible.

Zir. Still in deſpaires:
I did not thinke till now 'twas in the power
Of fortune to have robb'd *Therſames* of himſelfe.
For pitty, Sir, and reaſon, live;
If you will die, die not *Aglaura's* murther'd,
That's not ſo handſome: at leaſt die not
Her murthered and her murtherer too;
For that will ſurely follow. Looke up Sir,
This violence of Fortune cannot laſt ever:
Who knowes but all theſe clouds are ſhadowes,

To

To set off your fairer dayes, if it growes blacker,
And the stormes do rise, this harbour's alwayes open.
Ther. What say'st thou, *Aglaura?*
Agl. What sayes *Andrages?*
And. Madam, would Heaven his mind would admit
As easie cure, as his body will,
'Twas onely want of bloud,
And two houres rest restores him to himselfe.
Zir. And by that time it may be Heaven
Will give our miseries some ease:
Come Sir, repose upon a bed,
There's time enough to day.
Ther. Well, I will still obey,
Though I must feare it will be with me,
But as 'tis with tortured men,
Whom States preserve onely to wrack agen. *Exeunt.*

Take off table.

Enter Ziriff *with a taper.*

Zir. All fast too, here
They sleepe to night
I'their winding sheets, I thinke, there's such
A generall quiet.
Oh! here's light I warrant you:
For lust does take as little rest, as care, or age.
Courting her glasse, I swear, fie! that's a flatterer Madam,
In me you shal see trulier what you are. *He knocks. En. Queen.*
Orb. What make you up at this strange houre my Lord?
Zir. My businesse is my boldnesse warrant, (Madam)
And I could well afford t'have been without it now,
Had Heav'n so pleas'd.
Orb. 'Tis a sad Prologue,
What followes in the name of vertue?
Zir. The King.
Orb. I what of him? is well is he not?
Zir. Yes.-----
If to be on's journey to the other World

Be

Be to be well, hee is.
Orb. Why hee's not dead, is hee?
Zir. Yes Madam, dead.
Orb. How? where?
Zir. I do not know particulars.
Orb. Dead?
Zir. Yes (Madam.)
Orb. Art ſure hee's dead?
Zir. Madam, I know him as certainly dead,
As I know you too muſt die hereafter.
Orb. Dead!
Zir. Yes, dead.
Orb. We muſt all die.
The Siſters ſpin no cables for us mortalls;
Th'are threds; and time, and chance——
Truſt me I could weepe now,
But watry diſtillations doe but ill on graves,
They make the lodging colder. *Shee knocks.*
Zir. What would you Madam?
Orb. Why my friends, my Lord;
I would conſult and know what's to be done.
Zir. (Madam) 'tis not ſo ſafe to raiſe the Court;
Things thus unſetled, if you pleaſe to have——
Orb. Where's *Ariaſpes?*
Zir. In's dead ſleepe by this time ſure.
Orb. I know he is not! find him inſtantly.
Zir. I'm gone,—— *Turnes back againe.*
But Madam, why make you choyce of him, from whom
If the ſucceſſion meet diſturbance,
All muſt come of danger?
Orb. My Lord, I am not yet ſo wiſe, as to be
Jealous; Pray diſpute no further.
Zir. Pardon me (Madam) if before I goe
I muſt unlock a ſecret to you; ſuch a one
As while the King did breathe durſt know no aire;
Corannez lives.
Orb. Ha!

Zir.

Zir. And in the hope of such a day as this
Has lingred out a life, snatching, to feed
His almost famish'd eyes,
Sights now and then of you, in a disguise.

Orb. Strange! this night is big with miracle!

Zir. If you did love him, as they say you did,
And do so still, 'tis now within your power.

Orb. I would it were my Lord, but I am now
No private woman, if I did love him once
(And 'tis so long agoe, I have forgot)
My youth and ignorance may well excus't.

Zir. Excuse it?

Orb. Yes, excuse it Sir.

Zir. Though I confesse I lov'd his father much,
And pitty him, yet having offer'd it
Unto your thoughts, I have discharg'd a trust;
And zeale shall stray no further.
(Your pardon Madam.) *Exit.*

Orb. May be 'tis a plot to keepe off *Ariaspes*
Greatnesse, which he must feare, because he knowes
He hates him: for these great States-men,
That when time has made bold with the King
And Subject, throwing down all fence
That stood betwixt their power
And others right, are on a change,
Like wanton Salmons comming in with flouds,
That leap o're wyres and nets, and make their way
To be at the returne to every one a prey.

Enter Ziriff.

Zir. Looke here vaine thing, and see thy sins full blown
There's scarce a part in all this face, thou hast
Not been forsworn by, and Heav'n forgive thee for't!
For thee I lost a father, Country, friends,
My selfe almost, for I lay buried long;
And when there was no use thy love could pay
Too great, thou mad'st the principle away.
As wantons entering a Garden, take

The first faire flower they meet, and
Treasure't in their laps;
Then seeing more, do make fresh choyce agen,
Throwing in one and one, till at the length
The first poor flower o're-charg'd with too much weight,
Withers, and dies;
So hast thou dealt with me,
And having kill'd me first, I will kill----

Orb. Hold—hold—
Not for my sake, but *Orbella's* (Sir) a bare
And single death is such a wrong to Justice,
I must needs except against it.
Find out a way to make me long a dying;
For death's no punishment, it is the sense,
The paines and feares afore, that makes a death.
To thinke what I had had, had I had you,
What I have lost in losing of my selfe,
Are deaths farre worse than any you can give.
Yet kill me quickly, for if I have time,
I shall so wash this soule of mine with teares,
Make it so fine, that you would be afresh
In love with it, and so perchance I should (*down her head.*
Again come to deceive you. *She rises up weeping, & hanging*

Zir. So rises day, blushing at nights deformity:
And so the pretty flowers blubber'd with dew,
And over-washt with raine, hang down their heads.
I must not looke upon her. (*Queen Goes towards him.*)

Orb. Were but the Lillies in this face as fresh
As are the Roses; had I but innocence
Joyn'd to these blushes, I should then be bold,
For when they went a begging they were ne'r denide,
'Tis but a parting kisse Sir----

Enter Pasithas, *and two Guard.*

Zir. I dare not grant it.----*Pasithas*--away with her.
A bed put out. Therfames *and* Aglaura *on it*, Andrages *by.*
Thir. Shee wake't me with a sigh,
And yet she sleepes her selfe. ¡Sweet Innocence,

Can it be ſinne to love this ſhape ?
And if it be not, why am I perſecuted thus ? ——
See ſighs agen; ſleepe that drownes all cares,
Cannot I ſee charme loves ; bleſt pillowes,
Through whoſe fineneſſe does appeare
The Violets, Lillies, and the Roſes
You are ſtuft withall, to whoſe ſoftneſſe
I owe the ſweet of this repoſe, (*wakes.*
Permit me to leave with you this, —— *Kiſſes them, ſhe*
See if I have not wake't her,
Sure I was borne, *Aglaura*, to deſtroy
Thy quiet.

Agl. Mine, my Lord,
Call you this drowſineſſe a quiet then ?
Beleeve me, Sir, 'twas an intruder I mueh
Struggled with, and have to thanke a dreame,
Not you, that it thus left me.

Ther. A dreame ! what dreame, my Love ?

Agl. I dream't (Sir) it was day,
And the feare you ſhould be found here ——

Enter Ziriff.

Zir. Awake ; how is it with you Sir ?

Ther. Well, extreamly well, ſo well, that had I now
No better a remembrancer than paine,
I ſhould forget I e're was hurt,
Thanks to Heav'n, and good *Andrages*.

Zir. And more than thanks I hope we yet ſhall
Live to pay him. How old's the night ?

And. Far-ſpent I feare, my Lord.

Zir. I have a cauſe that ſhould be heard
Yet ere day breake, and I muſt needs intreat
You Sir to be the Judge in't.

Ther. What cauſe *Zorannez* ?

Zir. When you have promis'd — *Zorannez.*

Ther. 'Twere hard I ſhould deny thee any thing --- *Exit*
Know'ſt thou *Andrages*, what he meanes ?

And. Nor cannot gheſſe, Sir, —— *Draw in the bed.*

I read a trouble in his face, when firſt
He left you, but underſtood it not.

Enter Zorannez, *King*, Ariaſpes, Iolas, *Queene*, *and two or three Guard.*

Zir. Have I not pitcht my nets like a good Huntſman?
Looke, Sir, the nobleſt of the Herd are here.

Ther. I am aſtoniſhed.

Zor. This place is yours. —— *Helps him up.*

Ther. What wouldſt thou have me doe?

Zir. Remember, Sir, your promiſe,
I could doe all I have to doe, alone;
But Juſtice is not Juſtice unleſſe't be juſtly done:
Here then I will begin, for here began my wrongs.
This woman (Sir) was wondrous faire, and wondrous
Kinde, ---I, faire and kind, for ſo the ſtory runs,
She gave me look for looke, and glance for glance,
And every ſigh like eccho's was return'd,
We ſent up vow by vow, promiſe on promiſe,
So thick and ſtrangely multiplyed,
That ſure we gave the heavenly Regiſters
Their buſineſſe, and other mortalls oaths
Then went for nothing, we felt each others paines,
Each others joyes, thought the ſame thought,
And ſpoke the very ſame;
We were the ſame, and I have much adoe
To thinke ſhe could be ill, and I not
Be ſo too, and after this, all this (Sir)
Shee was falſe, lov'd him, and him,
And had I not begun revenge,
Till ſhe had made an end of changing,
I had had the Kingdome to have killd,
What does this deſerve?

Ther. A puniſhment he beſt can make
That ſuffered the wrong.

Zor. I thanke you, Sir,
For him I will not trouble you,
His life is mine, I won it fairly.

And his is yours, he loſt it foully to you----
To him (Sir) now:
A man ſo wicked that hee knew no good,
But ſo as't made his ſins the greater for't.
Thoſe ills, which ſingly acted bred deſpaire
In others, he acted daily, and ne're thought
Upon them.
The grievance each particular has againſt him
I will not meddle with, it were to give him
A long life, to give them hearing,
I'le onely ſpeake my owne.
Firſt then the hopes of all my youth,
And a reward which Heaven had ſettled on me,
(If holy contracts can do any thing)
He raviſht from me, kill'd my father,
Aglaura's father, Sir, would have whor'd my ſiſter,
And murther'd my friend, this is all:
And now your ſentence, Sir.

Ther. We have no puniſhment can reach theſe crimes:
Therefore 'tis juſteſt ſure to ſend him where
Th'are wittier to puniſh than we are here:
And cauſe repentance oft ſtops that proceeding,
A ſudden death is ſure the greateſt puniſhment.

Zor. I humbly thanke you Sir. (ſelfe

King. What a ſtrange glaſſe th'have ſhew'd me now my
In? our ſins like to our ſhadowes,
When our day is in its glory ſcarce appear'd,
Towards our evening how great and monſtrous
They are?

Zor. Is this all you have to ſay?—— *Drawes*

Ther. Hold: ——now go you up.

Zor. What meane you, Sir?

Ther. Nay, I denyed not you, ——
That all thy accuſations are juſt,
I muſt acknowledge,
And to theſe crimes, I have but this t'oppoſe,
He is my Father, and thy Soveraigne.——

Tis

Tis wickedneſſe (deare Friend) we goe about
To puniſh, and when we'have murther'd him,
What difference is there 'twixt him and
Our ſelves, but that he firſt was wicked?——
Thou now would'ſt kill him 'cauſe he kill'd thy Father,
And when thou'ſt kill'd, have not I the ſelfe ſame
Quarrell?

Zor. Why Sir, you know you would your ſelfe
Have done it.

Ther. True: and therefore 'tis I beg his life,
There was no way for me to have
Redeem'd th'intent, but by a reall
Saving of it.
If he did raviſh from thee thy *Orbella*,
Remember that that wicked iſſue had
A noble parent Love,----Remember
How he lov'd *Zorannez* when he was *Ziriffe*,——
There's ſomething due to that.
If you muſt needs have bloud for your revenge,
Take it here---deſpiſe it not *Zorannez*: (*Zorannez turnes away.*
The gods themſelves, whoſe greatneſſe
Makes the greatneſſe of our ſins,
And heightens 'em above what we can doe
Unto each other, accept of ſacrifice
For what wee doe 'gainſt them,
Why ſhould not you? and 'tis much thriftier too:
You cannot let our life there, but my honour
Goes, and all the life you can take here,
Poſterity will give me back againe;
See, *Aglaura* weepes:
That would have beene ill Rhetorique in me,
But where it is, it cannot but perſwade.

Zor. Th'have thaw'd the ice about my heart;
I know not what to doe.

King. Come downe, come down, I will be King agen,
There's none ſo fit to be the Judge of this
As I; the life you ſhew'd ſuch zeale to ſave,

Be ready Courtiers, and Guard, with their ſwords drawn, at the breſts of the priſoners.

Tis I here

I here could willingly returne you backe;
But that's the common price of all revenge.

Enter Guard, Orſames, Philan, Courtiers, Orithie, Semanthe.

Iol. Ari. Ha, ha, ha: how they looke now?
Zor. Death: what's this?
Ther. Betrai'd agen!
All th'eaſe our Fortune gives our miſeries is hope,
And that ſtill proving falſe, growes part of it.
King. From whence this Guard? (ſoners,
Ari. Why Sir, I did corrupt, while wee were his pri-
One of his own to raiſe the Court; ſhallow ſoules,
That thought we could not countermine,
Come Sir, y'are in good poſture to diſpatch them.
King. Lay hold upon his Inſtrument:
Fond man, do'ſt thinke I am in love with villany?
All the ſervice they can doe me here
Is but to let theſe ſee the right I doe
Them now is unconſtrain'd; then thus I doe proceed.
Upon the place *Zorannez* loſt his life,
I vow to build a Tomb, and on that Tomb
I vow to pay three whole yeares penitence;
If in that time I finde that Heaven and you
Can pardon, I ſhall finde agen the way
To live amongſt you.
Ther. Sir be not ſo cruell to your ſelfe, this is an age,----
King. 'Tis now irrevocable; thy Fathers lands
I give thee back agen, and his commands;
And with them, leave to weare the Tyara,
That man there has abus'd.—
To you *Orbella*,
Who it ſeemes are foule as well as I,
I doe preſcribe the ſelfe ſame Phyſick
I do take my ſelfe:
But in another place, and for a longer time,
Diana's Nunnery.
Orb. Above my hopes.

King

King. For you, who ſtill have been
The ready inſtrument of all my cruelties,
And there have cancell'd all the bonds of brother,
Perpetuall baniſhment: nor, ſhould
This line expire, ſhall thy right have a place.
Ari. Hell and Furies. ——— *Exit.*
King. Thy crimes deſerve no leſſe; yet 'cauſe thou wert
Heavens inſtrument to ſave my life,
Thou only haſt that time of baniſhment, (*Kings hand*
I have of penitence.---- *Comes down* Ziriff *offers to kiſſe the*
Iol. May it be plague and famine here till I returne.
No: thou ſhalt not yet forgive me.
King. Aglaura, thus I freely part with thee,
And part with all fond flames and warme deſires;
I cannot feare new agues in my bloud,
Since I have overcome the charmes
Thy beauty had, no other ever can
Have ſo much power, *Therſames*, thou look'ſt pale,
Is't want of reſt *whiſper.*
Ther. No Sir; but that's a ſtory for your eare---*They*
Orſ. A ſtrange and happy change.
Ori. All joyes wait on you ever.
Agl. Oritbie.
How for thy ſake now could I wiſh
Love were no Mathematick point,
But would admit diviſion, that *Therſames* might,
Though at my charge, pay thee the debt he owes thee.
Ori. Madam, I loved the Prince, not my ſelfe;
Since his vertues have their full rewards,
I have my full deſires.
King. What miracles of preſervation have we had?
How wiſely have the ſtars prepar'd you for felicity?
Nothing endeares a good more than the contemplation
Of the difficulty we had to attaine to it:
But ſee, Nights Empire's out,
And a more glorious auſpitiouſly does begin;
Let us go ſerve the gods, and then prepare

For

For jollity, this day I'le borrow from my vowes,
Nor ſhall it have a common celebration;
Since't muſt be,
A high record to all poſterity—— *Exeunt Omnes.*

Epilogue.

PLays are like Feaſts, and every Act ſhould bee
Another Courſe, and ſtill varietie:
But in good faith proviſion of wit
Is growne of late ſo difficult to get,
That do we what we can, we are not able,
Without cold meats to furniſh out the Table.
Who knowes but it was needleſſe too? may be
'Twas here, as in the Coach-mans trade; and hee
That turnes in the leaſt compaſſe, ſhewes moſt art:
How e're, the Poet hopes (Sir) for his part,
You'll like not thoſe ſo much, who ſhew their skill
In entertainment, as who ſhew their will.

FINIS.

THE GOBLINS.

A Comedy.

Presented at the Private House in Black-Fryers, by His Majesties SERVANTS.

WRITTEN

By Sir JOHN SUCKLING.

LONDON,
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PROLOGUE.

WIt in a Prologue, Poets juſtly may
Stile a new impoſition on a Play. (Stage,
When Shakeſpeare, Beaumont, Fletcher rul'd the
There ſcarce were ten good pallats in the age,
More curious Cookes then gueſts; for men would eat
Moſt heartily of any kind of meat,
And then what ſtrange variety? each Play,
A Feaſt for Epicures, and that each day.
But marke how odly it is come about,
And how unluckily it now fals out:
The pallats are growne higher, number increas't,
And there wants that which ſhould make up the Feaſt;
And yet y'are ſo unconſcionable, You'd have
Forſooth of late, that which they never gave,
Banquets before, and after.——
Now Pox on him that firſt good Prologue writ,
He left a kind of rent-charge upon wit;
Which if ſucceeding Poets faile to pay,
They forfeit all their worth, and that's their play:
Y'have Ladies humors, and y'are growne to that,
You will not like the man 'leſſe that his Boots and Hat
Be right; no Play, unleſſe the Prologue be,
And Epilogue writ to curioſitie.
Well (Gentiles) 'tis the grievance of the place,
And pray conſider't, for here's juſt the caſe;
The richneſſe of the ground is gone and ſpent,
Mens braines grow barren and you raiſe the Rent.

The Goblins.

The Scene. FRANCELIA.

The Actors.

Prince in love with Sabrina.
Orſabrin, *Brother to the Prince, yet unknowne.*
Samorat *belov'd of* Sabrina.
Philatell, Torcular } *Brothers to* Sabrina.
Naſſurat, Pellegrin } *Cavaliers, friends to* Samorat.
Tamoren *King of the Theeves, diſguiſed in Devils habit.*
Peridor *ambitious of* Reginella, *diſguiſed in Devils habit.*
Stramador *a Courtier, ſervant to the Prince.*
Ardellan, Piramont } *formerly ſervants to* Orſabrin's *father.*
Phontrell, *ſervant to* Philatell.
Sabrina *belov'd by* Samorat.
Reginella *in love with* Orſabrin.
Phemillia Sabrina's *maid.*
Captaine and Souldiers.
Two Judges.
Two Lawyers.
Two Sergeants.
Goaler.
Conſtable.
Taylor.
Two Drawers.
Fidlers.
Clownes and Wenches.
Theeves diſguiſed in Devils habits, living under ground in the Woods.
Guard. *Attendants.*

FRAN

FRANCELIA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter as to a Duell:

Samorat, Philatell, Torcular.

Samorat,

BUt my Lords,
May not this harſh buſineſſe
Yet be left undone!
Muſt you hate me becauſe I love your ſiſter;
And can you hate at no leſſe rate then death?
Phil. No, at no leſſe:
Thou art the blaſter of our fortunes,
The envious cloud that darkneſt all our day,
While ſhe thus prodigally, and fondly
Throwes away her love on thee;
She has not wherewithall to pay a debt
Unto the Prince.——
Sam. Is this all?
Tor. Faith, what if in ſhort we doe not thinke
You worthy of her?——
Sam. I ſweare that ſhall not make a quarrell.
I thinke ſo too;
'Have urg'd it often to my ſelfe;
Againſt my ſelfe have ſworn't as oft to her,
Pray let this ſatisfie.——
Phil. Sure (*Torcular*) he thinks we come to talke
Looke you Sir;——————*draws.*

And brother since his friend has fail'd him,
Doe you retire.

Tor. Excuse me *(Philatell)*
I have an equall interest in this,
And fortune shall decide it.——

Phil. It will not need, hee's come.——

Enter *Orsabrin.*

Orf. *Mercury* Protect me! what are these?
The brothers of the high-way!

Phil. A stranger by his habit.——

Tor. And by his looks a Gentleman.
Sir,——will you make one?
We want a fourth.——

Orf. I shall be rob'd with a tricke now!

Sam. My Lords excuse me;
This is not civill.
In what concernes my selfe,
None but my selfe must suffer.——

Orf. A duell by this light,——
Now has his modestie,
And t'others forwardnes warm'd me——*goes towards them.*
Gentlemen, I weare a sword,
And commonly in readinesse.
If you want one, speake Sir.——*Speakes to Samorat.*
I do not feare much suffering.

Sam. Y'are noble Sir,
I know not how t'invite you to it;
Yet there is Justice on my side,
And since you please to be a witnesse
To our actions, 'tis fit you know our Story.——

Orf. No Story Sir I beseech you,——
The cause is good enough as 'tis,
It may be spoil'd i'th telling.

Phil. Come we trifle then——

Sam. It is impossible to preserve I see
My honour and respect to her.
And since you know this too my Lord,

It

It is not handſome in you thus to preſſe me.
But come. ——
Torcular beckens to *Orſabrin*. ——
Orſ. Oh! I underſtand you Sir. —— *Exeunt.*
Philatell and *Samorat* fight.
Phi. In poſture ſtill? —— } *Samorat receives a*
Oh, y'are mortall then it ſeemes. —— } *ſleight wound.*
Sam. Thou haſt undone thy ſelfe raſh man;
For with this bloud thou haſt let out a ſpirit
Will vex thee to thy grave. ——
Fight agen, *Samorat* takes away *Philatells* ſword,
and takes breath, then gives it him.
Sam. I'm coole agen,
Here my Lord. ——
And let this Preſent bind your friendſhip ——
Phil. Yes thus. —— *Runs at him.*
Sam. Treacherous and low. ——
Enter *Orſabrin*.
Orſ. I have dril'd my gentleman,
I have made as many holes in him
As would ſinke a Ship Royall
In ſight of the Haven: ——
How now? —— *Samorat upon his knee.*
S'foot yonders another going that way too. ——
Now have I forgot of which ſide I'm on,
No matter.
I'le help the weakeſt;
There's ſome Juſtice in that.
Phi. The Villaine ſure has ſlaine my brother.
If I have any friends above,
Guide now my hand unto his heart. —— *Orſabrin puts it by,*
Sam. Hold noble youth; *runs at him, Samo. ſteps in.*
Deſtroy me not with kindneſſe:
Men will ſay he could, have kil'd me,
And that injuſtice ſhould not be;
For honours ſake leave us together. ——
Orſ. 'Tis not my buſineſſe fighting —— —— *puts up.*

Th' employment's yours Sir:
If you need me,
I am within your call.
Sam. The gods reward thee: ——
Now *Philatell* thy worst —— *They fight again, and close, Samo forces his sword.*
Enter *Orsabrin.*
Orf. Hell and the Furies are broke loose upon us,
Shift for your selfe Sir. —— *Flyes into the woods several ways, pursued by Theeves in Devils habits.*
Enter *Torcular*, weake with bleeding.
Tor. It will not be, ——
My body is a Jade:
I feele it tire and languish under me.
Those thoughts came to my soule
Like Screech-owles to a sick mans window. ——
Enter *Theeves* back agen.
Thee. Here —— here ——
Tor. Oh! I am fetcht away alive. *Exeunt.* *They bind him, and carry him away.*
Enter *Orsabrin.*
Orf. Now the good gods preserve my senses right,
For they were never in more danger:
'Ith name of doubt, what could this be?
Sure 'twas a Conjurer I dealt withall:
And while I thought him busie at his praiers,
'Twas at his circle, levying this Regiment.
Here they are agen. ——
Enter *Samoratt.*
Sam. Friend —— Stranger —— Noble youth ——
Orf. Here —— here ——
Sam. Shift, shift the place,
The wood is dangerous,
As you love safety,
Follow me. —— —— *Exeunt.*
Enter *Philatell.*
Phi. Th' have left the place,
And yet I cannot find the body any where ——
May be he did not kill him then,
But he recover'd strength,

And

And reacht the Towne——
——It may be not too.——
Oh that this houre could be call'd backe agen.
——But 'tis too late,
And time muſt cure the wound that's given by fate.—*Exit.*

Enter *Samoratt*, *Orſabrin*.

Orſ. I'th ſhape of Lions too ſometimes,
And Beares?
Sam. Often Sir.——
Orſ. Pray unriddle.——
Sam. The wiſer ſort doe thinke them Theeves,
Which but aſſume theſe formes to rob
More powerfully.——
Or. Why does not then the State
Set out ſome Forces, and ſuppreſſe them?
Sam. It often has (Sir) but without ſucceſſe.——
Or. How ſo?——
Sam. During the time thoſe leavies are abroad,
Not one of them appeares,
There have been
That have attempted under ground;
But of thoſe, as of the dead
There has been no returne.——
Or. Strange,
Sam. The common people think them a race
Of honeſt and familiar Devils,
For they doe hurt to none,
Unleſſe reſiſted;
They ſeldome take away, but with exchange;
And to the poore they often give,
Returne the hurt and ſicke recover'd
Reward, or puniſh as they doe find cauſe.——
Or. How cauſe?——
Sam. Why Sir, they blind ſtill thoſe they take,
And make them tell the ſtories of their lives;
Which knowne, they doe accordingly.——
Or. You make me wonder! Sir,——

How

How long is't since they thus have troubled yon?

Sam. It was immediately upon
The great deciding day,
Fought 'twixt the two pretending families,
The *Tamorens*, and the *Orfabrins*.

Orf. Ha! *Orfabrin*?

Sam. But Sir, that ſtorie's ſad, and tedious,
W'are entring now the Town,
A place leſſe ſafe then were the Woods,
Since *Torcular* is ſlaine——

Orf. How Sir?——

Sam. Yes.——
He was the Brother to the Princes Miſtris,
The lov'd one too.
If we do prize our ſelves at any rate,
We muſt embarque, and change the clime,
There is no ſafety here.——

Or. Hum.——

Sam. The little ſtay we make
Muſt be in ſome dark corner of the Town:
From whence the day hurried to th'other world,
Wee'l ſally out to order for our journey.
That I am forc'd to this, it grieves me not;
But (gentle youth) that you ſhould for my ſake.——

Or. Sir, loſe not a thought on that,
A ſtorme at Sea threw me on Land,
And now a ſtorme on Land drives me
To Sea agen.——

Sam. Still noble.——*Exeunt.*

Enter *Naſſurat*, *Pellagrin*.

Na. Why? ſuppoſe 'tis to a Wench,
You would not go with me, would you?——

Pella. To chuſe,—— to chuſe,——

Na. Then there's no remedy.—— *Flings downe his hat,*

Pel. What do'ſt meane?—— *(unbuttons himſelf,*

Na. Why? ſince I cannot leave you alive, *(drawes.*
I will trie to leave you dead.

Pella.

Pel. I thanke you kindly Sir, very kindly.
Now the Sedgly curſe upon thee,
And the great Fiend, ride through thee
Booted and Spur'd, with a Sith on his necke;
Pox on thee, I'le ſee thee hang'd firſt;
S'foot, you ſhall make none of your fine
Points of honour up at my charge:
Take your courſe if you be ſo hot.
Be doing.——be doing,——————*Ex.*

Na. I am got free of him at laſt:
There was no other way;
H'as been as troubleſome as a woman that
Would be lov'd whether a man would or not:
And has watcht me as if he had been
My Creditors Sergeant. If they ſhould have diſpatcht
In the meane time there would be fine
Opinions of me.—— I muſt cut his throat
In earneſt, if it ſhould be ſo.——————*Ex.*

Enter *Peridor*, *Tamoren*, with other *Theeves*,
A horne ſounds.

Thee. A prize,—— A prize—— A prize——

Per. Some duell (*Sir*) was fought this morning, this
Weakned with loſſe of bloud, we tooke, the reſt
Eſcap't.——

Tam. Hee's fitter for our Surgeon, then for us,
Hereafter wee'l examine him——
Agen a ſhout.

Thee. A prize,—— A prize—— A prize——
(They ſet them down) *Ardelan*, *Piramont*.

Tam. Bring them, bring them, bring them in,
See if they have mortall Sin,
Pinch them, as you dance about,
Pinch them till the truth come out——

Per. What art?

Ar. Extreamely poore and miſerable.

Per. Tis well, 'tis well, proceed,
No body will take that away from th e,

Feare

Feare not,——what Country?——
Ar.——*Francelia*——
Per. Thy name?——
Ar. *Ardelan.*——
Per. And thine.——
Pira. *Piramont.*——
Per. Thy ſtory,——come——
Ar. What ſtory!——
Per. Thy life, thy life.——————(*Pinch him*)
Ar. Hold, hold,——
You ſhall have it;——————(*he fights*)
It was upon the great defeat
Given by the *Samarats* unto the *Orſabrins*,
That the old Prince for ſafety of the young,
Committed him unto the truſt of *Garradan*,
And ſome few ſervants more,
'Mongſt whom I fil'd a place.——
Tam. Ha! *Garradan!*
Ar. Yes.
Tam. Speake out, and ſet me nearer:
So; void the place, proceed.——
Ar. We put to Sea, but had ſcarce loſt the ſight
Of Land, ere we were made a prey
To Pirates, there *Garradan*
Reſiſting the firſt Boord, chang'd life with death;
With him the ſervants too,——
All but my ſelfe and *Piramont*.
Under theſe Pirats ever ſince
Was *Orſabrin* brought up,
Aud into ſeverall Countries did they carry him.
Tam. Knew *Orſabrin* himſelfe?——
Ar. Oh! no, his ſpirit was too great;
We durſt not tell him any thing,
But waited for ſome accident
Might throw us on *Francelia*,
'Bout which we hover'd often,
And we were neare it now,

But Heaven decreed it otherwise: ——— (he sighs)
Tam. Why dost thou sigh? ——
Ar. Why doe I sigh? (indeed,)
For teares cannot recall him;
Last night about the second watch, the
Winds broke loose,
And vext our Ships so long,
That it began to reele and totter,
And like a drunken man,
Tooke in so fast his liquor,
That it sunke downe i'th place. ——
Tam. How did you scape? ——
Ar. I bound my selfe unto a maste,
And did advise my Master to doe so,
For which he strucke me only,
And said I did consult too much with feare. ——
Tam. 'Tis a sad story. ——— (within there.)
Let them have Wine and
Fire, —— but hearke you, ——— (whispers)
Enter *Theeves.*
With a *Poet.*
The. A Prize, —— A prize, —— A prize. ——
Per. Set him downe, ——
Poet. —— Sings. ——
—— And for the blew, ——
Give him a Cup of Sacke, 'twill mend his hew. ——
Per. Drunk as I live. ——— (Pinch him, pinch him.)
What art? ——
Poet. I am a Poet,
A poore dabler in Rime. ——
Per. Come confesse, confesse;
Poet. I doe confesse, I doe want money.
Per. By the description hee's a Poet indeed.
Well proceed. ——— (Pinch him.)
Poet. What d'you meane? ——
Pox on you.
Prethee let me alone,

Some

Some Candles here,——
And fill us t'other Quart, and fill us
Rogue, Drawer, t'other Quart,
Some ſmall Beere.——
And for the blew,
Give him a Cup of Sack 'twill mend his hew.——?
Tam. Set him by till hee's ſober.
Come let's go ſee our Duelliſt
Dreſt.——*Exeunt.*

Enter *Tayler*, two *Sergeants*.

Tay. Hee's ſomething tall, and for his Chin,
It has no buſh below:
Marry a little wooll, as much as an unripe
Peach doth weare;
Juſt enough to ſpeak him drawing towards a man.——
Ser. Is he of furie?
Will he foine,
And give the mortall touch?
Tay. Oh no,
He ſeldome weares his Sword.
Ser. Topo is the word if he do;
Thy debt, my little *Mirmidon*?
Tay. A yard and a halfe I aſſure you without abatement.
Ser. 'Tis well, 'tis wondrous well;
Is he retir'd into this houſe of pleaſure?
Tay. One of theſe hee's entred;
'Tis but a little waiting,
You ſhall find me at the next Taverne.——*Exit.*
Ser. Stand cloſe, I here one commiug.

Enter *Orſabrin*.

Or. This houſe is ſure no Seminary for *Lucreces*;
Then the Matron was ſo over diligent,
And when I ask't for meate or drinke,
Shee look't as if I had miſtooke my ſelfe,
And cal'd for a wrong thing.
Well, 'tis but for a night, and part of it I'le ſpend
In ſeeing of this Towne,

So

So famous in our Tales at Sea.——

Ser. Looke, looke, mufled, and as melancholy after't
As a Gamefter upon loſſe; upon him, upon him,

Or. How now my friends,
Why do you uſe me thus?

Ser. Quietly; 'twill be your beſt way.

Or. Beſt way? for what?

Ser. Why, 'tis your beſt way,
Becauſe there will be no other,
Topo is the word,
And you muſt along.——

Or. Is that the word?
Why then this is my Sword.——————*(Run away)*

Ser. Murder, murder, murder;
H'as kil'd the Princes Officer,
Murder—Murder—Murder—

Or. I muſt not ſtay,
I heare them ſwarme.——————*Exit.*

Enter *Conſtable, People.*

Con. Where is he, where is he?

Ser. Here,—here,—oh a Man-mender,
A Man-mender,
Has broacht me in ſo many places,
All the Liquor in my body will run out.

Con. In good ſooth (neighbour) has tapt you at the
Wrong end too;
He has been buſie with you here behind,
As one would ſay; lend a hand ſome of you,
And the reſt follow me.——————*Exeunt.*

Enter *Orſabrin.*

Or. Still purſu'd I
Which way now?
I ſee no paſſage;
I muſt attempt this wall,——
Oh—a luckie doore,
And open.——————*Exit.*

Enters

Enter agen.

Where am I now?
A garden, and a handsome house,
If't be thy will a Porch too't,
And I'm made;
'Twill be the better lodging of the two.——(goes to the Porch)

Enter Maid.

Phemilia. Oh! welcome, welcome Sir,
My Lady hath been in such frights for you.
Or. Hum! for me?
Phe. And thought you would not come to night?
Or. Troth, I might very well have fail'd her:
Phe. Shee's in the Gallery alone i'th darke.
Or. Good, very good.
Phe. And is so melancholly,——
Or. Hum.——
Phe. Have you shut the Garden doores?
Come I'le bring you to her, enter, enter.——
Or. Yes, I will enter:
He who has lost himselfe makes no great venter.——*Exit.*

Act II.

Enter *Sabrina*, *Orsabrin.*

Sab. OH welcome, welcome, as open aire to prisoners,
I have had such feares for you.
Or. Shees warme, and soft as lovers language:
She spoke too, pretily;
Now have I forgot all the danger I was in.——
Sab. What have you done to day (my better part)
Or. Kind little Rogue!
I could say the finest things to her me thinks,
But then she would discover me,
The best way will be to fall too quietly.——(*kisses her*)
Sab. How now my *Samorin*,

Wha

What saucy heat hath stolne into thy bloud,
And heightned thee to this?
I feare you are not well.——
Or. S'foot! 'tis a *Platonique*:
Now cannot I so much as talke that way neither.
Sab. Why are you silent, Sir?
Come I know you have been in the field to day.
Or. How does she know that?——
Sab. If you have kill'd my brother, speak:
It is no new thing that true Love
Should be unfortunate:
Or. 'Twas her brother I kill'd then,
Would I were with my Devils agen:
I got well of them,
That will be here impossible.——
Enter *Phemilia.*
Phe. Oh! Madam, Madam,
Y'are undone;
The garden wals are scal'd,
A floud of people are entring th'house.
Or. Good——why here's variety of ruine yet.——
Sab. 'Tis so,
The Feet of Justice
Like to those of time,
Move quick,
And will destroy I fear as sure:
Oh Sir, what will you do?
There is no ventring forth,
My Closet is the safest,
Enter there,
While I goe down and meet their furie,
Hinder the search if possible.—————— *Exit.*
Or. Her Closet,
Yea, where's that?
And, if I could find it,
What should I do there?
Shee will return,——

I will venture out.——————————*Exit.*

{Enter the *Prince*, *Philatell*, *Phontrell*, *Company*, *Musique*.}

Phi. The lightest aires; 'twill make them
More secure.——
Upon my life hee'l visit her to night.—— {*Musick plain and sings.*
Prin. Nor shee, nor any lesser light
Appears,——
The calme and silence 'bout the place,
Perswades me she does sleep.
Phi. It may be not; but hold,
It is enough,——let us retire.
Behind this Pillar, *Phontrell*, is thy place,
As thou didst love thy Master shew thy care;
You to th'other Gate,
There's thy Ladder.——————————*Exeunt.*

Enter *Sabrina*.

Sab. Come forth my *Samorat*, come forth,
Our feares were false,
It was the Prince with Musick.
Samorat, *Samorat*,
He sleeps,——*Samorat*,
Or else hee's gon to find me out
I'th Gallery, *Samorat*, *Samorat*; it must be so.——*Exit.*

Enter *Orsabrin*.

Orf. This house is full of Thresholds,
And trap-doores.
I have been i'th Celler,
Where the Maids lie too,
I laid my hand groping for my way
Upon one of them,
And she began to squeak;
Would I were at Sea agen i'th storm.
Oh! a doore:
Though the Devill were the Porter,
And kept the Gate, I'de out.——

Or

Enter *Samorat.*

Or. Ha! guarded? taken in a trap?
Nay, I will out,
And there's no other
But this.——————————— { *Retires and draws, runs at him; Another passe, they close.*

Sam. *Philatell* in ambush on my life——

Enter *Sabrina*, and *Phemillia* with a light.

Sab. Where should he be?
Ha!———
Good Heavens what spectacle is this? my *Samorat*!
Some apparition sure,——————— { *They discover one another by the light, throw away their weapons, and embrace.*

Sam. My noble friend!
What angry and malicious Planet
Govern'd at this point of time?——

Sab. (My wonder does grow higher)

Or. That which governs ever:
I seldome knew it better.

Sam. It does amaze me Sir, to find you here.
How entred you this place?

Or. Forc't by unruly men i'th street,

Sab. Now the mistake is plain.

Or. Are you not hurt?

Sam. No——but you bleed?

Or. I do indeed,
But 'tis not here,
This is a scrach,
It is within, to see this beauty;
For by all circumstance, it was her brother
Whom my unlucky Sword found out to day.

Sab. Oh! my too cruell fancy ——————(*weeps*)

Sam. It was indeed thy Sword, but not thy fault;
I am the cause of all these ils.
Why d'you weep *Sabrina*?———

Sab. Unkind unto thy self, and me,
The tempest, this sad news has rais'd within me,
I would have laid with teares,
But thou disturb'st me,——

Oh! *Samorat*,
Had'ſt thou conſulted but with love as much
As honour, this had never been.
Sam. I have no love for thee that has not had
So ſtrict an union with honour ſtill,
That in all things they were concern'd alike,
And if there could be a diviſion made,
It would be found
Honour had here the leaner ſhare:
'Twas love that told me 'twas unfit
That you ſhould love a Coward.
Sab. Theſe handſome words are now
As if one bound up wounds with ſilke,
Or with fine knots,
Which do not help the cure,
Or make it heale the ſooner:
Oh! *Samorat* this accident
Lies on our love,
Like to ſome foule diſeaſe,
Which though it kill it not,
Yet will't deſtroy the beauty;
Diſfigur't ſo,
That 'twill looke ugly to th'world hereafter.—
Sam. Muſt then the Acts of Fate be crimes of men?
And ſhall a death he pull'd upon himſelfe,
Be laid on others?
Remember Sweet, how often
You have ſaid it in the face of Heaven,
That 'twas no love,
Which length of time, or cruelty of chance,
Could leſſen, or remove.
Oh kill me not that way *Sabrina*,
This is the nobler;
Take it, and give it entrance any where—— { *Kneeles and preſents his Sword.*
But here,
For you ſo fill that place,
That you muſt wound your ſelfe.——

Or.

Or. Am I so slight a thing?
So bankerupt?
So unanswerable in this world?
That being principally i'th debt,
Another must be call'd upon,
And I not once look't after?
Madam, why d'you throw away your Tears
On one that's irrecoverable?
Sab. Why? therefore Sir,
Because hee's irrecoverable.
Orf. But why on him?
He did not make him so.
Sab. I do confesse my anger is unjust,
But not my sorrow Sir.
Forgive these tears my *Samorat*,
The debts of nature must be paid,
Though from the stock of love:
Should they not Sir?
Sam. Yes.——
But thus the precious minutes passe,
And time, e're I have breath'd the sighs
Due to our parting,
Will be calling for me.
Sab. Parting?——
Sam. Oh yes *Sabrina*, I must part,
As day does from the world,
Not to return till night be gone,
Till this dark cloud be over;
Here to be found,
Were foolishly to make a present
Of my life unto mine enemy,
Retire into thy Chamber fair,
There thou shalt know all.——
Sab. I know too much already.——*Exeunt.*

Enter *Phontrell.*

Hold rope for me, and then hold rope for him.
Why, this is the wisdome of the Law now,

A Prince loſes a Subject, and does not
Think himſelfe paid for the loſſe,
Till he loſes another:
Well I will do my endeavour
To make him a ſaver;
For this was *Samorat*.——————*Exit.*

Enter *Samorat*, *Orſabrin* bleeding.

Or. Let it bleed on,——you ſhall not ſtir I ſwear.——
Sam. Now by the friendſhip that I owe thee,
And the gods beſide, I will
Noble youth; were there no danger in thy wound,
Yet would the loſſe of bloud make thee
Unfit for travell.
My ſervants waite me for direction,
With them my Surgeon, I'le bring him inſtantly,
Pray go back.——————*Exeunt.*

Enter *Philatell*, *Guard*.

Phil. There.——————(*places them at*
You to the other Gate, (*the door.*
The reſt follow me.——————*Exeunt.*

Enter *Orſabrin*, *Sabrina*.

Sab. Heark, a noiſe Sir.
This tread's too loud to be my *Samorats*.

Enter the *Searchers* to them.

Searchers. (Which way?——which way?)——
Sab. Some villany in hand.
Step in here Sir, quick, quick.——*Locks him in her Cloſet.*

{Enter *Philatell*, *Guard*, and paſſe o're the Stage.}

Phi. Look every where.—— {*Philatell dragging out his Sister.*
Protect thy brothers murderer?
Tell me where thou haſt hid him,
Or by my fathers aſhes I will ſearch
In every veine thou haſt about thee, for him.——

Enter *Orſabrin*. {*Orſabrin beates three at the door, it flies open.*

Or. Ere ſuch a villany ſhould be
The gods would lend unto a ſingle arme

Such

Such ſtrength, it ſhould have power to puniſh
An Army ſuch as thou art.——
Phi. Oh! are you here Sir?——
Or. Yes, I am here Sir.——(*fight*)
Phil. Kill her.——(*She interpoſes*)
Or. Oh! ſave thy ſelfe fair excellence,
And leave me to my Fate.
Baſe.—— { *The Guard comes behind him, catches hold of his armes.*
Phi. So bring him one,
The other is not farre,——*Exeunt.*

Enter *Sabrina. Phemillia.*

Sab. Run, run, *Phemillia*
To the Garden wals,
And meet my *Samorat*,
Tell him, oh tell him any thing,
Charge him by all our loves
He inſtantly take Horſe,
And put to Sea,
There is more ſafety in a ſtorm,
Then where my brother is. *Exeunt.*

Act III.

Enter *Peridor* and the other *Theeves.*

Thee. A Prize,——A prize, A prize,—— { *Straw. lead in, they dance about him and ſing.*
Per. Bring him forth, bring him forth;
Welcome, welcome, mortall wight,
To the Manſion of the night:
Good or bad, thy life diſcover,
Truly all thy deeds declare;
For about thee Spirits hover
That can tell, tell what they are.
——Pinch him, if he ſpeak not true.
——Pinch him, pinch him black and blew.
Per. What art thou?

Stra. I was a man.

Per. Of whence? ——

Str. The Court. ——

Pe. Whether now bound?

Str. To my own house.

Per. Thy name?

Str. Stramador.

Per. Oh you fill a place about his Grace,
And keep out men of parts, d'you not?

Str. Yes. ——

Per. A foolish Utensill of State,
Which like old Plate upon a Gaudy day,
'Sbrought forth to make a shew, and that is all;
For of no use y'are; y'had best deny this.

Str. Oh no! ——

Per. Or that you do want wit,
And then talke loud to make that passe for it;
You think there is no wisdome but in form;
Nor any knowledge like to that of whispers:—

Str. Right, right.

Per. Then you can hate, and fawn upon a man
At the same time,
And dare not urge the vices of another,
You are so foule your selfe;
So the Prince seldome hears truth.

Str. Oh! very seldome.

Per. And did you never give his Grace odde Counsels?
And when you saw they did not prosper,
Perswade him take them on himselfe. ——

Str. Yes, yes, often. ——

Per. Get baths of Sulphur quick,
And flaming oyles,
This crime is new, and will deserve it.
He has inverted all the rule of State,
Confounded policie;
There is some reason why a Subject
Should suffer for the errours of his Prince;

But

But why a Prince ſhould bear
The faults of's Miniſters, none, none at
All. ——— Cauldrons of Brimſtone there.
Thee. Great Judge of this infernall place
Allow him yet the mercy of the Court.
Str. Kind Devill. ———
Per. Let him be boil'd in ſcalding lead a while,
T'enure, and to prepare him for the other.
Str. Oh! hear me, hear me.
Per. Stay!
Now I have better thought upon't,
He ſhall to earth agen:
For villanie is catching, and will ſpread:
He will enlarge our Empire much,
Then w'are ſure of him at any time.
So 'tis enough——where's our Governour? ——*Exeunt.*

{ Enter *Goalor*, *Samorat*, *Naſſurat*. }
{ *Pellegrin*, three others in diſguiſe }

Go. His hair curles naturally,
A handſome youth. ———
Sam. the ſame, ——— ——— *(drinkes to him.*
Is there no ſpeaking with him?
He owes me a trifling ſumme. ———
Go. Sure Sir the debt is ſomething deſperate,
There is no hopes he will be brought
To cleare with the world,
He ſtruck me but for perſwading him
To make even with Heaven,
He is as ſurly as an old Lion,
And as ſullen as a Bul-inch,
He never eat ſince he was taken——Gentlemen
Sam. I muſt needs ſpeak with him,
Heark in thy eare, ———
Goa. Not for all he world.
Sam. Nay, I do but motion ſuch a thing,
Goa. Is this the buſineſſe Gentlemen?
Fare you well ———

Sam.

Sam. There is no choice of waies then.— { *Run after him draw their daggers set it to his Breast.*
Stir not, if thou but think'st a noise,
Or breath'st aloud, thou breath'st thy last.
So bind him now.———*They bind the Gealer*
Undoe, quickly, quickly,
His Jerkin, his Hat.
Na. What will you do?
None of these Beards will serve,
There's not an eye of white in them.
Pell. Pull out the Silver'd ones in his
And stick them in the other.
Na. Cut them, cut them out,——— { *They put a false Beard on the Gealer.*
The bush will sute well enough
With a grace still.
Sam. Desperate wounds must have desperate
Cures, extremes must thus be serv'd,——
You know your parts. *Exit.*
Na. Feare not, let us alone.———
They sing a Catch.
Some drink,——what Boy——some drink,——
Fill it up, fill it up to the brink,
When the Pots cric clink,
And the Pockets chink,
Then 'tis a merry world.
To the best, to the best, have at her,
And a Pox take the Woman-hater.——
The Prince of darknesse is a Gentleman,
Mahu, Mahu *is his name.*
How d'you Sir?
You gape as you were sleepy,
Good faith he looks like an———*O yes*
Pell. Or as if he had overstrain'd himselfe
At a deep note in a Ballad.———
Na. What think you of an Oyster at a low ebb?
Some liquor for him;
You will not be a Pimpe for life you Rogue,
Nor hold a doore to save a Gentleman,

You

You are——Pox on him, what is he *Pellagrin*?
If you love me, let's ſtifle him,
And ſay 'twas a ſudden judgement upon him
For ſwearing; the poſture will confirm it.
Pell. We're in an excellent humour,
Let's have another bottle,
And give out that *Anne* my wife is dead,
Shall I Gentlemen?——
Na. Rare Rogue in Buckram, let me bite thee,
Before me thou ſhalt go out wit,
And upon as good terms
As ſome of thoſe in the Ballad too.——
Pell. Shall I ſo?——Why then foutree for the Guiſe,
Saines ſhall accrew, and ours ſhall be,
The black-ey'd beauties of the time.
I'le tickle you for old ends of Plaies:——
They Sing.
A Round,——*A Round,*——*A Round,*——
A Round,——*A Round,*——*A Round,*——
Some bodie's at door, } *knocking at the doore.*
Prethee, prethee, Sirra, Sirra,
Trie thy skill.
Na. Who's there?
Enter a *Meſſenger.*
Meſſen. One *Sturgelet* a Goaler here?——
Na. Such a one there was my friend,
But hee's gone above an houre ago:
Now did this Rogue whiſper in his heart
That's a lie,——and for that very reaſon
I'le cut his throat.——
Pell. No prethee now,——for thinking?
Thou ſhalt not take the pains, the Law ſhall do't——
Na. How,——how?——
Pell. Marry wee'l write it over when we're gone,
He joyn'd in the plot, and put himſelfe
Into this poſture, meerly to diſguiſe it to
The world.——

Na.

Na. Excellent,
Here's to thee for that conceit;
Wee ſhould have made rare Stateſmen,
Wee are ſo witty in our miſchiefe.
Another ſong, and ſo lets go,
It will be time.

——They Sing.——

A health to the Nut-brown Laſſe,
With the hazle eyes, let it paſſe.
Shee that hath good eyes
Has good thighs,
Let it paſſe,——let it paſſe.——

As much to the lively Grey,
'Tis as good it'h night as day,
Shee that has good eyes,
Has good thighs,
Drink away,——drink away.——

I pledge, I pledge, what ho ſome Wine,
Here's to thine, and to thine,
The colours are Divine.——
But oh the black, the black,
Give me as much agen, and let't be Sack:
Shee that has good eyes,
Has good thighs,
And it may be a better knack.——

Enter a *Drawer.*

Na. A reckoning Boy.——— { They knocke. Paies him the reckoning.
There.———
Doſt heare?
Here's a friend of ours 'has forgotten himſelfe
A little (as they call it)
The Wine has got into his head,
As the froſt into a hand, he is benumm'd,
And has no uſe of himſelfe for the preſent.

Boy. Hum Sir.——(*Smiles.*

Na. Prethee lock the doore, and when he

Comes

Comes t'himselfe,
Tell him he shall find us at the old place,
He knowes where.
Boy. I will Sir.——*Exeunt.*
Enter *Orsabrin*, in Prison.
Or. To die! I, what's that?
For yet I never thought on't seriously;
It may be 'tis.——hum.——
It may be 'tis not too.——
Enter *Samorat*, as the Goaler, he undoes his Fetters.
Ha.——(*as amaz'd.*)
What happy intercession wrought this change?
To whose kind prayers owe I this my friend?
Sam. Unto thy vertue——Noble youth
The gods delight in that as well as prayers.
I am——
Or. Nay, nay,——
Be what thou wilt,
I will not question't:
Undoe, undoe.
Sam. Thy friend *Samorat*.
Or. Ha?
Sam. Lay by thy wonder,
And put on these cloathes,
In this disguise thou'lt passe unto the
Prison-gates, there you shall find
One that is taught to know you;
He will conduct you to the corner
Of the wood, and there my horses wait us.——
I'le throw this Goaler off in some odde place,
Or. My better Angell.——*Exeunt.*
Enter *Peridor* with the other *Theeves*
Per. It is e'en as hard a world for Theeves
As honest men,——nothing to be got——
No prize stirring.——
1. *Thee.* None, but one with horses,
Who seem'd to stay for some

That

That were to come,
And that has made us wait thus long.
Per. A lean dayes work, but what remedy?
Lawyers that rob men with their own consent,
Have had the same:
Come, call in our Perdues,
We will away.——————(*They whistle.*)
Enter *Orsabrin*, as seeking the horses.
Or. I heare them now,
Yonder they are.——
Per. Hallow, who are these?
Any of ours?
Thee. No, stand close,
They shall be presently.
Yield,——yield,——
Or. Agen betraid? there is no end of my misfortune,
Mischiefe vexes me
Like a quotidian,
It intermits a little, and returns
E're I have lost the memory of
My former fit.——
Per. Sentences, sentences,
Away with him,—Away with him.——*Exeunt.*
Enter *Goaler*, *Drawers*, over the Stage.
Go. I am the Goaler, undone, undone,
Conspiracie, a cheat, my prisoner, my prisoner.——*Exeunt.*
Enter *Samorat*.
Sam. No men? —— nor horses? ——
Some strange mistake,——
May be th are sheltred in the wood.——
Enter *Peridor* and other *Theeves* examining the young Lord *Torcular* that was hurt.
Perid. And if a Lady did but step aside,
To fetch a Masque or so,
You follow'd after still,
As if shee had gone proud?
Ha, is't not so?——

Tor.

Tor. Yes.——
Per. And if you were us'd but civillie in a place,
You gave out doubtfull words upon't,
To make men think you did enjoy.——
Tor. Oh! yes, yes.
Per. Made love to every piece of cried-up beauty,
And swore the same things over to them.
Tor. The very same.——
Per. Abominable.
Had he but sworn new things yet, 'thad beene
Tollerable.——
One of them reads the summe of the Confession.
Th. Let me see,——let me see.
Hum.
Court Ladies Eight,
Of which two great ones.——
Country Ladies twelve.
Tearmers all.——
Per. Is this right?
Tor. Very right.
Per. Citizens wives of severall trades,
He cannot count them.——
Camber maides, and Country wenches,
About thirty:——
Of which the greater part,
The night before th'were married,
Or else upon the day.
Per. A modest reckoning, is this all?
Tor. No.——
I will be just t'a scruple.
Per. Well said,——well said,——
Out with it.——
Tor. Put down two old Ladies more.
Per. I'th name of wonder,
How could he think of old,
In such variety of young?
Tor. Alas I could never be quiet for them.

Per. Poore Gentleman.
Well what's to be done with him now?
Shall he be thrown into the Cauldron
With the Cuckolds,
Or with the Jealous?
That's the hotter place.
Per. Thou mistakes't,
'Tis the same, they go together still:
Jealous and Cuckolds differ no otherwise
Then Sheriffe and Alderman;
A little time makes th'one th'other.
What think you of Gelding him,
And sending him to earth agen,
Amongst his women?
'Twould be like throwing a dead flie
Into an Ants nest.
There would be such tearing, pulling,
And getting up upon him,
They would worry the poor thing to death.——
Th. 1. Excellent,
Or leave a string, as they do sometimes
In young Colts;
Desire and impotence,
Would be a rare punishment.
Fie, fie, the common disease of age,
A very old man 'has it.
Enter *Tamerin* and more *Theeves*, leading *Orsabrin*.
A prize,——A prize,——A prize,—— *Horns blow, Brasse Pots beat on,*
Ors. This must be Hell by the noise.
Ta. Set him down, set him downe;
Bring forth the newest wrack,
And flaming pinching Irons,
This is a stubborn peece of flesh,
'Twould have broke loose.
Or. So, this comes of wishing my selfe
With Devils agen.——
Per. What art?——

Or.

Or. The ſlave of Chaunce,
One of Fortunes fooles;
A thing ſhe kept alive on earth
To make her ſport.
Per. Thy name?
Or. *Orſabrin.*
Per. Ha! he that liv'd with Pirats?
Was lately in a ſtorme?
Or. The very ſame.——
Ta. Such reſpect as you have paid to me,—— (whiſpers with Perides.
Prepare to Revels, all that can be thought on,
But let each man ſtill keep his ſhape.—— *Exit.*
They unbind him, all bow to him.
Muſicke, and a Dance.
Or. Ha!
Another falſe ſmile of Fortune?—— (They bring out ſeverall ſuits of clothes, and a banquet.
Is this the place the gowned Clerkes
Doe fright men ſo on earth with?
Would I had been here before.
Maſter Devill,
To whoſe uſe are theſe ſet out?
Per. To yours Sir.
Or. I'le make bold to change a little,—— (*takes a hat.*
Could you not affoord a good plaine Sword (*dreſſes himſelf.*
To all this gallantry?——
Per. Wee'l ſee Sir.
Or. A thouſand times civiller then men,
And better natur'd.
Enter *Tamoren, Reginella.*
Tam. All leave the roome.——
Per. I like not this.—— *Exeunt.*
Tam. *Cupid* doe thou the reſt.
A blunter arrow, and but ſlackly drawne,
Would perfect what's begun;
When young and handſome meet,
—The work's half done.——
Or. She cannot be leſſe then a goddeſſe;

And't muſt be *Proſerpine*:
I'le ſpeak to her, though *Pluto's* ſelfe ſtood by.
Thou beauteous Queen of this dark world,
That mak'ſt a place ſo like a hell,
So like a Heaven, inſtruct me
In what form I muſt approach thee,
And how adore thee. ———

Re. Tell me what thou art firſt: for ſuch a creature
Mine eyes did never yet behold. ———

Or. I am that which they name above a man:
I'th watry Elements I much have liv'd,
And there they term me *Orſabrin*.
Have you a name too? ———

Re. Why do you aske?

Or. Becauſe I'de call upon it in a ſtorm,
And ſave a Ship from periſhing ſometimes.

Re. 'Tis *Reginella*.

Or. Are you a woman too?
I never was in earneſt untill now.

Re. I know not what I am,
For like my ſelfe I never yet ſaw any.

Or. Nor ever ſhall.
Oh! how came you hither?
Sure you were betraied.
Will you leave this place,
And live with ſuch as I am?

Re. Why may not you live here with me?

Or. Yes. ——
But I'de carry thee where there is a glorious light,
Where all above is ſpread a Canopie,
Studded with twinckling Gems,
Beauteous as lovers eyes;
And underneath Carpets of flowry Meads
To tread on. ———
A thouſand thouſand pleaſures
Which this place can ne'er afford thee. ——

Re. Indeed I

Or. Yes indeed.——
I'le bring thee unto shady walks,
And Groves fring'd with Silver purling streams,
Where thou shalt hear soft feathered Quiristers
Sing sweetly to thee of their owne accord.
I'le fill thy lap with early flowers;
And whilst thou bind'st them up mysterious wayes,
I'le tell thee pretty tales, and sigh by thee:
Thus presse thy hand and warm it thus with kisses.

Re. Will you indeed? ——

Tamoren and *Peridor* above with others.

Ta. Fond Girle:
Her rashnesse sullies the glory of her beauty,
'Twill make the conquest cheap,
And weaken my designes;
Go part them instantly,
And bind him as before;
Be you his keeper *Peridore*.

Per. Yes, I will keep him.

Or. Her eyes like lightning shoot into my heart,
They'l melt it into nothing, ere I can
Present it to her; Sweet Excellence.——

Enter *Theeves* and blind him.

Ha! why is this hatefull curtain drawn before my eyes?
If I have sinn'd, give me some other punishment;
Let me but look on her still,
And double it, oh whither, whither do you hurry me?

Per. Madam, you must in.——*(carry him away.*

R. Ay me, what's this? ——
Must!—— *Ex.*

Enter other *Devils.*

Th. 1. We have had such sport;
Yonder's the rarest Poet without,
'Has made all his confession in blank verse;
Not left a God, nor a Goddesse in Heaven,
But fetch't them all down for witnesses;
'Has made such a description of Stix, and the Ferry,

And verily thinks has paſt them.
Enquires for the bleſt ſhades,
And askes much after certaine Britiſh blades,
One *Shakeſpeare* and *Fletcher*:
And grew ſo peremptory at laſt,
He would be carried where they were.
*Th.*2. And what did you with him?
*Th.*1. Mounting him upon a Cowle-ſtaffe,
Which(toſſing him ſomething high)
He apprehended to be *Pegaſus*.
So we have left him to tell ſtrange lies,
Which hee'l turne into verſe;
And ſome wiſe people hereafter into Religion. *Exeunt.*

Act IV.

Enter *Samorat*, *Naſhorat*, *Pellagrin*.

Na. GOod faith 'tis wondrous well,
We have ee'n done like eager diſputers;
And with much adoe
Are got to be juſt where we were.
This is the corner of the wood.
Sa. Ha! 'tis indeed.——
Pell. Had we no walking fire,
Nor ſawcer-ey'd Devill of theſe woods that led us?
Now am I as weary
As a married man after the firſt weeke,
And have no more deſire to move forwards,
Then a Poſt-horſe that has paſt his Stage.
Na. 'Sfoot yonder's the night too, ſtealing away
With her blacke gowne about her:
Like a kind wench, that had ſtaid out the
Laſt minute with a man.
Pel. What ſhall we doe, Gentlemen?
I apprehend falling into this Jaylors
Hands ſtrangely; hee'd uſe us worſe then we did him.
Na. An

Na. And that was ill enough of Conscience;
What thinke you of turning Beggars?
Many good Gentlemen have don't: or Theeves?
Pel. That's the same thing at Court:
Begging is but a kind of robbing th' Exchequer.
Na. Looke foure fathome and a halfe *O O S*—
In contemplation of his Mistres:
There's a Feast, you and I are out now *Pellegrin*,
'Tis a pretty tricke, this enjoying in absence.
What a rare invention 'twood be,
If a man could find out a way to make it reall.
Pel. Dost thinke there's nothing in't as tis?
Na. Nothing, nothing.
Did'st never heare of a dead *Alexander*,
Rais'd to talke with a man?
Love's a learned Conjurer,
And with the glasse of Fancie will doe as strange things?
You thrust out a hand,
Your Mistresse thrusts out another;
You shake that hand, that shakes you agen;
You put out a lip, she puts out hers;
Talke to her, she shall answer you;
Marrie, when you come to graspe all this, it is but ayre.
Sam. It was unluckie,——
Gentlemen, the day appeares,
This is no place to stay in;
Let's to some neighbouring cottage,
'May be the Searchers will neglect
The nearer places,
And this will but advance unto our safety.

Enter *Fidlers.*

Na. Who are there?
Fid. 1. Now if the spirit of melancholy should possesse them,
F. 2. Why if it should,
An honourable retreate.
N. I have the rarest fancie in my head,——
Whether are you bound my friends so early?

Fid. To a wedding Sir.
Na. A Wedding?
I told you ſo.
Whoſe?
Fid. A Country wenches here hard by,
One *Erblins* daughter.
N. Good: *Erblin*: the very place.
To ſee how things fall out.
Hold, here's monie for you.
Harke you, you muſt aſſiſt me in a ſmall deſigne.
Fid. Any thing.
Sam. What do'ſt mean?
N. Let me alone,
I have a plot upon a wench. ———
Fid. Your worſhip is merry.
Na. Yes faith, to ſee her only.
Look you, ſome of you ſhall go back to'th' Town,
And leave us your Coats,
My friend and I am excellent at a little Inſtrument,
And then wee ſing catches rarely.
Pel. I underſtand thee not.
Na. Thou haſt no more forecaſt then a Squirrell;
And haſt leſſe wiſe conſideration about thee.
Is there a way ſafer then this?
Doſt think what we have done
Will not be ſpread beyon i this place with ev'ry light?
Should we now enter any houſe
Thus near the Town, and ſtay all day,
'Twould be ſuſpitious: What pretence have we?
Pel. He ſpeaks reaſon *Samorat*.
Sa. I do not like it.
Should any thing fall out 'twould not look well;
I'de not be found ſo much out of my ſelfe,
So farre from home as this diſguiſe would make me,
Almoſt for cetainty of ſafety.
N. Certainty? Why, this will give it us.
Pray let me govern once.

Sa.

Sa. Well, you ſuffer'd firſt with me, now 'tis my turne.
Pel. Prethee name not ſuffering.
N. Come, come, your Coats,
Our Beards will ſuite rarely to them:
There's more money,
Not a word of any thing as you tender———
Fid. O Sir.
N. And ſee you carry't gravely too.——
Now afore me *Pellagrins* rarely tranſlated.
'Sfoot they'l apprehend the head of the Baſe Violl
As ſoon as thee, thou art ſo likely,
Onely I muſt confeſſe that has a little the better face.
Pel. Has it ſo? ———
Pox on thee, thou look'ſt like I cannot tell what.
N. Why, ſo I would foole,
Tu'end of my diſguiſe is to have none
Know what I am:
Look, look, a Devill ayring himſelfe. (*Enter a Devill.*
I'le catch him like a Mole ere he can get under ground.
Pel. Naſhorat, Naſhorat.———
N. Pox on that noiſe, hee's earth't.
Prethee let's watch him and ſee
Whether hee'l heave agen.
Pel. Art madde?———
N. By this light, three or four of their skins
And wee'd rob.
Twould be the better way.———
Come, come, let's goe ——————*Exeunt.*

Enter *Captain* and *Souldiers*

Cap. Let the Horſe skirt about this place,
Wee'l make a ſearch within.——————*Exeunt.*

Enter agen.

Now diſperſe
I'th hollow of the wood,
Wee'l meet agen.

Enter *Na. Pe. Sa. Fidlers.*

Sol. Who goes there?

Speake, ——— Oh! th'are Fidlers. ———
Saw you no Men nor Horſe
I'th wood too day, ——— as you came along?
(*Naſhorat* puls one of the Fidlers by the skirt)
Na. Speake, ſpeake Rogue.
Fid. None Sir, ———
Sol. Paſſe on. ——— *Exeunt.*
Na. Gentlemen what ſay you to th'invention now?
I'm a Rogue if I doe not thinke
I was deſign'd for the Helme of State:
I am ſo full of nimble Stratagems,
That I ſhould have ordered affaires, and
Carried it againſt the ſtream of a Faction,
With as much eaſe as a Skippar
Would laver againſt the wind. ——— *Exeunt.*

Enter *Captain* and *Souldiers* meet agen.

Cap. What, no newes of any?
Sol. No, ——— not a man ſtirring.

Enter other *Souldiers.*

Sa how, away, ——— away. ———
Cap. What, any diſcovery?
1 *Sol.* Yes, the Horſe has ſtaid three fellowes,
Fidlers they call themſelves;
There's ſomething in't; they looke ſuſpitiouſly;
One of them has offer'd at confeſſion once or twice,
Like a weake ſtomacke at vomiting,
But 'twould not out. ———
Ca. A little cold yron thruſt downe his throat
Will fetch it up. ———
I am excellent at diſcoverie,
And can draw a ſecret out of a Knave,
With as much dexterity as a Barber-Surgeon
Wood a hollow tooth.
Let's joyne Forces with them. ——— *Exeunt.*

Orſabrin diſcover'd in Priſon bound.

Or. Sure 'tis eternall night with me;
Would this were all too ———

For

For I begin to thinke the reſt is true
Which I have read in books,
And that there's more to follow. ——

Enter *Reginella.*

Re. Sure this is he.——(*Shee unbinds him.*

Or. The pure and firſt created Light
Broke through the Chaos thus.——
Keep off, keep off thou brighter Excellence,
Thou faire Divinity: If thou com'ſt neer,
(So tempting is the ſhape thou now aſſum'ſt)
I ſhall grow ſawcy in deſire agen,
And entertain bold hopes, which will but draw
More, and freſh puniſhment upon me.——

Re. I ſee y'are angry Sir:
But if you kill me too, I meant no ill:
That which brought me hither,
Was a deſire I have to be with you,
Rather then thoſe I live with: This is all
Beleev't.——

Or. With me? Oh thou kind Innocence!
Witneſſe all that can puniſh falſhood,
That I could live with thee,
Even in this darke and narrow priſon:
And think all happineſſe confin'd within the wals.——
Oh, hadſt thou but as much of Love as I!

Re. Of Love? What's that?

Or. Why 'tis a thing that's had before 'tis known;
A gentle flame that ſteales into a heart,
And makes it like one object ſo, that it ſcarce cares
For any other delights, when that is preſent;
And is in paine when 't's gone; thinks of that alone,
And quarrels with all other thoughts that would
Intrude, and ſo divert it.——

Re. If this be Love, ſure I have ſome of it.
It is no ill thing, Is it Sir?

Or. Oh moſt Divine;
The beſt of all the gods ſtrangely abound in't,

And

And Mortals could not live without it:
It is the ſoule of vertue, and the life of life.
Re. Sure I ſhould learne it Sir, if you would teach it.
Or. Alas, thou taught'ſt it me;
It came with looking thus. ——— (*They gaze upon one another.*
Enter *Peridor.*
Per. I will no longer be conceal'd,
But tell her what I am,
Before this ſmooth fac'd youth
Hath taken all the roome up in her heart.
Ha! unbound! and ſure by her!
Hell and Furies.
What ho! — within there. — Enter other *Theeves.*
Practiſe eſcapes?
Get me new yrons to load him unto death.
Or. I am ſo us'd to this,
It takes away the ſenſe of it:
I cannot thinke it ſtrange.
Re. Alas he never did intend to goe.
Uſe him for my ſake kindly:
I was not wont to be deny'd.
Ah me! they are hard hearted all.
What ſhall I doe? I'le to my Governour,
Hee'l not be thus cruell. ——— *Exeunt.*
Enter *Samorat, Naſhorat, Pellagrin.*
Naſ. 'Tis a rare wench, ſhe 'ith blew ſtockings:
What a complexion ſhe had when ſhe was warme —
'Tis a hard queſtion of theſe Country wenches,
Which are ſimpler, their beauties or themſelves.
There's as much difference betwixt
A Towne-Lady, and one of theſe,
As there is betwixt a wild Pheaſant and a tame.
Pel. Right: ———
There goes ſuch eſſenſing, waſhing, perfuming,
Dawbing, to th'other, that they are the leaſt part
Of themſelves.
Indeed there's ſo much ſauce, a man cannot taſte the meat.
Na. Let

Na. Let me kiſſe thee for that;
By this light I hate a woman dreſt up to her height,
Worſe then I doe Sugar with Muskadine:
It leaves no roome for me to imagine;
I could improve her if ſhe were mine:
It looks like a Jade with his taile tyed up with ribbons,
Going to a Faire to be ſold.

Pel. No, no, thou hateſt it out of another reaſon, *Naſhorat.*

Naſ. Prethee, what's that?

Pel. Why th' are ſo fine, th' are of no uſe that day.

Na. Pellagrin is in good feeling.
Sirrah, didſt marke the Laſſe 'ith green upon yellow,
How ſhe bridled in her head,
And danc't a ſtroake in, and a ſtroake out,
Like a young Fillet ſtraining to a pace.

Pel. And how ſhe kiſt,
As if ſhe had been ſealing and delivering her ſelfe up
To the uſe of him that came laſt,
Parted with her ſweet-hearts lips ſtill
As unwillingly, and untowardly,
As ſoft Wax from a dry Seale.

Na. True; and when ſhe kiſſes a Gentleman,
She makes a Curtſey, as who ſhould ſay,
The favour was on his ſide.
What dull fooles are we to beſiege a face
Three moneths for that trifle?
Sometimes it holds out longer, ———
And then this is the ſweeter fleſh too. ———

Enter *Fidlers.*

Fid. You ſhall have horſes ready at the time,
And good ones too (if there be truth in drinke)
And for your Letters, they are there by this. ——

Sa. An excellent Officer. ———

Enter *Wedding.*

Clowne. Tut, tut, tut, (*Dance, in that time*
That's a good one y'faith, not dance? (*enter ſouldiers muffled up*
Come, come, ſtrike up. (*in their cloaks.*

Sa.

Sa. Who are those that eye us so severely?
Belong they to the wedding?
Fid. I know'm not. *(Offer their women to them*
Clo. Gentlemen wil't please you dance? —— *(to dance.*
Sol. No keep your women, wee'l take out others here.
Samorat, if I mistake not.
Sa. Ha! betraid? —— *(A bussle.*
Clo. How now! what's the mater? abuse our Fidlers?
2. *Sol.* These are no Fidlers, fools obey the Princes officers,
Unlesse you desire to go to prison too.
Sa. The thought of what must follow disquiets not at all:
But tamely thus to be surpriz'd
In so unhandsome a disguise? —— *(They carry him away.*
Pel. Is't e'en so? Why then
Farewell the plumed Troops, and the big Wars,
Which made ambition vertue. ——
Nas I, I, let them go, let them go.
Pel Have you ever a stratagem *Nashorat*?
'Twood be very seasonable. What think you now?
Are you design'd for the helme of State?
Can you laver against this Tempest?
Na. Prethee let me alone, I am thinking for life.
Pe. Yes, 'tis for life indeed, would 'twere not.
Cl. This is very strange; Let's follow after,
And see if we can understand it. —— *Exeunt.*

Enter *Peridor*, *Orsabrin.*

Per. A meer Phantasme rais'd by Art to trie thee.
Or. Good kind Devill trie me once more;
Help me to the sight of this Phantasme agen.
Per. Thou art undone.
Wer't thou not amorous in th'other world?
Did'st not love women?
Or. Who did hate them?
Per. Why there's it;
Thou thought'it there was no danger in the sinne,
Because 'twas common.
Above the halfe of that vast multitude

Whic

Which fils this place, Women ſent hither:
And they are highlieſt puniſht ſtill,
That love the handſomeſt.

Or. A very lying Devill this certainly.——

Per. All that had their women with you,
Suffer with us.

Or. By your friendſhips favour though,
There's no juſtice in that:
Some of them ſuffered enough
In all conſcience by'm there.——

Per. Oh, this is now your mirth:
But when you ſhall be pinch't into a gellie,
Or made into a crampe all over,
Theſe will be ſad truths.

Or. He talkes odly now, I do not like it.
Doſt heare? ——
Prethee exchange ſome of thy good counſell
For deeds.
If thou bee'ſt an honeſt Devill,
(As thou ſeem'ſt to be)
Put a Sword into my hand,
And help me to the ſight of this
Apparition agen.——

Per. Well, ſome thing I'le do for thee,
Or rather for my ſelfe. —— *Exeunt.*

Enter two other *Devils.*

1.*D.* Come, let's goe relieve our Poet.

2.*D.* How, relieve him?
Hee's releaſt, is he not?

1.*D.* No, no;
Berſat bethought himſelfe at the mouth of the Cave,
And found he would be neceſſary to our Maſque too night.
Wee have ſet him with his feet in a great tub of water,
In which he dabbles, and believes it to be Helicon:
There hee's contriving i'th honour of *Mercury*,
Who I have told him comes this night of a meſſage
From *Jupiter* to *Pluto*, and is feaſted here by him.

Enter

Enter *Poet* and *Theeves*.

De. Oh, they have fetcht him off.

Po. Carer per so lo carer,
Or he that made the fairie Queene.

1 *Th.* No, none of these:
They are by themselves in some other place;
But here's he that writ *Tamberlane*.

Po. I beseech you bring me to him,
There's something in his Scene
Betwixt the Empresses a little high & clowdie,
I would resolve my selfe.

1 *Th.* You shall Sir.
Let me see — the Author of the *bold Beauchams*,
And *Englands Joy*.

Po. The last was a well writ piece, I assure you,
A Brittane I take it; and *Shakespeares* very way;
I desire to see the man,

1 *Th.* Excuse me, no seeing here.
The gods in complement to *Homer*,
Doe make all Poets poore above,
And we all blind below,
But you shall confesse Sir. Follow. ——— *Exeunt.*

Enter *Peridor*, *Orsabrin*.

Or. Hal light and fresh aire agen? (*Peridor unbinds him*
The place I know too, ——— (*and slips away.*
The very same I fought the Duell in.
The Devill was in the right;
This was a meere Apparition:
But 'twas a handsome one, it left impressions here,
Such as the fairest substance I shall ere behold
Will scarce deface.
Well, I must resolve, but what, or where?
I, that's the question.
The Towne's unsafe, there's no returning thither,
And then the Port ——— (*some passe over hastily.*
Ha! what meanes the busie haste of these?
Honest friend. ——— *Orsabrin cals to one.*

Do'st

Do'ſt heare, ——— No ———
What's the matter pray?

Enter *Clowne.*

Clo. Gentlemen, gentlemen. *Exit.*

Orſ. That's good ſatisfaction indeed,
Prethee good fellow tell me, (*Enter another,*
What cauſes all this hurry? ——— *to him* (*another.*

Clo. One *Samorat* is led to priſon Sir,
And other Gentlemen, about Lord *Torcular.*

Orſ. Ha! *Samorat!*
There is no meane nor end of fortunes malice:
Oh! 'tis inſufferable;
I'm made a boy, whipt on anothers back:
Cruell, I'le not endure't by heaven,
He ſhall not dye for me:
I will not hold a wretched life upon ſuch wretched termes.

Enter *Tamoren, Peyidor,* and others.

Tam. Flie, flie abroad, ſearch every place, and
Bring him backe:
Thou haſt undone us all with thy neglect,
Deſtroi'd the hopes we had to be our ſelves agen;
I ſhall run mad with anger:
Fly, be gone. ——— ——— *Exeunt* all but *Tamoren.*

Enter *Reginella.*

My *Reginella,* what brings you abroad?

Re. Deare Governour? I have a ſute to you.

Ta. To me my pretty ſweetneſſe, what?

Re. You will deny me Sir I feare,
Pray let me have the ſtranger that came laſt in keeping.

Ta. Stranger? Alas hee's gone, made an eſcape.

Re. I fear'd he would not ſtay they us'd him ſo unkindly.
Indeed I would have us'd him better, (*ſhe weeps.*
And then he had been here ſtill.

Tam. Come, doe not weep my girle:
Forget him pretty penſiveneſſe, there will
Come others every day as good as he.

Re. Oh! never: I'le cloſe my ey's to all now hee's gone.

Tam.

Tam. How catching are the ſparks of love? Still this
Miſchance ſhowes more and more unfortunate.
I was too curious.———
Come indeed you muſt forget him,
The gallant'ſt and the goodli'ſt to the eye are not the beſt,
Such handſome and fine ſhapes as thoſe
Are ever falſe and foul within.
Re. Why governour d' you then put
Your fineſt things ſtill in your fineſt Cabinets?
Tam. Pretty Innocence: no, I doe not;
You ſee I place not you there.
Come, no more tears:
Lets in and have a Mate at Cheſſe,
"Diverſion cures a loſſe, or makes it leſſe.———*Exeunt.*

ACT. V.

Enter *Tamoren, Peridor,* and other *Thevees.*

Pe. CRoſt all the High-wayes ſearcht the Woods,
Beat up and downe with as much pain & diligence,
As ever Huntſman did for a loſt Deer.
Ta. A race of criples are y'all,
Iſſue of Snayles, he could not elſe have ſcap't us?
Now, what news bring you?
Th. Sir, we have found him out,
The party is in priſon.
Ta. How? in priſon?
Th. For certain Sir.
It ſeems young *Samorat* and he
Were thoſe that fought the duell t'other day,
And left our *Torcular* ſo wounded there.
For his ſuppoſed death was *Samorat* taken,
Which when this youth had found,
He did attempt to free him (ſcaling the wall
By night) but finding it impoſſible,
Next morning did preſent himſelfe
Into the hands of juſtice, imagining

His

His death that did the fact, an equall sacrifice.
Ta. Brave *Orsabrin.*
Th. Not knowing that the greedy Law ask's more,
And doth prescribe the accessary
As well as principall.
Ta. Just so 'ith' nick? i'th' very nick of time?
Per. Hee's troubled.
Ta. It will be excellent.
Be all in Souldiers habits streight.
Where's *Torcular*?
Th. Forth-comming Sir.
Ta. How are his wounds?
Will they indure the Aire?
Under your gaberdines weare Pistols all,
Per. What does he mean?
Ta. Give me my other habit and my sword.
'Th' least suspected way hast after me.
Th. All?
Tam. All but *Peridor*; I will abroad,
My broken hopes and suff'rings
Shall have now some cure;
Fortune, spite of her selfe shall be my friend,
And either shall redresse, or give them end.——*Exeunt.*
Per. I've found it out,
He doe's intend to fetch this stranger back,
And give him *Reginella*,
Or else——No, no, it must be that
His anger, and the search declare it;
The secret of the prison-house shall out I swear.
I'le set all first on fire,
For middle wayes to such an end are dull.——*Exit.*
Enter *Prince*, *Philatell*, and *Servant*.
Ser. Since she was refus'd to speak with you Sir,
She will not look on any, she languishes so fast.
Her Servants fear shee will not live
To know what does become of him. *Exit.*
Phi. Sir 'tis high time you visit her.

Pri. I cannot look upon her, and deny her.
Phi. Nor need you Sir;
All ſhall appeare to her moſt gracious.
Tell her the former part o'th' Law
Muſt paſſe, but when it comes t'execute,
Promiſe her that you intend to interpoſe.
Pr. And ſhall then *Samorat* live?
Ph. Oh!——
Nothing leſſe! The cenſure paſt,
His death ſhall follow without noiſe:
'Tis but not owning of the fact,
Diſgracing for a time a Secretarie,
Or ſo——the thing's not new——
Put on forgiving looks Sir, We are there ——
Enter *Sabrina's* Chamber.
A mourning ſilence; Siſter *Sabrina*.——
Sab. Hence, hence thou cruell hunter after life:
Thou art a pain unto my eyes, as great
As my dear Mother had when ſhe did
Bring thee forth——And ſure that was
Extreme, ſince ſhe produc't a monſter.
Ph. Speak to her your ſelfe,
Shee's ſo incenſt againſt me,
She will not welcome happineſſe,
Becauſe I bring it.
Pr. Faire ornament of griefe,
Why are you troubled?——
Can you believe there's any thing within
My power which you ſhall mourn for?
If you have any feares, impart them;
Any deſires, give them a name,
And I will give thee reſt:
You wrong the greatneſſe of my love,
To doubt the goodneſſe of it.
Sab. Alas, I doe not doubt your love my Lord,
I feare it; 'tis that which does undoe me.
For 'tis not *Samorat* that's priſoner now,

It is the Princes Rivall;
Oh! for your owne ſake Sir be merciſull:
How poorly will this ſound hereafter,
The Prince did feare another's merit ſo,
Found ſo much vertue in his rivall, that
He was forc't to murder it, make it away?
There can be no addition to you Sir by his death,
By his life there will; You get the point
Of honour; fortune does offer here,
What time perchance cannot agen,
A handſome opportunity to ſhow
The bravery of your minde.———

Pri. This pretty Rhetorick cannot perſwade me (fair one)
To let your *Samorat* live for my ſake:
It is enough, he ſhall for yours.

Sab. Though vertue ſtill rewards it ſelfe, yet here
May it not ſtay for that; but may the gods
Showre on you ſuddenly ſuch happineſſe
That you may ſay, my mercy brought me this.———

Pr. The gods no doubt will heare when you do pray
Streight waies: But here you take their names in vaine,
Since you can give your ſelfe that happineſſe
Which you do aske of them.

Sab. Moſt gracious Sir, do not———

Pr. Hold, I dare not heare thee ſpeak,
For feare thou now ſhould'ſt tell me,
What I do tell my ſelfe;
That I would poorly bargain for any favours;
Retire and baniſh all thy feares,
I will be kind and juſt to thee *Sabrina*,
What s'ere thou prov'ſt to me.

Ph. Rarely acted Sir.———*Ex. Sabr.*

Pr. Ha!———

Ph. Good faith to th'very life.

Pr. Acted?——No,——'twas not acted.

Ph. How Sir?

Pr. I was in earneſt.

I meane to conquer her this way,
The other's low and poor.
Ph. Ha?———
Pr. I told thee 'twould be so before.
Ph. Why Sir, you do not meane to save him?——
P. Yes——I doe——
Samorat shall be releas't immediately.———
Ph. Sure you forget I had a brother Sir,
And one that did deserve Justice at least.
Pr. He did——
And he shall have it:
He that kill'd him shall die———
And 'tis high satisfaction, that; look not——
It must be so———*Exeunt.*

Enter *Stramador*, and *Peridor*.

Per. No Devils *Stramador*,
Believe your eyes———To which
I Cannot be so lost, but
You may call to minde one *Peridor*.
Stra. Ha? *Peridor*? thou didst
Command that day
In which the Tamorens fell.
Per. I did———
Yet *Tamoren* lives.
Stra. Ha?
Per. Not *Tamoren* the Prince, he fell indeed;
But *Tamoren* his brother, who that day
Led our horse:
Young *Reginella* too,
Which is the subject of the suit
You have ingag'd your selfe by oath
The Prince shall grant.
Str. Oh! 'tis impossible,
Instruct me how I should believe thee.
Per. Why thus———
Necessity upon that great defeat
Forc't us to keep the Woods, and hide our selves

In

In holes, which since we much inlarg'd,
And fortifi'd them in the entrance so,
That 'twas a safe retreat upon pursuit:
Then swore we all allegeance to this *Tamoren*.
These habits, better to disguise our selves, we took at first;
But finding with what ease we robb'd,
We did continue 'em, and took an Oath,
Till some new troubles in the State should happen,
Or faire occasion to make known our selves
Offer it selfe, we would appeare no other:
But come, let's not lose
What we shall ne'er recover,
This opportunity———*Exeunt.*

Enter *Nasborat*, and *Pellagin*, in Prison.

Pel. *Nasborat*, you have not thought of any
Stratagem yet?———

Na. Yes I have thought———

Pel. What?———

Na. That if you have any accounts with heaven;
They may go on———
This villanous dying's like a strange tune,
'Has run so in my head,
No wholsome consideration would enter it.
Nothing angers me neither, but that
I passe by my Mistresses window to't.

Pel. Troth, that's unkind.
I have something troubles me too.

Na. What's that?

Per. The people will say as we goe along,
Thou art the properer fellow.
Then I break an oppointment
With a Merchants Wife, but who can help it *Nasborat*?

Na. Yea, who can help it indeed?
She's to blame though 'faith, if she
Does not beare with thee,
In Considering the occasion———

Per. Considering the occasion as you say,

A man would thinke he might be borne with.
There's a Scrivener I should have paid
Some money to, upon my word,
But———

Enter *Orsabrin*, *Samorat*, Princes Servants with *Samorats* releasement.

Or. By faire *Sabrina's* name, I conjure you
Not to refuse the mercy of the Prince———
Sam. It is resolv'd Sir, you know my answer.
Or. Whither am I fallen?
I thinke if I should live a little longer,
I should be made the cause of all the mischiefe
Which should arise to the world——
Hither I came to save a friend,
And by a slight of fortune I destroy him,
My very waies to good prove ills.
Sure I can looke a man into misfortune,
The Plague's so great within me 'tis infectious.
Oh! I am weary of my selfe:
Sir I beseech you yet accept of it,
For I shall be this way a sufferer,
And an executioner too———
Sam. I'le beg of thee no more,
Thou dost beget in me desire to live:
For when I find how much I am behind
In noble acts of friendship,
I cannot chuse but wish for longer time, that I might
Struggle with thee, for what thou hast too clearely now
Got from me, the point of honour——
Oh! it is wisdome and great thrift to dye;
For who with such a debt of friendship and
Of love, as you and my *Sabrina* must expect from me,
Could ere subsist.
Na. They are complementing;
'Stoot they make no more of it,
Then if 'twere who should go in first at
A doore—— I thinke *Pellagrin*, as you and I

Have

Have cast it up, it comes to something more——

Enter *Messenger.*

Mes. Gentlemen, prepare, the Court is setting.

Sam. Friends, this is no time for ceremonie;
But what a racke have I within me to see you suffer.
And yet I hope the Prince will let this anger dye
In me, not to take the forfeiture of you.

Na. If he should, *Pellagrin* and I are resolv'd,
And are ready, all but our speeches to the people,
And those will not trouble us much,
For we intend not to trouble them. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Prince*, *Philatell*, and Attendants.

Pri. Not accept it?
Lose this way too? —— What shall I do?
He makes advantages of mine,
And like a skilfull Tennis-player,
Returnes my very best with excellent designe.
It must not be,
Bring to the Closet here above, the chiefe o'th' Jury:
I'le try another way.—————— *Exeunt.*

Enter *Judges*, *Lawyers*, *Samorat*, *Orsabrin*, *Nashurat*, *Pellagrin.*

Na. Of all waies of destroying mankind
These Judges have the easiest,
They sleepe and do it.

Pel. to my thinking now,
This is but a solemner kind of Puppet-play:
How the Devill came we to be actors in't?
So; it begins.

1 *Judg.* The Princes Councell:
Are they ready?

Law. Here——

Judge Begin then,—— *Prince*, *Philatell* above.

Law. My Lords, that this so great and strange——

Sam. Most reverend Judges,
To save th' expence of breath and time,
And dull Formalities of Law——

I here pronounce my selfe guilty.

[A curtain drawn, *Prince*, *Philatell*, with others appear above]

Pri. Agen he has prevented me ———

Sa. So guilty that no other can pretend a share ——
This noble youth, a stranger to every thing
But Gallantry, ignorant in our Laws and Customes,
Has made perchanch
(In strange severity) a forfeit of himselfe;
But should you take it,
The gods when he is gone will sure revenge it.
If from the stalk you pull this bud of vertue,
Before 't has spread and shewn it selfe abroad,
You do an injury to all mankind;
And publique mischiefe cannot be private Justice.
This man's as much above a common man,
As man's above a beast; And if the Law
Destroyes not man for killing of a beast,
It should not here, for killing of a man.
Oh what mistake 'twoud be!
For here you sit to weed the Cankers out
That would do hurt i'th' State, to punish vice,
And under that y'oud root out vertue too ———

Or. If I doe blush, 'tis not (most gracious Judges)
For any thing which I have done, 'tis for that
This much mistaken youth hath here deliver'd.
'Ts true (and I confesse) I ever had
A little stock of honour (which I still preserv'd)
But that (by leaving me behind alive)
He now most cunningly doe's think to get from me;
And I beseech your Lordships to assist me:
For 'tis most fraudulent all he desires.
Your Lawes I hope are reasonable,
Else why should reasonable men
Be subject to them; and then
Upon what grounds is he made guilty now?
How can he be thought accessary
To th' killing of a man, that did not know
O'th' fighting with him?

Wit-

Witneſſe all thoſe pow'rs which ſearch mens hearts,
That I my ſelfe (untill he beckned me)
Knew nothing of it; if ſuch a thing
As ſacrifice muſt be—why, Man for man's enough:
Though elder times t'appeaſe diviner Juſtice,
Did offer up
(Whither through gallantry, or ignorance)
Vaſt multitudes of Beaſts in ſacrifice,
Yet numbers of Men is ſeldome heard of:
One ſingle *Curtius* purg'd a whole State ſin:
You will not ſay th' offence is now as great,
Or that you ought to be more highly ſatisfied
Then Heaven———

Pr. Brave youths——

Na. Pellagrin, you and I will let our ſpeeches alone.

1 *Judg.* If that the Law were of ſo fine a web,
As wit and fancie ſpin it out to, here,
Then theſe defences would be juſt, and ſave:
But that is more ſubſtantiall,
Of another make———
And Gentlemen, if this be all,
Sentence muſt paſſe———

Enter *Tamoren, Stramador.*

Tam. Orſabrin?

Or. Ha! who names me there?

Tam. A friend: heare me:
I am an Officer in that darke World
From whence thou cam'ſt, ſent
Thus diſguis'd by *Reginella* our faire Queene,
And to redeeme thee.

Or. Reginella!
I'th' midſt of all theſe ills,
How preciouſly that name does ſound?

Tam. If thou wilt ſweare to follow me,
At th'inſtant th' art releaſt,
I'le ſave thee and thy friends, in ſpite of Law.——

Or. Doubt not of that;

Bring

Bring me where *Reginella* is,
And if I follow not, perpetuall misery follow me,
It cannot be a Hell where she appears———
Tam. Be confident.——(*Goes out and brings Torcular.*
Behold (grave Lords) the man
Whose death question'd the life of these,
Found and recover'd by the Theeves 'ith Woods;
And rescued since by us, to rescue Innocence.
Or. Rare Devill,
With that dexteritie h'as raised this
Shape up, to delude them.———
Pr. Ha? *Torcular* alive?
Ph. Torcular?
I should as soon believe my brother
Neer in being too.
Tor. You cannot wonder more to finde me here,
Then I do to find my selfe.
Na. Come unbind, unbinde, this matter's answered.
Indg. 2. Hold: they are not free, the Law exacts
The same for breach of Prison that it did before.
Or. There is no scaping out of fortunes hands.
Doest heare; hast never a trick for this? ——
Ta. Doubt me not, I have without, at my command,
Those which never fail'd me;
And it shall cost many a life yet
Sir, ere yours be lost———

Enter *Prince*, *Philatell*, from above.
Stramador, *Peridor*, *Reginella* meet them below.

Pr. Stramador you have been a stranger here of late.
Str. Peruse this paper Sir, you'l find there was good reason (for't.
Pr. How! old *Tamirens* brother, Captain
Of the Theeves, that has infested thus
Our Country?
Reginella too, the heir of that fear'd Familie!
A happy and a strange discovery.
Ta. Peridor, and *Reginella*, the villaine
Has betrai'd me.

Re.

Re. 'Tis *Orſabrin*, they have kept their words.
Or. Reginella? ſhe was a woman then.
O let me go.
Jay. You do forget ſure what you are.
Or. I do indeed: oh, to unriddle now!
Str. And to this man you owe it Sir,
You find an ingagement to him there;
And I muſt hope you'l make me juſt to him.
Pr. He does deſerve it, ſeize on him.——
Tam. Nay then all truths muſt out.
That I am loſt and forfeit to the Law,
I doe confeſſe,
Yet ſince to ſave this Prince.
Pr. Prince!
Or. (Our *Mephoſto-philus* is mad.)
Ta. Yes Prince, this is the *Orſabrin*.
Or. Ha!
Tam. So long agoe, ſuppoſed loſt,
Your Brother Sir:
Fetch in there *Ardelan* and *Piramont*.
Enter *Ardelan* and *Piramont*.
Na. What madde Planet rules this day!
Ardelan, and *Piramont*?
Or. The Devill's wanton,
And abuſes all mankinde to day.
Ta. Theſe faces are well known to all Francelians,
Now let them tell the reſt.———
Pi. My noble Maſter living! found in Francelia?
Ar. The gods have ſatisfied our tedious hopes.
Ph. Some impoſture.
Or. A new deſigne of fortune———
I dare not truſt it.
Ta. Why ſpeak you not?
Pir. I am ſo full of joy, it will not out.
Know ye Francelians,
When Sanbo the fatall field was fought,
So deſperate were the hopes of *Orſabrin*,

That

That 'twas thought fit to send away this Prince,
And give him safety in another clime;
That spite of an ill day, an *Orsabrin* might be
Preserv'd alive. Thus you all know,
To *Garradans* chiefe charge he was committed:
Who when our Barke by Pyrats was surpris'd,
(For so it was) was slaine i'th'first encounter;
Since that we have been forc't to wait
On Fortunes pleasure.
And Sir, that all this time we kept
You from the knowledge of your selfe,
Your pardon; It was our zeale that err'd,
Which did conclude it would be prejudiciall.

Ar. My Lords, you looke as if you doubted still:
If *Piramont* and I be lost unto your memory,
Your hands I hope are not ——
Here's our Commission:
There's the Diamond Elephant,
That which our Princes Sons are ever knowne by,
Which we to keep him undiscovered,
Tore from his Riband in that fatall day
When we were made prisoners:
And here are those that tooke us,
Which can witnesse all circumstance,
Both how, and when, time and place;
With whom we ever since have liv'd by force:
For on no Kingdome, friend unto *Francelia*,
Did Fortune ever land us, since that houre;
Nor gave us meanes to let our Country know
He liv'd ——

Ta. These very truths, when they could have no ends,
(For they beleev'd him lost)
I did receive from them before,
Which gave me now the boldnesse to appeare
Here, where I'm lost by Law.

Shouts within, { Long live Prince *Orsabrin*,
Long live Prince *Orsabrin*.

Na.

Na. *Pellagrin* let's second this:
Right or wrong 'tis best for us.
Pe. Observe, observe.
Pr. What shouts are those?
Str. Souldiers of *Tamorens* the first;
The second was the peoples, who
Much presse to see their long lost Prince.
Phi. Sir, 'tis most evident, and all agrees.
This was his colour'd haire,
His Aire, though alter'd much with time:
You wear too strange a face upon this newes;
Sir, you have found a brother,
I, *Torcular*, the Kingdome happinesse;
For here the plague of Robberies will end.
It is a glorious day———
Pr. It is indeed, I am amaz'd, not sad;
Wonder doe's keep the passage so,
Nothing will out.
Brother (for so my kinder Stars will have it)
I here receive you as the bounty of the Gods;
A blessing I did not expect,
And in returne to them, this day,
Francelia ever shall keep holy.
Or. Fortune by much abusing me, has
So — dul'd my faith, I cannot
Credit any thing.
I know not how to owne such happinesse.
Pr. Let not your doubts lessen your joyes:
If you have had disasters heretofore,
They were but given to heighten what's to come.
Na. Here's as strange a turne as if 'twere the
Fift Act in a Play.———
Pel. I'm sure 'tis a good turne for us.
Or. Sir, why stands that Lady so neglected there,
(That does deserve to be the businesse of mankind)
Oh ye gods! since you'l be kind
And bountifull, let it be here.

As

Na.

As fearfully, as jealous husbands aske
After some secrets which they dare not know;
Or as forbidden lovers meet i'th' night,
Come I to thee, (and 'tis no ill signe this,
Since flames when they burne highest tremble most)
Oh, should she now deny me!
Re. I know not perfectly what all this meanes;
But I do find some happinesse is neare,
And I am pleas'd, because I see you are—
Or. She understands me not———
Pr. He seemes t'have passion for her.
Ta. Sir, in my darke commands these flames broke out,
Equally violent, at first sight;
And 'twas the hope I had to reconcile my selfe.
Or. It is a holy Magicke that will make
Of you and I but one.——
Re. Any thing that you wou'd aske me, sure I might grant.
Or. Harke Gentlemen she do's consent,
What wants there else?
Pe. My hopes grow cold, I have undone my selfe.
Pr. Nothing, we all joyne in this;
The long liv'd feu'd between the Families
Here dies; this day the Hymenæall
Torches shall burne bright;
So bright, that they shall dimme the light
Of all that went before———
See *Sabrina* too.——— *Enter Sabrina.*
Ta. Sir, I must have much of pardon,
Not for my selfe alone, but for all mine———
Pr. Rise, had'st thou not deserv'd what now thou sust for,
This day should know no clouds.
Peridor kneeles to *Tamoren.*
Tam. Taught by the Princes mercy, I forgive too.
Sab. Frighted hither Sir?
They told me you wou'd not accept the Princes mercy.
Sam. Art thou no further yet in thy intelligence?
See, thy brother lives——
Sab.

Sab. My brother?——

Tor. And 'tis the leaſt of wonders has falne out.

Or. Yes, ſuch a one as you are, faire, (*Reginella looks*
And you ſhall be acquainted. (*at Sabrina.*

Sam. Oh could your hate my Lords, now,
Or your love dye.

Phi. Thy merit has prevail'd with me.

Tor. And me.

Pr. And has almoſt with me.
Samorat, thou doſt not doubt thy Miſtris Conſtancie?

Sam. No Sir.

Pr. Then I will beg of her,
That till the Sun returnes to viſit us,
She will not give away her ſelf for ever.
Although my hopes are faint,
Yet I would have 'em hopes;
And in ſuch jolly houres as now attend us,
I would not be a deſperate thing,
One made up wholly of deſpaire.

Sab. You that ſo freely gave me *Samorats* life,
Which was in danger,
Moſt juſtly, juſtly, may be ſuffer'd to attempt
Upon my love, which is in none.

Pr. What ſaies my noble Rivall?

Sab. Sir, y'are kind in this, and wiſely do
Provide I ſhould not forfeit:
For here is happines enough beſides, to laſt the Sun's return.

Na. You and I are but ſavers with all this *Fellagrin.*
But by the Lord 'tis well we came of as we did,
All was at ſtake——

Pr. Come no more whiſpers here,
Let's in, and there unriddle to each other——
For I have much to aske.

Or. A life! a Friend! a Brother! and a Miſtris!
Oh, what a day was here! gently my Joyes diſtill,
Leſt you ſhould breake the Veſſell you ſhould fill.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

AND how, and how, in faith —— a pretty plot;
And smartly carried through too, was it not?
And the Devils, how, well; and the fighting,
Well too; — a foole, and't had been just old writing.
Oh what a monster-wit must that man have,
That could please all which now their twelve pence gave:
High Characters (cries one) and he would see
Things that ne're were, nor are, nor e're will be.
Romances crie easie-soules, and then they sweare,
The Play's well writ, though scarce a good line's there.
The women — Oh if Stephen *should be kil'd,*
Or misse the Lady, how the plot is spil'd?
And into how many peeces a poore Play
Is taken still before the second day?
Like a strange Beauty newly come to Court;
And to say truth, good faith 'tis all the sport:
One will like all the ill things in a Play,
Another, some o'th' good, but the wrong way;
So from one poore Play there comes to arise
At severall Tables severall Comedies.
The ill is only here, that 't may fall out
In Plaies as Faces; and who goes about
To take asunder oft destroyes (we know)
What altogether made a pretty shew.

FINIS.

BRENNORALT.

A Tragedy.

Presented at the Private House in Black-Friars, by His *Majesties* servants.

WRITTEN
By Sir IOHN SUCKLING.

LONDON,
Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, and are to be sold at his shop, at the Signe of the Princes Armes in St *Pauls* Churchyard.
MDCXLVIII.

The Scene. Poland.

The Actors.

Sigismond — *King of Poland.*

Miesla.
Melidor. } *Councellors to the King.*
A Lord.

Brennoralt —— *a Discontent.*
Doran —— *His friend.*

Villanor.
Grainevert. } *Cavaliers and Officers under Brennoralt.*
Marinell.

Stratheman.
Fresolin, Brother to Francelia.
Iphigene —— *young Palatine of Florence.*
Pallatine of Mensecke Governour, one of the chiefe Rebells.
Pallatine of York a Rebell.
Almerin a gallant Rebell.
Morat, his Lieutenant Coronell.
Francelia, the Governours Daughter.
Orilla, a waiting-woman to Francelia.
Raguelin, A servant in the Governours house, but Spie to Brennoralt.
Jaylor.
Guard.
Souldiers.

Brennoralt.

Act I. Scene I.

Enter *Brennoralt*, *Doran*.

Brennoralt,

I Say, the Court is but a narrow circuit;
Though ſomthing elevate above the common;
A kinde of Ants neſt in the great wild field,
O're charg'd with multitudes of quick inhabi-
Who ſtill are miſerably buſied to get in, (tants,
What the looſe foot of prodigality
As faſt do's throw abroad.

Dor. Good:
A moſt eternall place of low affronts,
And then as low ſubmiſſions,

Bren. Right.
High cowards in revenges 'mongst themselves,
And only valiant when they mischiefe others.
Dor. Stars, that would have no names,
But for the ills they threaten in conjunction.
Bren. A race of shallow, and unskilfull Pilots;
Which do misguide the Ship even in the calme,
And in great stormes serve but as weight to sink it.
More, prethee more. ——————— (*Alarum within.*
Tis musique to my melancholy.

Enter Souldiers.

Sold. My Lord; a clond of dust and men
The Sentinels from th'East gate discover;
And as they guesse, the storme bends this way.
Bren. Let it be.
Sold. My Lord?———
Bren. Let it be,
I will not fight to day:
Bid *Stratheman*, draw to the trenches.
On, prethee on.
Dor. The King imployes a company of formall beards,
Men, who have no other proofes of their
Long life, but that they are old.
Bren. Right, and if th'are wise,
'Tis for themselves, not others——— ——— (*Alarum.*
As old men ever are.

Enter second Souldier.

2 *Sold.* Coronell, Coronell;
Th'enemie's at hand, kils all the Centries:
Young *Almerin* leads them on agen.
Bren. Let him lead them off agen.
2 *Sold.* Coronell.———————
Bren. Be gone.
If th'art afraid, go hide thy selfe.
2 *Sold.* VVhat a Divel ayles he?——(*Exit.*
Bren. This *Almerin's* the ague of the Camp:
He shakes it once a day.

Dor.

Dor. Hee's the ill conſcience rather:
He never lets it reſt; would I were at home agen.
Sfoot we lie here i'th' trenches, as if it were
For a winde to carry us into th' other
World: every houre we expect———
I'le no more on't.

Bren. Prethee———

Dor. Not I, by heaven.

Bren What man! the worſt is but faire death.

Dor. And what wil that amount to? A faire Epitaph.
A fine account———I'le home I ſweare.

Enter Strathman.

Stra. Arme, arme my Lord,
And ſhew your ſelfe, al's loſt elſe.

Dor. Why ſo?

Stra. The Rebels like an unruly floud,
Rowle o're the trenches, and throw down
All before them.

Bre. Ha?

Stra. We cannot make a ſtand.

Bre. He would out-rivall me in honour too,
As well as love; but that he muſt not do.
Help me *Strathman*———*Puts on Armour.*
The danger now growes worthy of our ſwords;
And, oh *Doran*, I would to heaven there were
No other ſtormes then the worſt tempeſt here. *Exeunt.*

Enter Marinell, throwing downe one he carries.

Mari. There;
The Sun's the neareſt Surgeon I know,
And the honeſteſt; if thou recovereſt, why ſo:
If not, the cure's paid, they have mauld us.

Enter Grainevert, with another upon his back.

Grain. A curſe light on this powder;
It ſtayes valour, ere it's halfe way on it's journey:
What a diſadvantage fight we upon in this age?

He that did well heretofore,
Had the broad faire day to ſhew it in :
Witneſſes enough ; we muſt believe one another---
'Tis night when we begin:
Eternall ſmoak and ſulpher.
Smalky ; by this hand I can beare with thee
No longer ; how now? dead as I live;
Stolne away juſt as he us'd to wench.
Well go thy wayes, for a quiet drinker, and dier,
I ſhall never know thy fellow : (*ſearches his*
Theſe trifles too about thee ? *pockets.*
There was never an honeſter poor wretch
Borne I think---look i'th' tother pocket too---hum,
Marinell !

Mar. Who's that ?

Grani. 'Tis I; how goes matters ?

Mar. Scurvily enough ;
Yet ſince our Colonell came, th'ave got no ground
Of us ; A weak Sculler againſt Winde and Tide,
Would have done as much ; hark:
This way the torrent beares. *Exeunt.*

Enter Freſolin, Almerin, Rebels.

Freſ. The Villaines all have left us.

Alm. Would they had left their feares
Behinde them. But once ſince we muſt———

Enter Brennoralt, Souldiers.

Bren Hoe ! *Stratheman* ;
Skirt on the left hand with the horſe,
And get betwixt theſe and that Body ;
They'r new rallied up for reſcue. *Dor.* Th'are ours.

Brennoralt charges through.

I doe not ſee my game yet.——— *Exeunt.*

A ſhout within.

Enter Brennoralt, Doran, Stratheman, Marinell.

Bren. What ſhout is that ?

Stra. They have taken *Almerin*, my Lord.

Bren.

Bren. Almerin? the Devill thank 'em for't:
When I had hunted hard all day,
And now at length unherded the proud Deer,
The Currs have ſnatch't him up; ſound a Retreat:
There's nothing now behinde. Who ſaw *Doran*?

Stra. Shall we bring *Almerin* in?

Bre. No; gazing is low Triumph:
Convey him fairely to the King,
He fought it fairely———

Dor. What youth was that, whom you beſtird my Lord,
And ſav'd from all our ſwords to day?
Was he not of the Enemy?

Bre. It may be ſo———

Str. The Governors Son, *Freſolin* his Miſtris brother. (*In*

Br. No matter who. 'Tis pitty, the rough hand (*Dorans*
Of war, ſhould early courages deſtroy, (*cure.*
Before they bud, and ſhew themſelves i'th'heate
Of Action———

Mar. I threw (my Lord) a youth upon a banke;
Which ſeeking, after the retreate, I found
Dead, and a woman the pretty daughter
Of the Forreſter; *Lucillia.*

Bre. See *Doran*; A ſad experiment:
Woman's the cowardly'ſt and coldeſt thing
The world brings forth: Yet Love, as fire works water,
Makes it boyle o're, and do things contrary
To'ts proper nature—I ſhould ſhed a teare,
Could I tell how—Ah poore *Lucina*!
Thou didſt for me what did as ill become thee.
Pray ſee her gently bury'd———
Boy, ſend the Surgeon to the Tent; I bleed:
What lowſie Cottages th' ave given our ſoules?
Each petty ſtorme ſhakes them into diſorder;
And 't coſts more paines to patch them up agen,
Then they are worth by much. I'm weary of
The Tenement.———*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Villanor, Grainevert, Marinell, and Stratheman.

Gra. Villanor! welcome, welcome, whence cameſt thou?
Vil. Look, I wear the Kings high way ſtill on my boots.
Gra. A pretty riding phraſe! and how? and how?
Ladies cheap?
Vil. Faith, reaſonable:
Thoſe toyes were never dear thou know'ſt;
A little time and induſtry they'l coſt;
But in good faith not much: ſome few there are
That ſet themſelves at mighty rates——
Gra. Which we o'th' wiſe paſſe by,
As things o're-valued in the market.
Is't not ſo? (married.
Vil. Y'have ſaid Sir. Harke you, your friend the Rival's
Has obtain'd the long lov'd Lady, and is ſuch an aſſe after't.
Gra. Hum.
'Tis ever ſo.
The motions of married people, are as of
Other naturals; violent Gentlemen to the place,
And calme in it.
Mar. We know this too; and yet we muſt be fooling.
Gra. Faith, women are the baggage of life:
They are troubleſome, and hinder us
In the great march, and yet we cannot
Be without 'em.
Mar. You ſpeak very well,
And Souldier like.
Gra. What? thou art a wit too I warrant,
In our abſence?
Vil. Hum—no, no, a poor pretender,
A Candidate or ſo, 'gainſt the next Seſſions:
Wit enough to laugh at you here.
Gra. Like enough; valour's a crime:
The wiſe have ſtill reproached unto the valiant
And the fooles too.
Vil. Raillerie a part, Grainvert; What

What accommodations ſhall we finde here?
Gra. Clean ſtraw (ſweet-heart) and meat
VVhen thou canſt get it.
Vil. Hum? ſtraw?
Gra. Yes.
That's all will be betwixt Inceſt:
You, and your mother earth muſt lie together.
V. Prethee let's be ſerious; will this laſt?
How goes affaires?
G. VVell.
V. But well?
G. Faith, 'tis now upon the turning of the ballance:
A moſt equall buſineſſe, betwixt Rebellion
And Loyalty.
V. VVhat doeſt meane?
G. Why; which ſhall be the vertue, and which the vice.
V. How the Divell can that be?
G. Oh: ſucceſſe is a rare paint; hides all the uglines.
V. Prethee, what's the quarrell?
G. Nay, for that excuſe us;
Aske the children of peace,
They have the leiſure to ſtudy it,
We know nothing of it; Liberty they ſay.
V. 'Sfoot, let the King make an Act,
That any man may be married agen;
There's liberty for them. A race
Of half-witted fellowes quarrell about freedom?
And all that while allow the bonds of Matrimony?
G. You ſpeak very well Sir.

Enter King, Lords, Brennoralt.

M. Soft; the King and Councell——
G. Looke, they follow after like tyred ſpannels:
Queſt ſometimes for company; that is, concurre:
And that's their buſines.
M. They are as weary of this ſport
As a young Unthrift of's Land:
Any bargaine to be rid on't.

V. Can

V. Can you blame them? ——
Who 's that?
M. Brennoralt our brave Coronell:
A diſcontent; but, what of that? who is not?
V. His face ſpeaks him one.
G. Thou art i'th' right.
He looks ſtill as if he were ſaying to
Fortune; Huſwife, go about your buſines.
Come, let's retire to *Barathens* Tent,
Taſte a bottle, and ſpeak bold truth;
That's our way now. *Ex. Manet King and Lords.*
Mieſ. ——————Thinke not of pardon Sir,
Rigor and mercy us'd in States uncertainly
And in ill times, looke not like th' effects
Of vertue, but neceſſity: Nor will
They thanke your goodnes, but your feares.—
Meild. My Lords;
Revenge in Princes ſhould be ſtill imperfect:
It is then handſom'ſt, when the King comes to
Reduce, not Ruine——————
Bre. Who puts but on the face of puniſhing,
And only gently cuts, but prunes rebellion,
He makes that flouriſh which he would deſtroy.
Who would not be a Rebell when the hopes
Are vaſte, the feares but ſmall? [*Mel.*] Why, I would not.
Nor you my Lord, nor you, nor any here.
Feare keeps low ſpirits only in, the brave,
Do get above it, when they do reſolve.
Such puniſhments in infancy of war,
Make men more deſperate, not the more yeelding.
The common people are a kind of flyes;
They 're caught with honey, not with wormewood, Sir.
Severity exaſp'rates the ſtirrd'd humour;
And State diſtempers turnes into diſeaſes.
Bre. The gods forbid, great Polands State ſhould be
Such as it dares not take right Phyſick. Quarter
To Rebels? Sir! when you give that to them,

Give

Give that to me, which they deſerve. I would
Not live to ſee it———
3 *Lord.* Turne o're your own, and other Chronicles,
And you ſhall finde (great Sir)
„ That nothing makes a Civill war long liv'd,
"But ranſome and returning back the brands,
Which unextinct, kindled ſtill fiercer fires.
Mieſ. Mercy beſtow'd on thoſe that doe diſpute
With ſwords, do's loſe the Angels face it has,
And is not mercy Sir, but policy;
With a weake vizard on———
King———Y' have met my thoughts
My Lords; nor will it need larger bebate.
To morrow, in the ſight of the beſiedg'd,
The Rebell dyes: *Mieſla*, 'tis your care.
The mercy of Heav'n may be offended ſo,
That it cannot forgive: Mortals much more,
Which is not infinite, my Lords. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iphigene, Almerin (as in priſon.)

Iph. O *Almerin*; would we had never known
The ruffle of the world! but were againe
By Stolden banks, in happy ſolitude;
When thou and I, Shepheard and Shepheardeſſe
So oft by turnes, as often ſtill have wiſht,
That we as eas'ly could have chang'd our ſex,
As clothes; but (alas!) all thoſe innocent joyes,
Like glorious Mornings, are retir'd into
Darke ſullen clouds, before we knew to value
What we had [*Alm.*] Fame and victory are light (*to himſelf.*
Huſwifes, that throw themſelves into the armes,
Not of the valiant, but the fortunate.
To be taine, thus! [*Iph.*] *Almerin* [*Alm.*] nipt 'ith' bud
Of honour! [*Iph.*] My Lord [*Alm.*] Foil'd! and by the man
That doe's pretend unto *Francelia*!
Iph. What is't you do my *Almerin?* ſit ſtill?
And quarrell with the Winds, becauſe there is
A ſhipwrack tow'rds, and never think of ſaving

The

The bark? [*Almer.*] The bark? What should we do with that
When the rich freight is lost? my name in armes?
Iph.——————————Who knowes
What prizes are behinde, if you attend
And waite a second Voyage? [*Alm.*] Never, never:
There are no second Voyages in this,
The wounds of honour do admit no cure.
Iph. Those slight ones which misfortune gives, must needs.
Else why should Mortals value it at all?
For who would toyle to treasure up a wealth,
Which weake inconstancy did keep or might
Dispose of?——— *Enter Melidor.*
Oh my Lord, what news?
Mel. As ill as your own feares could give you;
The Councell has decreed him sudden death,
And all the wayes to mercy are blockt up. (*She weeps*
Alm. My *Iphigene*——— (*and sighs.*
This was a misbecomming piece of love:
Women would manage a disaster better——*Iphig. weeps &*
Againe? thou art unkinde——— (*sighs agen.*
Thy goodnes is so great, it makes thee faulty:
For while thou think'st to take the trouble from me,
Thou giv'st me more, by giving me thine too.
Iph. Alas! I am indeed a useless trifle;
A dull, dull thing: For could I now do any thing
But grieve and pitty, I might help: my thoughts
Labour to finde a way; but like to birds
In cages, though they never rest, they are
But where they did set out at first——
Enter Jaylor.
Iay. My Lords, your pardon:
The prisoner most retire;
I have receiv'd an order from the King,
Denies accesse to any.
Iph.——————————He cannot be
So great a Tyrant. [*Almer.*] I thank him; nor can
He use me ill enough: I only grieve

That

That I must dye in debt; a Bankrupt: Such
Thy love hath made me: My deare *Iphigene*
Farewell: It is no time for Ceremony.
Shew me the way, I must—— (*Exit.*
Iph. Griefe strove with such disorder to get out,
It stopt the passage, and sent back my words
That were already on the place—— [*Melid.*] stay, there
Is yet a way. [*Iph.*] O speake it [*Mel.*] But there is
Danger in't *Iphigene*, to thee high danger.
Iph. Fright children in the dark with that, and let
Me know it: There is no such thing in nature
If *Almerin* be lost. [*Melid.*] Thus then; You must
Be taken pris'ner too, and by exchange
Save *Almerin*.
Iph. How can that be?
Mel. Why—— (*studies.*
Step in, and pray him set his hand, about (*To the Jaylor.*
This distance; his seale too—
Ia. My Lord, I know not what this is.
Mel. Setling of mony-busines, fool, betwixt us.
Jay. If't be no more—— (*Exit.*
Mel. Tell him that *Iphigene* and I desire it:
I'le send by *Strathocles* his servant,
A Letter to *Morat* thus sign'd and seal'd,
That shall informe the sudden execution;
Command him as the only meanes
To save his life, to sally out this night
Upon the quarters, and endeavour prisoners.
Name you as most secure and slightest guarded,
Best pledge of safety; but charge him,
That he kill not any, if it be avoydable;
Least 't should inrage the King to move,
And make his death more certaine. (*Enter Jaylor with*
Jay. He understands you not (*the writing.*
He sayes; but he has sent it.
Melid. So——

Iph. But

Iph. But should *Merat* mistrust now?
Or this miscarry?
Melid.——————Come;
Leave it to me; take the Pilots part;
And reach the Port, or perish in the Art. *Exeunt.*

ACT. II. SCENE I.

Enter Almerin (in Prison.)

Almer. SLeep is as nice as woman;
The more I court it, the more it flies me;
Thy elder brother will be kinder yet,
Unsent for death will come.—To morrow— —
Well——What can to morrow doe?
Twill cure the sense of honour lost———
I, and my discontents shall rest together;
What hurt is there in this?
But, death against the will,
Is but a slovenly kinde of potion;
And though prescrib'd by Heaven,
It goes against mens stomacks:
So does it at foure score too; when the soule's
Mew'd up in narrow darknes,
Neither sees nor hears,—pish, 'tis meer fondnes in our nature:
A certain clowniſh cowardise, that still,
Would stay at home, and dares not venture
Into forreigne Countries, though better then
It's own,——ha, what Countries? for we receive
Descriptions of th'other world from our Divines,
As blinde men take relation of this from us:
My thoughts leade me in the dark,
And there they'l leave me, I'le no more on't,
Within, (*Knocks*) *Enter.*
Some paper and a light, I'le write to th'King:
Desire

Defie him, and provoke a quick diſpatch.
I would not hold this ling'ring doubtfull State
So long againe, for all that hope can give.
Enter three of the Guard (with paper and inck)
That ſword does tempt me ſtrongly—— *writing.*
Wer't in my hands, 'twere worth th'other two.
But then the Guard,—it ſleeps or drinks; may be
To contrive it ſo that if I ſhould not paſſe,——
Why if I fall in't,
'Tis better yet then Pageantry;
A ſcaffold and ſpectators; *One of the Guard peeps over his ſhoulder.*
more ſouldier like——
Uncivill villaine, read my Letter?—— *(Seizes his ſword.*
1 *Guard*, Not I, not I my Lord.
Alm. Deny it too?
Guar Murder, murder,
Guar. Arme, arme—— *(The Guard runs out.*
Alm. I'le follow,
Give the alarm with them,
'Tis leaſt ſuſpitious—— *Arme, arme, arme.*
All.—the enemy, the enemy—— *Enter Souldiers running*
Sould. Let them come. *over the ſtage, one throwing away his armes.*
Let them come.
Let them come—— *Enter Almerin.*
Alm I heare freſh noiſe,
The camps in great diſorder: where am I now?
'Tis ſtrangely dark—Goddeſſe without eyes
Be thou my guide, for—blindnes and ſight
Are equall ſenſe, of equall uſe, this night.
Enter Grainevert, Strathemin, Villanor, Marinell.
Gra. Trouble not thy ſelfe, childe of diſcontent:
'Twill take no hurt I warrant thee;
The State is but a little drunke,
And when 'tas ſpued up that that made it ſo,
'Twill be well agen, there's my opinion in ſhort.
Mar. Th'art i'th' right.
The State's a pretty forehanded State,
And will do reaſon hereafter.

Let's drinke and talke no more on't.

All.——A good motion, a good motion,

Let's drink.

Villa. I, I lets drink agen.

Stra. Come, to a Mistris.

Gra. Agreed.

Name, name.

Villa. Any body.——*Vermilia.*

Gra Away with it.

Shee's pretty to walke with:
And witty to talke with:
And pleasant too to thinke on.
But the best use of all,
Is, her health, is a stale,
And helps us to make us drinke on.

Stra. Excellent.

Gentlemen, if you say the word,
Wee'l vant credit, and affect high pleasure.
Shall we?

Villa. I, I, let's do that.

Stra. What think ye of the sacrifice now?

Mar. Come wee'l ha't,—for trickling teares are vaine.

Villa. The sacrifice? what's that?

Stra Child of ignorance, 'tis a campe health.

An *A*——*la*——*mode* one. *Grainevert* begin it.

Grain. Come give it me.

Let me see——(*Pins up a Rose.*

Which of them this Rose will serve.
Hum, hum, hum.

Bright Star o'th' lower Orbe, t'winckeling Inviter,
Which draw'st (as well as eyes) but set'st men righter;
For who at thee begins, comes to the place,
Sooner then he that sets out at the face:
Eyes are seducing lights, that the good women know,
And hand out these a nearer way to show.

Mar. Fine, and patheticall:
Come *Villanor.*

Villa. What's the matter?

Mar.

Mar. Come, your liquor; and your ſtanza's.
Lines, Lines.
Villa. Of what?
Mar. Why, of any thing your Miſtris has given you.
Vil. Gentlemen, ſhe never gave me any thing, but a box
Oth' eare, for offering to kiſſe her once.
Stra. Of that box then.
Mar. I, I, that box, of that box.
Villa. Since it muſt be,
Give me the poyſon then——(*Drinkes and ſits.*
That box, faire Miſtris, which thou gaveſt to mee,
In humane gueſſe, is like to coſt me three:
Three cups of Wine, and verſes ſix,
The Wine will down, but verſe for rime ſtill ſticks.
By which you all may eaſily Gentiles know,
I am a better drinker then a Po——*Enter Doran.*
Mar Doran.
Doran.
Gra. A hall, a hall
To welcome our friend,
For ſome liquor call,
A new or freſh face,
Muſt not alter our pace,
But make us ſtill drinke the quicker:
Wine, Wine, oh' tis divine
Come fill it unto our brother:
What's at the tongues end,
It forth does ſend,
And will not a ſyllable ſmother
Then,
It unlocks the breſt
And throwes out the reſt,
And learnes us to know each other;
Wine,——Wine.
Dor. Mad lads, have you been here ever ſince?
Stra. Yes faith, thou ſeeſt the worſt of us.
We——debauch——in diſcipline:
Foure and twenty houres is the time:

Barruthen had the watch to night,
To morrow 'twill be at my Tent.
Dor. Good,
And d' you know what has falne out to night?
Stra. Yes:
Grainevert, and my Lieutenant Coronell——
But they are friends againe.
Dor. Piſh, piſh——the young Palatine of Plocence,
And his grave guardian ſurpris'd too night,
Carri'd by the enemy out of his quarters.
G. As a chicken by a Kite out of a backſide,
Was't not ſo?
D. Is that all?
G. Yes.
My Coronell did not love him:
He eats ſweet meates upon a march too.
D. Well, harke ye;
Worſe yet; *Almerin's* gone:
Forc'd the Court of guard where he was priſoner,
And has made an eſcape.
G. So pale and ſpiritleſſe a wretch,
Drew *Priams* curtaine in the dead of night,
And told him halfe his Troy was burnt——
He was of my mind. I would have done ſo my ſelfe.
D. Well.
There's high ſuſpitions abroad:
Ye ſhall ſee ſtrange diſcoveries
I'th' Councell of War.
G. What Councell?
D. One call'd this morning.
Y' are all ſent to.
G. I will put on cleane linnen, and ſpeake wiſely.
V. 'Sfoot wee'l have a Round firſt.
G. By all meanes Sir.

Sings:

Come let the State ſtay,
And drinke away,
There is no buſineſſe above it:

It

It warmes the cold braine,
Makes us speake in high straine,
Hee's a foole that doe's not approve it.
The Macedone *youth*
Left behinde him this truth,
That nothing is done with much thinking;
He drunke, and he fought,
Till he had what he sought,
The World was his owne by good drinking.

(*Exeunt.*

Enter Generall of the Rebels, Palatine of Trocke, Palatine of Menſecke, Francelia, Almerin, Morat, Iphigene.

G. As your friends, my Lord, he has the priviledge of ours,
And may enjoy a liberty we would deny
To enemies.

A. I thanke your Excellence; oh *Iphigene*,
He does not know,
That thou the nobler part of friendſhip hold'ſt,
And do'ſt oblige, whilſt I can but acknowledge.

Men. Opportunty to Stateſ-men, is as the juſt degree
Of heate to Chymiſts — it perfects all the work,
And in this priſ'ner 'tis offer'd.
We now are there, where men ſhould ſtill begin;
To treate upon advantage.
The Palatine of *Trocke*, and *Menſecke*,
With *Almerin*, ſhall to the King;
Petitions ſhall be drawne,
Humble in forme, but ſuch for matter,
As the bold Macedonian youth would ſend
To men he did deſpiſe for luxury.
The firſt begets opinion of the World,
Which looks not far, but on the outſide dwels:
Th'other inforces courage in our own,
For bold demands muſt boldly be maintain'd.

Pal. Let all go on ſtill in the publique name,
But keepe an eare open to particular offers;
Liberty and publique good are like great *Oleos*

Muſt have the uper end ſtill of our tables,
Though they are but for ſhew.
Fra. Would I had ne're ſeen this ſhape, 't has poyſon in't.
Yet where dwells good, if ill inhabits there?
Min. — Preſſe much Religion,
For though we dreſſe the ſcruples for the multitude,
And for our ſelves reſerve th'advantages,
(It being much pretext) yet is it neceſſary;
For things of faith are ſo abſtruſe, and nice,
They will admit diſpute eternally:
So how ſo e're other demands appear,
Theſe never can be prov'd unreaſonable;
The ſubject being of ſo fine a nature,
It not ſubmits it ſelfe to ſenſe, but ſcapes
The trials which conclude all common doubts.
Fra. My Lord, you uſe me as ill Painters paint,
Who while they labour to make faces faire,
Neglect to make them like.
Ipbi. Madam, there is no ſhipwrack of your
Vertues near, that you ſhould throw away
Any of all your excellencies
To ſave the deareſt modeſty.
Gener. If they proceed with us, we can retreat unto
Our expoſitions, and the peoples votes.
If they refuſe us wholy, then we plead,
The King's beſiedged, blockt up ſo ſtraightly
By ſome few, relief can finde no way
To enter to the King, or to get out to us.
Exclaime againſt it loud,
Till the *Polonians* think it high injuſtice,
And wiſh us better yet.
Then eaſily do we riſe unto our ends,
And wil become their envy through their pity.
At worſt you may confirme our party there:
Increaſe it too: there is one *Brennoralt*,
Men call him Gallant, but a diſcontent:
My Coſen the King hath us'd him ill.
Him a handſome whiſper will draw.

The

The afternoon ſhall perfect
What we have looſely now reſolv'd.——
Iphi. If in diſcourſe of beauty,
(So large an Empire) I do wander,
It will become your goodneſſe Madam,
To ſet me right;
And in a country where you your ſelf is Queen,
Not ſuffer ſtrangers looſe themſelves.
Gener. What, making revenge *Palatine?*
And taking priſoners faire Ladies hearts?
Iphi. Yes my Lord.
And have no better fortune in this War,
Then in the other; for while I think to take,
I am ſurpriz'd my ſelf.
Fra. Diſſember, would thou wert.
M. You are a Courtier my Lord;
The *Palatine* of *Ploecence*, (*Almerin*)
Will grace the *Hymeneals*;
And that they may be while his ſtay is here,
I'le court my Lord in abſence;
Take off for you the little ſtrangeneſſes
Virgins weare at firſt——————(*Iphe ſounds.*
Look to the *Palatine.*
Mer. How is't my deareſt *Iphegene?*
Iph. Not well, I would retire.
G. A qualme.
Lo. His colour ſtole away; ſanke down,
As water in a weather-glaſſe
Preſt by a warme hand.
Menſ. A cordiall of kinde looks——*Enter a Trum-*
From the King. (*pet blinded.*
M. Lets withdraw,
And heare him.——————*Exit.*

Enter Brennoralt, Doran, Raguelin.

Dor. Yes to be married;
What are you mute now?
Bren. Thou cam'ſt too haſtily upon me, put'it
So cloſe the colours to mine eye, I could

Not see. It is impossible. [*Dor.*] Impossible?
If it were impossible, it should be otherwise,
What can you imagine there of Constancy?
Where tis so much their nature to love change,
That when they say but what they are,
They excuse themselves for what they doe.
Bren. She hardly knowes him yet, in such an instant.
Dor. Oh you know not how fire flies,
When it does catch light matter, woman.
B No more of that; She is
Yet the most precious thing in all my thoughts.
If it be so——————(*Studies.*)
I am a lost thing in the world *Doran.*
D. How?
Bren. Thou wilt in vaine perswade me to be other.
Life, which to others is a Good that they
Enjoy, to me will be an evill, I
Shall suffer in————
Dor. Looke on another face, that's present remedy.
Bren. How ill thou doest conclude?
Cause there are pestilent ayres, which kill men suddenly
In health, must there be soveraigne as suddenly
To cure in sicknes? 't never was in nature.
Exit, and
Enters againe hastily.
Bren. I was a fool to think, death only kept
The doores of ill-payd love, when or disdaine,
Or spite could let me out as well————
Dor. Right; were I as you,
It should no more trouble me
To free my selfe of love,
Then to spit out that which made me sick.
Bren. I'le tell her so; that she may laugh at me,
As at a prisoner threatning his Guard,
He will break loose, and so is made the faster.
She hath charmes.————(*Studies*)
Doran can fetch in a rebellious heart,
E'en while it is conspiring liberty.

Oh

——————Oh ſhe hath all
The vertues of her ſexe, and not the vices,
Chaſte and unſullied, as firſt op'ning Lillies,
Or untouch'd buds——
Dor. Chaſte? why! do you honour me,
Becauſe I throw my ſelf not off a precipice?
'Tis her ruine to be otherwiſe;
Though we blame thoſe that kill themſelves (my Lord)
We praiſe not him that keepes himſelf alive,
And deſerves nothing.
Bren. And 'tis the leaſt.
She doe's triumph, when ſhe doe's but appeare:
I have as many Rivals as beholders.
Dor. All that increaſes but our jealouſies;
If you have now ſuch qualmes for that you have not,
What will you have for that you ſhall poſſeſſe?
Bren.——Dull hæritique;
Know I have theſe, becauſe I have not her:
When I have her, I ſhall have theſe no more.
Her fancy now, her vertue then will governe:
And as I uſe to watch with doubtfull eye,
The wavering needle in the beſt Sun-dyall,
Till it has ſetled, then the trouble's o're,
Becauſe I know when it is Fixt, it's True:
So here my doubts are all afore me. Sure,
Doran, crown'd Conquerers are but the types
Of Lovers, which enjoy, and really
Poſſeſſe, what th'other have in dreames. I'le ſend
A challenge to him.——
Dor. Do, and be thought a mad-man.
To what purpoſe?
If ſhe love him, ſhee will but hate you more.
Lovers in favour (*Brennoralt*) are Gameſters
In good fortune; the more you ſet them,
The more they get.
Bren. I'le ſee her then this night, by Heaven I wil.
Dor. Where? in the Cittadell?
Bren. Know what, and why——

Dor.

Dor. He raves, *Brennoralt*?
Bren. Let me alone. ——
I conjure thee, by the diſcretion
Left betwixt us, (that's thine,
For mine's devour'd by injuries of fortune,)
Leave me to my ſelfe.
Dor. I have done.
Bren. Is there ſuch a paſſage.
As thou haſt told me of, in the Caſtle?
Rag. There is my Lord.
Bren. And dar'ſt th ou let me in?
Rag. If you my Lord wil venture.
Bren. There are no Centry's neare it.
Rag. None.
Bren. How to the chamber afterward?
Rag. Her woman.
Bren. What's ſhe?
Rag. A wicket to my Ladies ſecrets,
One that ſtands up to marriage with me.
Bren. There—upon thy life be ſecret.—(*flings a purſe.*
Rag. Elſe,—— All puniſhment to ingratitude.——
Bren. Enough.
I am a ſtorme within till I am there,
Oh *Doran*!
That that, which is ſo pleaſant to behold,
Should be ſuch paine within!
Dor. Poore *Brennoralt*!
Thou art the Martyr of a thouſand tyrants:
Love, Honour and Ambition raigne by turnes,
And ſhew their power upon thee.
Bren. Why, let them? I'm ſtil *Brennoralt*: "Ev'n Kings
"Themſelves, are by their ſervants rul'd ſometimes;
"Let their own ſlaves govern them at odde houres:
"Yet not ſubject their Perſons or their Powers.

Exeunt.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter *Iphigene* (*as in a Garden*)

Iphi. WHat have I got by changing place?
But as a wretch which ventures to the Wars,
Seeking the misery with paine abroad,
He found, but wisely thought h'had left at home.
Fortune thou hast no tyranny beyond
This usage.——————————(*Weepes.*
Would I had never hop't
Or had betimes despair'd, let never in
The gentle theife, or kept him but a guest,
Not made him Lord of all.
Tempests of winds thus (as my stormes of griefe
Carry my teares, which should relieve my heart)
Have hurried to the thankleſſe Ocean clouds
And showres, that needed not at all the curteſie,
When the poore plaines have languish't for the want,
And almost burnt asunder.———
I'le have this Statues place, and undertake
At my own charge to keepe the water full.—(*Lies down.*

Enter *Francelia.*

Fran. These fond expreſſions grow too strong upon me,
They were at first without design or end;
Like the first Elements, that know not what
And why they act, and yet produce strange things;
Poor innocent desires, journying they know
Not whether: but now they promise to themselves
Strange things, grow insolent, threaten no rest
Till they be satisfied.
What difference was between these Lords?
The one made love, as if he by assault
Would take my heart, so forc't it to defence;
While t'other blew it up with secret mines,
And left no place for it; here he is.——

Teares

Teares ſteale too from his eyes,
As if not daring to be knowne
To paſſe that way: make it good, cunning Griefe
Thou know'ſt thou couldſt not dreſſe thy ſelfe
In any other lookes, to make thee lovely. (*ſpies Francelia*)
Iphi. *Francelia*,
If through the ignorance of places,
I have intruded on your privacies,
Found out forbidden paths; 'tis fit you pardon, Madam:
For 'tis my melancholy, not I, offends.
Fran. So great a melancholy would well become
Miſchances, ſuch as time could not repaire:
Thoſe of the warre, are but the petty cures
Of every common houre.——
Iphi. Why ſhould I not tell her all? ſince 'tis in her
To ſave my life: who knowes but ſhe may be
Gallant ſo farre, as to undoe her ſelfe
To make another happy?—— Madam,
The accidents of warre contribute leaſt
To my ſad thoughts, (if any ſuch I have)
——Impriſonment can never be——
Where the place holds what we muſt love, and yet——
Fran. My Lord?
Iphi. In this impriſonment.——
Fran. Proceed my Lord:
Iphi. I dare not madam.
Fran. I ſee I do diſturbe you, and enter upon ſecrets——
Which when I know, I cannot ſerve you in them.
Iphi. Oh moſt of any,
You are the cauſe of all.
Fran. I my Lord?
Iphi. You Madam——you alone.
Fran. Alas! that 'tis too ſoon to underſtand.
Iphi. Muſt not you marry *Almerin*?
Fran. They tell me 'tis deſign'd.
Iphi. If he have you, I am for ever loſt.
Fran. Loſt?
The Heavens forbid they ſhould deſign ſo ill!

Or

Or when they ſhall, that I ſhould be the cauſe.
Iphi. Ha! her eyes are ſtrangely kind,
Shee prompts me excellently.
Stars be propitious, and I am ſafe.
——A way I not expected.
Fran. His paſſion labours for vent.
Iphi. Is there a hope you will not give your ſelfe
To *Almerin*?
Fran. My Lord this ayre is common,
The walkes within are pleaſanter.——— *Exit.*
Iphi.———Invitation!
God of deſires, be kind, and fill me now
With language; ſuch thou lend'ſt thy Favourites,
When thou wouldſt give them eaſie victories:
And I forgive thee, all thy cruelties.——— *(Exit after*
Enter *Pallatine* of *Troek*, *Menſeck*, *Almerin*,
Brennoralt, Lords.
Menſ——Conſider too, that thoſe
Who are neceſſitated to uſe violence,
Have firſt been violent by neceſſity.
Pall. ——But ſtill you judge not right
"Of the Prerogative; "For oft it ſtands
"With Pow'r and Law, as with our Faith and Reaſon:
"It is not all againſt, that is above *(my Lord)*
2. *Lord.* You *Lithuanians* had of all leaſt reaſon;
For would the King be unjuſt to you, he cannot:
Where there's ſo little to be had.———
Almer. Where there is leaſt, there's liberty; *(my Lord)*
And 'tis more injury to pull haires
From the bald, then from the buſhy heads. *(They go off talking.*
Pall. Of *Tro. Brennoralt*———a word *(Troek puls Bren-*
My Lord, the world hath caſt its eye upon you, *noralt.*
And mark'd you out one of the foremoſt men:
Y'have buſied fame the earlieſt of any,
And ſend her ſtill on errands.
Much of the bravery of your nation,
Has taken up it's lodging in you.
And gallant men but coppy from you.

Bren.

Bren. 'Tis goodly language this, what would it mean?
Pall. of *Tro.* The *Lithuanians* wish you wel, and wonder so much desert should be so ill rewarded.
Bren. Good.
Pall. While all the gifts the Crown is Mistris of,
Are plac't upon the empty———
Bren. Still I take you not.
P. Then to be plaine; our Army would be proud of you:
Pay the neglected scores of merit double.
All that you hold here of command, and what
Your fortune in this Sigismund has suffer'd,
Repaire, and make it fairer then at first.
Bren. How?
Then nothing, Lord; trifle below ill language:
How came it in thy heart to tempt my honour?
Pall. My Lord?
Bren. Do'st think 'cause I am angry
With the King and State sometimes,
I am fallen out with vertue, and my selfe?
Draw, draw, or by goodnesse———
P. What meanes your Lordship:
Bren. Draw I say.
———He that would think me a villane, is one:
And I doe weare this toy, to purge the world
Of such. Th'have sav'd thee, wert thou good natur'd
Thou wouldst love the King the better during life.
K. If they be just, they call for gracious answers:
Speedy, (how e're) we promise.
All. Long live great *Sigismund*,
Bren.———The *Lithuanians* Sir,
Are of the wilder sort of creatures, must
Be rid with Cavilons, and with harsh curbs.
And since the war can onely make them tride,
What can be used but swords? where men have fal'ne
From not respecting Royalty, unto
A liberty of offending it: what though
Their numbers (possibly) equall yours Sir?
And now forc't by necessity, like Catts

Ent. K. of Poland.
Lords, Melid, Mirsla.
(They all kisse the (King's hand.

In

In narrow roomes, they fly up in your face?
Thinke you Rebellion and Loyalty
Are empty names? and that in Subjects hearts
They don't both give, and take away the courage?
Shall wee believe there is no difference
In good and bad? that ther's no puniſhment,
Or no protection? forbid it Heaven!
If when great *Polands* honour, ſafety too,
'Hangs in diſpute, we ſhould not draw our ſwords,
Why were we ever taught to were 'em Sir?
Mi. This late commotion in your kingdom Sir,
Is like a growing Wen upon the face,
Which as we cannot look on but with trouble,
So tak't away we cannot but with danger.
War there hath fouleſt face, and I moſt feare it
Where the pretence is fair'ſt. Religion
And Liberty, moſt ſpecious names, they urge;
Which like the Bils of ſubtle Mountebanks,
Fil'd with great promiſes of curing all,
——————Though by the wiſe,
Paſſ'd by unread as common coſenage,
Yet, by th'unknowing multitude they're ſtill
Admir'd, and flock't unto.——
K. Is there no way
To diſabuſe them? [*Melid*] All is now too late.
"The vulgar in Religion are like
"Unknown Iands; thoſe that firſt poſſeſſe them, have them.
Then, Sir, conſider, juſtneſſe of cauſe is nothing:
When things are riſen to the point they are;
'Tis not examin'd or beleev'd
Among the Warlike ——
The better cauſe the *Grecians* had of *Troe*,
Yet were the Gods themſelves devided in't;
And the foule raviſher found as good protection
As the much injur'd husband.——
Nor are you Sir aſſur'd of all behind you:
For though your Perſon in your Subjects hearts
Stands highly honour'd, and belov'd, yet are

There

There certaine Acts of State, which men call grievances
Abroad; and though they bare them in the times
Of peace, yet will they now perchance, seeke to
Be free, and throw them off. "For know Dread Sir,
"The Common People are much like the Sea,
"That suffers things to fall and sinke unto
"The bottome in a Calme, which in a Storme
"Stird and inraged, it lifts, and does keepe up
Then; Time distempers cures more safely Sir,
Then Physick does, or instant letting blood:
Religion now is a young Mistris there,
For which each man will fight, and die at least;
Let it alone a while, and 'twil become
A kind of marry'd wife: people will be
Content to live with it in quietnesse.
(If that at least may be) my voice is therefore Sir,
For peace.———

Mies. Were Sir the question simply War or Peace,
It were no more then shortly to be askt,
Whether we would be well or ill:
Since Warre the sicknesse of the Kingdome is,
And Peace the health: But here I do conceive
'Twil rather lie, whether we had not better
Endure sharpe sicknesse for a time, to enjoy
A perfect strength, then have it languish on us:
For Peace and Warre in an incestuous line,
Have still begot each other.———
Those men that highly now have broke all lawes
(The great one onely 'tis 'twixt man and man)
What safety can they promise, though you give it?
Wil they not still suspect, (and justly too)
That all those civil bonds (new made) should be
Broken againe to them? so being stil
In feare and jealousie themselves, they must
Infect the people: "For in such a case
"The private safety is the publique trouble.
Nor will they ever want pretext; "Since he
"That wil maintaine it with his Sword hee's injur'd,

"May

" May say't at any time———————
Then Sir, as terrible as War appeares,
My vote is for't; nor shall I ever care
How ugly my Physitians face shall be;
So he can do the cure.

Lord. In entring physick,
I thinke, Sir, none so much considers
The Doctors face, as his own body.
To keep on foot the War with all your wants,
Is to let bloud, and take strong potions,
In dangerous sickneſſe.

K. I see, and wonder not to find, my Lords,
This difference in opinion; the subject's large:
Nor can we there too much dispute, where when
We erre, 'tis at a Kingdomes charges; Peace
And War are in themselves indifferent,
And time doth stamp them either good or bad:
But here the place is much considerable;
" War in our own is like to too much heate
" Within, it makes the body sick; when in
" Another Countrey, 'tis but exercise;
" Conveighs that heat abroad, and gives it health.
To that I bend my thoughts; but leave it to
Our greater Councell, which we now assemble:
Meane time exchange of pris'ners only we
Assent unto———————

Lord. Nothing of Truce Sir? [*K.*] No: wee'l not take up
Quiet at int'rest: Perfect Peace, or nothing.
" Cessations for short times in War, are like
" Small fits of health, in desp'rate maladies:
" Which while the instant paine seemes to abate,
" Flatters into debauch and worse estate.———*Exeunt.*

Enter Iphigene as leading to her chamber) Francelia; Servants with lights; Morat, and another Souldier.

Iph. I have not left my selfe a faire retreate,
And must be now the blest object
Of your love, or subject of your scorne.

Fran. I feare ſome treachery;
And that mine eyes have given intelligence,
Unleſſe you knew there would be weak defence,
You durſt not thinke of taking in a heart,
As ſoon as you ſet down before it.
Iph. Condemne my Love not of ſuch fond ambition,
It aymes not at a conqueſt,
But exchange *Francelia*——————(*whiſper.*
Mor. They're very great in this ſhort time.
Sol. 'Tis ever ſo:
Young and handſome
Have made acquaintances in nature:
So when they meet, they have the leſſe to doe.
It is for age or uglines to make approaches,
And keep a diſtance.
Iph. When I ſhall ſee other perfection,
Which at the beſt will be but other vanity,
Not more. I ſhall not love it——————
Fran. 'Tis ſtill one ſtep not to deſpaire, my Lord.
Exeunt Iphig. Fran. ſervants.
Morat. Doeſt thinke he will fight?
Sold. Troth it may be not:
Nature, in thoſe fine peeces, does as Painters;
Hangs out a pleaſant Excellence
That takes the eye, which is indeed,
But a courſe canvas in the naked truth,
Or ſome ſlight ſtuffe.
Morat. I have a great minde to taſte him.
Sold. Fy! a Priſoner?
Morat. By this hand if I thought——*Enter Iphig. waiting woman comming after him.*
He courted my Coronels Mrs in earneſt.
Wom. My Lord, my Lord,
My Lady thinks the Geſſimine walks
Will be the finer, the freſhnes
Of th'morning takes of the ſtrength
O'th' heate ſhe ſayes.
Iph. 'Tis well.
Mor. Mewe——doe it ſo? I ſuſpect vildly,
Wee'l follow him, and ſee if he be So

So far qualified towards a ſouldier,
As to drink a craſh in's chamber—(*Raguelin puls the waiting woman back.*
R. What are theſe keyes?
Wom. Hark you, I dare not do it.
R. How?
Wom. My Lady will finde———
R. Scruples?
Are my hopes become your feares?
There was no other way I ſhould be any thing
In this lewd World,—and now———
'Sfoot, I know ſhe longs to ſee him too.
Wom. Does ſhe?
R. Do you thinke he would deſire it elſe?
Wom. I, but———
R. Why, let me ſecure it all.
I'le ſay I found the keyes, or ſtole them: Come—
Wom. Well, if you ruine all now———
Here, theſe enter the garden from the works,
That the privy walks, and that the back ſtaires.
Then you know the chamber.
R. Yes I know your chamber.——*Exeunt.*

Enter Brennoralt.

Bren. He comes not.
One wiſe thought more, and I return:
I cannot in this act ſeparate the fooliſh
From the bold ſo far, but ſtill it taſts a'th raſh.
Why let it taſte, it taſts of love too;
And to all actions 't gives a pretty relliſh, that.

Enter Raguelin.

Rag. My Lord?
Bren. Oh——here.
Rag. 'Sfoot y'are upon our Centries.
Move on this hand.———*Exeunt.*

Enter (again) Bren. and Rague.

Bren. Where are we now?
Ra. Entring part of the Fort,
Your Lordſhip muſt be wet a little.——*Exeunt.*

Enter (againe.)

Bren. Why are there here no guards?

R. There needs none:
You presently must passe a place,
Where one's an army in defence,
It is so steep and strait.

Bren. 'Tis well.

Ra. These are the steps of danger;
Look to your way my Lord.

Bren. I do not finde such difficulty.

Francelia (as in a bed.)

Bren. Waite me here abouts——————*(he drawes the*
So Misers look upon their gold, *(Curtaines.*
Which while they joy to see, they feare to loose,
The pleasure of the sight scarce equalling
The jealousie of being dispossest by others;
Her face is like the milky way i'th' skie,
A meeting of gentle lights without name.
Heavens! shall this fresh ornament
Of the World; this precious lovelines
Passe with other common things
Amongst the wasts of time, what pity 't were. *(She wakes.*

Fran. Blesse me!
Is it a Vision or *Brennoralt?*

Bren. Brennoralt, Lady.

Franc. Brennoralt? innocence guard me;
What is 't you have done my Lord?

Bren. Alas I were in too good estate,
If I knew what I did.
But why aske you Madam?

Fran. It much amazes me to think
How you came hither.
And what could bring you to indanger thus
My honour, and your own life?
Nothing but saving of my brother
Could make me now preserve you.

Bren. Reproach me not the follies, you your selfe
Make me commit——————

I am

I am reduc'd to ſuch extremity,
That Love himſelfe (high tyrant as he is)
If he could ſee would pity me.
Fran. I underſtand you not.
Bren. Would heaven you did, for't is a paine to tell you:
I come t'accuſe you of injuſtice (Madam).
You firſt begot my paſſion, and was
Content (at leaſt you ſeem'd ſo) it ſhould live;
Yet ſince would ne're contribute unto it,
Not look upon't, as if you had deſired
Its being for no other end, but for
The pleaſure of its ruine———.
Fran. Why do you labour thus to make me guilty of
An injury to you, which when it is one,
All mankinde is alike ingag'd, and muſt
Have quarrell to me?
Bren. I have done ill; you chide me juſtly (Madam).
I'le lay 't not on you, but on my wretched ſelfe.
For I am taught that heavenly bodies
Are not malicious in their influence,
But by the diſpoſition of the ſubject.
They tell me you muſt marry *Almerin*;
Sure ſuch excellency ought to be
The recompence of vertue,
Not the ſacrifice of Parents wiſedome;
Should it not Madam?
Fran. 'Twould injure me, were it thought otherwiſe,
Br. And ſhall he have you then that knew you yeſterday?
Is there in martyrdome no juſter way?
But he that holds a finger in the fire
A little time, ſhould have Crown from them
That have indur'd the flame with conſtancy?
Fran. If the diſcovery will eaſe your thoughts
My Lord; know, *Almerin* is as the man
I never ſaw. [*Bren.*] You do not marry then?
Condemned men thus heare, and thus receive
Repreeves. One queſtion more, and I am gone.
Is there to latitude of eternity

A hope for *Brennoralt* ?

Fran. My Lord ?

Bren. Have I a place at all,
When you do think of men ?

Fran. My Lord, a high one,
I must be singular did I not value you :
The world does set great rates upon you,
And you have first deserv'd them.

Bren. Is this all ?

Fran. All.

Bren. Oh be lesse kinde, or kinder :
Give me more pity, or more cruelty *Francelia*,
I cannot live with this, nor die———

Fran. I feare my Lord,
You must not hope beyond it.

Bren. Not hope? This, sure, is not the body to (*views him-*
This soule; it was mistaken, shufled in (*selfe.*
Through haste: Why (else) should that have so much love,
And this want lovelinesse, to make that love
Receiv'd?———I will raise honour to a point,
It never was———do things (*studies.*
Of such a vertuous greatnesse she shall love me.
She shall——I will deserve her, though
I have her not : There's something yet in that.
Madam, wilt please you, pardon my offence ?
———(Oh Fates !
That I must call thus my affection !)

Fran. I will do any thing, so you will think
Of me, and of your selfe (my Lord) and how
Your stay in dangers both——[*Bren*] Alas !
Your pardon is more necessary to
My life then life to me : but I am gone.
Blessings, such as my wishes for you, in
Their extasies, could never reach, fall on you.
May ev'ry thing contribute to preserve
That exc'lence (my destruction) till 't meet joyes
In love, great as the torments I have in't. *Exit.*

ACT.

ACT. IV. SCENE I.

Enter Brennoralt.

Bren. WHy ſo, 'tis well, Fortune I thanke thee ſtill,
I dare not call thee villaine neither.
'Twas plotted from the firſt,
That's certaine,——it looks that way?
Hum————caught in a trap?
Here's ſomething yet to truſt to———(*To his ſword.*
This was the entry, theſe the ſtaires:
But whether afterwards?
He that is ſure to periſh on the Land,
May quit the nicety of Card and Compaſſe:
And ſafe, to his diſcretion put to Sea:
He ſhall have my hand to't. *Exit.*

Enter Raguelin, Orilla (the waiting-woman.

Ra. Looke:
By this light 'tis day.
Oril. Not by this, by t' other 'tis indeed.
Ra. Thou art ſuch another piece of temptation.
My Lord raves by this time,
A hundred to one the Centinells
Will diſcover us too,
Then I doe pay for night-watch.
Oril. Fie upon thee,
Thou art as fearfull as a young colt;
Bogleſt at every thing, foole.
As if Lovers had conſidered houres: I'le peep in—(*ſhe peepes.*
Ra. I am as weary of this wench,
As if I were married to her:
She hangs upon me like an Ape upon a horſe——
She's as common too, as a Barbers glaſſe————
Conſcienc't too like a Dy-dapper.
Orilla.———there's no body within:

My

My Lady ſleeps this houre at leaſt.

Ri. Good, the Divel's even with me———
Not be an honeſt man neither—— *Enter Bren. & a guard.*
What courſe now?

S. Nay Sir, we ſhall order you now.

Bren. Dogges———*Enter Freſolin.*

Freſ. What tumult's this——ha! *Brennoralt*! 'tis he
In ſpite of his diſguiſe: what makes he here?
Hee's loſt for ever if he be diſcover'd;
How now companions, why do you uſe my friends thus?

S. Your friend my Lord? if he be your friend,
H'as us'd us ill:
H'has plaid the Divell amongſt us.
Six of our men are Surgeons worke this moneth;
We found him climbing the walls.

2 *S.* He had no word neither,
Nor any language but a blow.

Freſ. You will be doing theſe wilde things (my Lord)
Good faith y'are too blame, if y'had deſir'd
To view the walls, or trenches, 'twas but
Speaking; we are not nice:
I would my ſelfe have waited on you:
Th'are the new out-workes you would ſee perchance:
Boy, bring me black Tempeſt round about,
And the gray Barbary; a Trumpet come along too;
My Lord, we 'l take the neerer way.
And privater, here through the Sally-Port.

Bren. What a Devill is this? ſure I dream——*Exeunt.*

S. Now, you are ſo officious. *Manet Sold.*

2 *S.* Death! could I gueſſe he was a friend?

S. 'Twas ever to be thought,
How ſhould he come there elſe?

2 *S.* Friend or no friend, he might have left us
Something to pay the Surgeon with:
Grant me that, or I'le beat you to't.———*Exeunt.*

Enter Freſolin, and Brennoralt.

Freſ. *Brennoralt*———ſtart not:
I pay thee back a life I owe thee;

And

And bleſſe my Starres, they gave me power to do't,
The debt lay heavy on me.
A horſe waits you there——a Trumpet too,
(Which you may keepe, leaſt he ſhould prate)
No Ceremony, 'tis dangerous.

Bren. Thou haſt aſtoniſh't me:
Thy youth hath triumph'd in one ſingle act,
O're all the age can boaſt; and I wil ſtay
To tel thee ſo, were they now firing all
Their Cannons on me; farewell gallant *Freſolin*:
And may reward, great as thy vertue, crown thee.

Exeunt diverſe wayes.

Enter Iphigine, Francelia.

Fran. A peace wil come,
And then thou muſt be gone;
And whither when you once are got upon the wing,
You wil not ſtoop to what ſhall riſe,
Before ye flye to ſome lure
With more temptation garniſht, is a ſad queſtion.

Iph. Can you have doubts, and I not my feares?
By this—the readieſt and the ſweeteſt oath, I ſweare
I cannot ſo ſecure my ſel'e of you,
But in my abſence I ſhall be in paine.
I have caſt up what it wil be to ſtand
The Governors anger; and which is more hard,
The love of *Almerin*.
I hold thee now but by thy owne free grant,
A flight ſecuritie, alas it may fall out,
Giving thy ſelf, not knowing thine owne worth,
Or want of mine, thou mayſt, like Kings deceiv'd,
Reſume the gift on better knowledge back.

Fran. If I ſo eas'ly change, I was not worth your love,
And by the loſſe you'l gaine.

Iph. But when y're irecoverably gone,
'Twil be ſlight comfort to perſwade my ſelfe
You had a fault, when all that fault muſt be
But want of love to me; and that agen
Finde in my much defect, ſo much excuſe,

That

That it will have no worſe name
Then diſcretion, if inconcern'd doe
Caſt it up—— I muſt have more aſſurance.
Franc. You have too much already:
And ſure my Lord you wonder, while I bluſh,
At ſuch a growth in young affections.
Iphi. Why ſhould I wonder (Madam)?
Love that from two breaſts ſucks,
Muſt of a child quickly become a Giant.
Dunces in love ſtay at the Alphabet.
Th' inſpir'd know all before;—— *Enter waiting woman.*
And do begin ſtill higher
Woman. Madam;
Almerin, returned, has ſent to kiſſe
Your hands. I told him you were buſie.
Franc. Muſt I my Lord be buſy?
I may be civil though not kind.
Tell him I waite him in the Gallery.
Iphi. May I not kiſſe your hand this night? (*Whiſper*)
Franc. The world is full of jealous eyes my Lord:
And were they all lock't up; you are a ſpie
Once entred in my chamber at ſtrange houres.
Iphi. The vertue of *Francelia* is too ſafe,
To need thoſe little arts of preſervation.
Thus to divide our ſelves, is to diſtruſt our ſelves.
A Cherubin diſpatches not on earth
Th' affaires of heaven with greater innocence,
Then I wil viſit; 'tis but to take a leave,
I begg.
Franc. When you are going my Lord—— *Exeunt.*
Enter Almerin, Morat.
Almer. Piſh. Thou lieſt, thou lieſt.
I know he plaies with woman-kind, not loves it.
Thou art impertinent——
Mor. 'Tis the campe talke my Lord though.
Al. The camp's an aſſe, let me hear no more on't.
Exeunt (Talking.)

Enter.

Enter Granivert. Villanor. Marinel.

Grani. And ſhall we have peace?
I am no ſooner ſober, but the State is ſo too.
If't be thy will, a truce for a moneth onely.
I long to refreſh my eyes; by this hand
They have been ſo tyr'd with looking upon faces
Of this Country.

Villa. And ſhall the *Donazella*
To whom we wiſh ſo well-a
Looke Babies againe in our eyes-a?

Grani. Ah.---a ſprightly girle above fifteen,
That melts when a man but takes her by the hand!
Eyes full, and quick; with breath
Sweet as double violets,
And wholeſome as dying leaves of Strawberries.
Thick ſilken eye-browes, high upon the fore-head;
And cheeks mingled with pale ſtreaks of red,
Such as the bluſhing morning never wore.——

Villa. Oh my chops; my chops;

Grani. With narrow mouth, ſmall teeth,
And lips ſwelling, as if ſhe pouted——

Villa. Hold, hold, hold;

Grani. Haire curling, and cover'd, like buds of *Marjoram*,
Part tyed in negligence,
Part looſely flowing ——————

Marin. Tyrant! tyrant! tyrant!

Grani. In pinck colour taffata petticoate.
Lac't ſmock-ſleeves dangling;
This viſion ſtolne from her owne bed
And ruſtling into ones chamber ——————

Villa. Oh good *Granivert*, good *Granivert*.

Grani. With a wax candle in her hand,
Looking as if ſhe had loſt her way;
At twelve at night.

Marin. Oh any houre, any houre.

Grani. Now I thinke on't, by this hand,
Ile marry and be long liv'd.

Villa. Long liv'd? how?

Grani.

Grain: Oh, he that has a Wife, eats with an appetite,
'Has a very good ſtomacke to't firſt:
This living at large is very deſtructive,
Variety is like rare ſawces; provokes too farre,
And drawes on ſurfets, more then th'other.

Enter Doran.

Dor. So; is this a time to foole in?
G. What's the matter?
Dor. Draw out your choice men, and away to
Your Coronel immediately. Ther's worke,
Towards my boyes, there's worke.
Grain. Art in earneſt?
Dor. By this light.
Grain. Ther's ſomething in that yet.
This moiety Warre
Twilight,
Neither night nor day,
Pox upon it:
A ſtorme is worth a thouſand
Of your calme;
Ther's more variety in it. *Exeunt.*

Enter Almerin, Francelia, as talking earneſtly.

Alm. Madam, that ſhewes the greatneſſe of my paſſion.
Fran. The imperfection rather: Jealouſie's
No better ſign of love (my Lord) then feavers are
Of Life; they ſhew there is a being, though
Impair'd, and periſhing: and that, affection,
But ſicke and in diſorder. I lik't not.
Your ſervant.——*Exit.*
Al. So ſhort and ſowre? the change is viſible.

Enter Iphigine.

Iph. Deare *Almerin*, welcome, y'have been abſent long.
Alm. Not very long.
Iph. To me it hath appear'd ſo;
What ſaies our Camp? am I not blamed there?
Alm. The wonder——
Iph. While we ſmile——
How have you found the King inclining?

Alm. Wel.

Alm. Wel.
The Treaty is not broken, nor holds it.
Things are where they were;
'T has a kinde of face of peace,
You my Lord may when you pleaſe returne.
Iph. I *Almerin*?
Alm. Yes my Lord. I'le give you an eſcape.
Iph. 'Tis leaſt in my deſires.
Alm. Hum!
Iph. Such priſons are beyond liberty.
Alm. Is't poſſible?
Iph. Seemes it ſtrange to you?
Alm. No, not at all.
What? you finde the Ladies kinde?
Iph. Civil———— (*ſmiles.*
A. You make love wel too they ſay (my Lord)
Iph. Paſſe my time.
Alm. Addreſſe unto *Francelia*?
Iph. Viſit her.
Al. D' you know ſhe is my Miſtris, Pallatine?
Iph. Ha?
Alm. D'you know ſhe is my Miſtris?
Iph. I have been told ſo.
Alm. And doe you court her then?
Iph. Why?———— (*ſmiles.*
If I ſaw the enemy firſt,
Would you not charge?
Alm. He doe's allow it too, by Heaven:
Laughs at me too; thou filcher of a heart,
Falſe as thy title to *Francelia*.
Or as thy friendſhip: which with this I doe——(*draws*
Throw by——draw.
Iph. What doe you meane?
Alm. I ſee the cunning now of all thy love,
And why thou cameſt ſo timely kinde,
Suffering ſurpriſe. Draw.
Iph. I wil not draw, kil me;
And I ſhall have no trouble in my death,

Knowing

Knowing it is your pleasure:
As I shall have no pleasure in my life,
Knowing it is your trouble.
Alm. Oh poor———I lookt for this.
I knew th'wouldst find'twas easier to doe a wrong
Then justifie it--but———
Iphi. I will not fight———heare me:
If I love you not more, then I love her;
If I doe love her more then for your sake;
Heaven strangely punish me.
Alm. Take heed how thou dost play with heaven.
Iphi. By all that's just, and faire, and good,
By all that you hold dear, and men hold great;
I never had lascivious thought, or ere
Did action that might call in doubt my love
To *Almerin.*
Alm. That tongue can charme me into any thing;
I doe beleev't, prethee be wiser then.
Give me no further cause of jealousie,
Hurt not mine honour more; and I am wel.
Iphi. But wel——— Of all
Our passions, I wonder nature made
The worst foule jealousie, her favorite.
And if it be not so, why tooke she care
That every thing should give the monster Nourishment,
And left us nothing to destroy it with?
Alm. Prethee no more, thou plead'st so cunningly
I feare I shall be made the guilty,
And need thy pardon.
Iphi. If you could read my heart you would.
I wil be gone to morrow if that wil satisfie. Indeed
I shall not rest untill my innocence
Be made as plaine as objects to the sence.
Alm.———Come;
You shall not goe, Ile thinke upon't no more.
" Distrusts ruine not friendship,
" But build it fairer then it was before———

Exeunt.
Enter.

Enter Brennoralt: Captaines; Strathman: Doran.

Bren. No more but ten from every company;
For many hands are theeves, and rob the glory,
While they take their ſhare. How goes the night?

Stra. Halfe ſpent my Lord.
We ſhall have ſtraight,
The Moones weaker light.

Bren. 'Tis time then, call in the officers.
Friends, if you were men that muſt be talkt
Into a courage, I had not choſen you;
Danger with its vizard, oft before this time
Y'have loo'd upon, and out-fac'd it too;
We are to doe the trick agen, that's all.
Here ——————— (drawes his ſword)
And yet we will not ſweare:
For he that ſh-jnks in ſuch an action
Is damn'd without the helpe of perjury.
Doran, if from the virgin tow'r thou ſpieſt
A flame, ſuch as the Eaſt ſends forth about
The time the day ſhould break, goe tell the King
I hold the Caſtle for him; bid him come on
With all his force, and he ſhall find a victory
So cheap 'twil looſe the value. If I fall,
The world has loſt a thing it us'd not wel;
And I, a thing I car'd not for; that world.

Stra. Lead us on Coronel;
If we doe not fight like ———————

Bren. No like.
Wee'l be our ſelves ſimilitude,
And time ſhall ſay, when it would tell
That men did well, they fought like us.

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

Enter Agen.

Bren. WHat made the ſtop?
One in's falling ſickneſſe had a fit

Which

Which choak'd the paſſage; but all is wel:
Softly, we are neere the place. *Exeunt.*

Alarum within, and fight: then enter Almerin (in his night gowne.)

Alm. What noiſe is here to night?
Something on fire——what hoe,
Send to the Virgin-tower, there is diſorder——
Thereabouts. (*Ent. Sould.*

Sould. All's loſt, all's loſt:
The enemie's upon the place of armes:
And is by this time Maſter of that,
And of the Tower.

Alm. Thou lieſt.——(*ſtrikes him.*

Enter Morat.

Mor. Save your ſelfe my Lord and haſte unto the camp;
Ruine gets in on every ſide.

Alm. There's ſomething in it when this fellow flies.
Villaines, my armes, I'le ſee what Divel raignes.

Enter Iphigene, Francelia.

Iphi. Looke, the day breakes.

Fran. You thinke I'le be ſo kinde, as ſweare
It does not now. Indeed I wil not——

Iph. Wil you not ſend me neither,
Your picture when y'are gone?
That when my eye is famiſht for a looke,
It may have where to feed,
And to the painted feaſt invite my heart.

Fran. Here, take this virgin-bracelet of my haire,
And if like other men thou ſhalt hereafter
Throw it with negligence,
Mongſt the records of thy weak female conqueſts,
Laugh at the kinde words and myſtical contrivement.
If ſuch a time ſhall come,
Know I am ſighing then thy abſence *Iphigene.*
And weeping o're the falſe but pleaſing Image.

Enter Almerin.

Alm. *Francelia, Francelia,*
Riſe, riſe, and ſave thy ſelfe, the enemy

That

That does not know thy worth, may elſe deſtroy it.
throwes open the doore.
Ha! mine eyes grow ſick.
A plague has, through them, ſtolne into my heart;
And I grow dizzy: feet, lead me off agen,
Without the knowledge of my body.
I ſhall act I know not what elſe——*Exit.*
Franc. How came he in?
Deare *Iphigene* we are betrayd;
Lets raiſe the Caſtle leſt he ſhould return.
Iph. That were to make all publique.
Feare not, I'le ſatisfie his anger:
I can do it.
Franc. Yes, with ſome quarrel;
And bring my honour, and my love in danger—*Enter Almerin*
Look he returns, and wrecks of fury,
Like hurried clouds over the face of Heaven,
Before a tempeſt, in his looks appeares.
Alm. If they would queſtion what our Rage doth act
And make it ſin, they would not thus provoke men.
——I am too tame.
For if they live I ſhall be pointed at,
Here I denounce a war to all the World,
And thus begin it——(*runs at Iphigene*)
Iphi. What haſt thou done?——(*falls*)
Franc. Ah me, help, help.——(*wounds Francelia*)
Iphi. Hold.
Alm. 'Tis too late.
Iphi. Rather then ſhe ſhall ſuffer,
My fond deceits involve the innocent;
I will diſcover all.
Alm. Ha!——what will he diſcover?
Iphi. That which ſhall make thee curſe
The blindneſſe of thy rage.——*I am a woman.*
Alm. Ha, ha, ha, brave and bold!
Becauſe thy perjury deceived me once,
And ſaved thy life, thou thinkeſt to eſcape agen;
Impoſtor, thus thou ſhalt——*runs at him.*

Iphi. Oh hold——I have enough.
Had I hope of life, thou shouldst not have this secret.
Franc. What will it be now ?
Iphi.——My father having long desir'd
A sonne to heire his great possessions ;
And in six births successively deceiv'd,
Made a rash vow ; oh how rash vowes are punished!
That if the burthen then my mother went with
Prov'd not a male he ne're would know her more.
Then was unhappy *Iphigene* brought forth,
And by the womens kindnesse nam'd a boy ;
And since so bred : (a cruell pity as
It hath faln out.) If now thou findst that, which
Thou thoughtest a friendship in me, Love, forget it.
It was my joy,——and——death.——(*faints.*
Alm.——For curiosity
I'le save thee, if I can, and know the end
If't be but losse of Blood,——Breasts!
By all that's good a woman ! —*Iphigene.*
Iphi. I thank thee, for I was falne asleep, before
I had dispatcht. Sweetest of all thy sex,
Franceli., forgive me now; my love
Unto this man, and feare to loose him taught me,
A fatall cunning, made me court you,——and
My own Destruction. [*Franc.* I am amaz'd.
Alm. And can it be? Oh mockery of Heaven
To let me see what my soule often wisht,
And mak't my punishment, a punishment,
That were I old in sinnes, were yet too great.
Iphi. Would you have lov'd me then? Pray, say you would,
For I like testy sickmen at their death,
Would know no newes but health from the Physitian.
Alm. Canst thou doubt that ?
That hast so often seen me extasi'd,
When thou wert dresst like woman
Unwilling ever to believe thee man ?
Iphi. I have enough.
Alm. Heaven !

What

What thing ſhall I appeare unto the World!
Here might my ignorance finde ſome excuſe.
——————————But, there,
I was diſtracted. None but one enrag'd
With anger to a ſavageneſſe, would ere
Have drawn a ſword upon ſuch gentle ſweetneſſe.
Be kind, and kill me; kill me one of you:
Kill me if't be but to preſerve my wits.
Deare *Iphigene*, take thy revenge, it will
Not misbecome thy ſex at all; for 'tis
An act of pity not of cruelty:
Thus to diſpatch a miſerable man.

Franc. And thou wouldſt be more miſerable yet,
While like a Bird made priſoner by it ſelfe,
Thou bat'ſt and beat'ſt thy ſelf 'gainſt every thing,
And doſt paſſe by, that which ſhould let thee out.

Alm. ——————————Is is my fault?
Or heav'ns? Fortune, when ſhe would play upon me,
Like ill Muſitians, wound me up ſo high,
That I muſt crack ſooner then move in tune.

Franc. Still you rave,
While we for want of preſent help may periſh.

Alm. Right.
A Surgeon, I'le goe find one inſtantly.
The enemy too---I had forgot——————
Oh what fatality govern'd this night. *Exit.*

Franc. How like an unthrifts caſe will mine be now?
For all the wealth he looſes ſhifts but 's place;
And ſtill the world enjoyes it: ſo will't you,
Sweet *Iphigene*, though I poſſeſſe you not.

Iphi. What excellence of Nature's this! have you
So perfectly forgiv'n already, as to
Conſider me a loſſe? I doubt which Sexe
I ſhall be happier in. Climates of Friendſhip
Are not leſſe pleaſant, 'cauſe they are leſſe ſcortching,
Then thoſe of Love; and under them wee'l live:
Such pretious Links of that wee'l tye our ſouls
Together with, that the chaines of the other

Shall be groſſe fetters to it. [*Franc.*] But I feare
I cannot ſtay the making. Oh would you
Had never undeceiv'd me, for I had dy'd with
Pleaſure, believing I had been your Martyr.
Now———
Iphi. Shee looks pale. *Francelia*——
Franc.———I cannot ſtay;
A haſty ſummons hurries me away:
And---gives---no'--- (*dies.*)
Iphi.———Shee's gone:
Shee's gone. Life like a Dials hand hath ſtolne
From me the faire figure e're it was preceiv'd.
What will become of me?-- Too late, too late
Y'are come: you may perſwade wild birds, that wing
The aire, into a Cage, as ſoon as call
Her wandring ſpirits back.———ha!
Thoſe are ſtrange faces; there's a horror in them:
And if I ſtay, I ſhall be taken for
The murderer. O in what ſtreights they move,
That wander 'twixt death, feares and hopes of Love? *Exit.*

Enter Brennoralt. Granivert. Souldiers.

Bren. Forbeare, upon your lives, the place:
There dwels divinity within it. All elſe
The Caſtle holds, is lawfull prize,
Your valours wages. This I claime as mine,
Guard you the door———
Grani. Coronell, ſhall you uſe all the women your ſelfe?
Bren. Away---'tis unſeaſonable---(*drawes the curtain*)
Awake fair Saint and bleſſe thy poore Idolator,
Ha!---pale?--- and cold? dead.
The ſweeteſt gueſt fled, murdered by heaven;
The purple ſtreames not drie yet.
Some vilain has broke in before me,
Rob'd all my hopes; but I will find him out,
And kick his ſoule to hell---I'le doe't——
Speak.
Iphi. What ſhould I ſay?
Bren. Sir, eak or by all———

A noyſe within. Enter Souldiers. Shee thinkes them Almet. dragging out Iphigene.

Iphi.

Iph. Alas, I do confesse my selfe the unfortunate cause.
Bren. Oh d'you so?
Hadst thou been cause of all the plagues
That vex mankind, th'adst been an Innocent
To what thou art; thou shalt not think repentance. (*kils her*
Iph. Oh, thou wert too suddaine.
And——————————(*dies.*
Bren. VVas I so?
The lustfull youth would sure have spoil'd her honour;
Which finding highly guarded, rage, and feare
To be reveal'd, counsel'd this villany.
Is there no more of them? *Exit.*

Enter Almerin.

Alm. Not enter?
Yes dogge, through thee——ha! a course laid out
In stead of *Iphigene*: *Francelia* dead too? ——*Enter Bren.*
Where shall I begin to curse?
Bren. Here——If he were thy friend.
Alm. Brennoralt!
A gallant sword could ne're have come
In better time.
Bren. I have a good one for thee,
If that wil serve the turne.
Alm. I long to try it,
That sight doth make me desperate;
Sick of my selfe and the World.
Bren. Didst value him?
A greater villaine did I never kil.
Alm. Kill?
Bren. Yes.
Alm. Art sure of it?
Bren. May be I do not wake.
Alm. Th'ast taken then a guilt off from me
Would have waigh'd down my sword,
Weakned me to low resistance.
I should have made no sports, hadst thou conceal'd it.
Know *Brennoralt* thy sword is stain'd in excellence,
Great as the World could boast.——

Bren. Ha——ha—how thou art abus'd?
Look there, there lies the excellence
Thou ſpeak'ſt of, murdred; by him too;
He did confeſſe he was the cauſe.
Alm. Oh Innocence, ill underſtood, and much worſe us'd!
She was alas by accident, but I,
I was the cauſe indeed————
Bre. I wil believe thee too, and kill thee——
Deſtroy all cauſes till I make a ſtop
In nature; for to what purpoſe ſhould ſhe
Work agen?
Alm. Bravely then,
The title of a Kingdome is a trifle
To our quarrell Sir; know by ſad miſtake
I kil'd thy Miſtres *Brennoralt*,
And thou kild'ſt mine.
Bren. Thine?
Alm. Yes, that *Iphigene*
Though ſhown as man unto the World,
Was woman, excellent woman————
Bren. I underſtand no riddles; guard thee——(*Fight and*
Alm. O could they now look down, (*pauſe.*
And ſee how we two ſtrive
Which firſt ſhould give revenge,
They would forgive us ſomthing of the crime.
Hold prethee, give me leave
To ſatisfie a curioſity————
I never kiſſed my *Iphigene* as woman.
Bren. Thou motion'ſt wel, nor have I taken leave,(*Riſing*
It keeps a ſweetneſſe yet————
As ſtils from Roſes, when the flowers are gone.
Alm. Even ſo have two faint Pilgrims ſcorch't with heat
Unto ſome neighbour fountaine ſtept aſide,
Kneel'd firſt, then laid their warm lips to the Nymph,
And from her coldneſſe took freſh Life againe
As we do now————
Bren. Lets on our journey if thou art refreſht.
Alm Come and if there be a place reſerved

For

For heightned ſpirits better then other,
May that which wearies firſt of ours have it.
Bren. If I grow weary, laugh at me, that's all
Alm. ——— Brave ſoules above which wil
Be (ſure) inquiſitive for newes from Earth,
Shall get no other but that thou art Brave.
Fight a good while / *Alm. falls*

Enter King: Strabeman: Lords: Minſt.

Stra. To preſerve ſome Ladies as we gueſt.
King. Still gallant, *Brennoralt*, thy ſword not ſheath'd yet?
Buſie ſtill? ———
Bren. Revenging Sir
The fovvleſt murder ever blaſted eares,
Committed here by *Almerin* and *Iphigene*.
Alm. Falſe, falſe; The firſt created purity
Was not more innocent then *Iphigene*.
Bren. Lives he agen?
Alm. Stay thou much wearied gueſt
Till I have thrown a truth amongſt them ——
We ſhal look black elſe to poſterity.
King. What ſayes he?
Lord. Some thing concerning this he labours to
Diſcover.
Alm. Know it was I that kild *Francelia*.
I alone ———
Minſ. O barbarous return of my civilities!
Was it thy hand?
Alm. Heare and forgive me *Minſe*.
Entring this morning haſtily
With reſolution to preſerve
The faire *Francelia*, I found a theife
Stealing the treaſure (as I thought)
Belongd to me. VVild in my mind
As ruin'd in my honour, in much miſtaken rage
I wounded both: then (oh) too late I found
My errour. Found *Iphigene* a woman
Acting ſtolne Love, to make her own Love ſafe,
And all my jealouſies impoſſible,
VVhilſt I ran out to bring them cure;

Francelia dies; and *Ipbigene* found here
I can no more———(*dies*)
King. Most strange and intricate.
Ipbigene a woman?
Mel. With this story I am guiltily acquainted,
The first concealments, since her Love,
And all the wayes to it I have bin trusted with:
But Sir my grief joyn'd with the instant busines
Begges a deferrement.
King. I am amaz'd till I do hear it out.
———But ith' mean time,
Least in these mists merit should loose it selfe,
———Those forfeitures
Of *Trock* and *Manseek Brenzorals* are thine.
Bren. A Princely gift! But Sir it comes too late.
Like Sun-beames on the blasted blossomes, doe
Your favours fall: you should have giv'n me this
When't might have rais'd me in mens thoughts, and made
Me equall to *Francelia's* Love: I have
No end, since she is not———
Back, to my private life I wil returne.
Cattell, though weary, can trudge homewards, after.
King. This melancholy, time must cure: Come take
The bodies up, and lead the prisoners on,
Triumph and Funerals must walk together,
Cipresse and Laurell twin'd make up one chaplet.
———For we have got
The day; but bought it at so deare a rate,
That victory it selfe's unfortunate.

Exeunt.

FINIS.